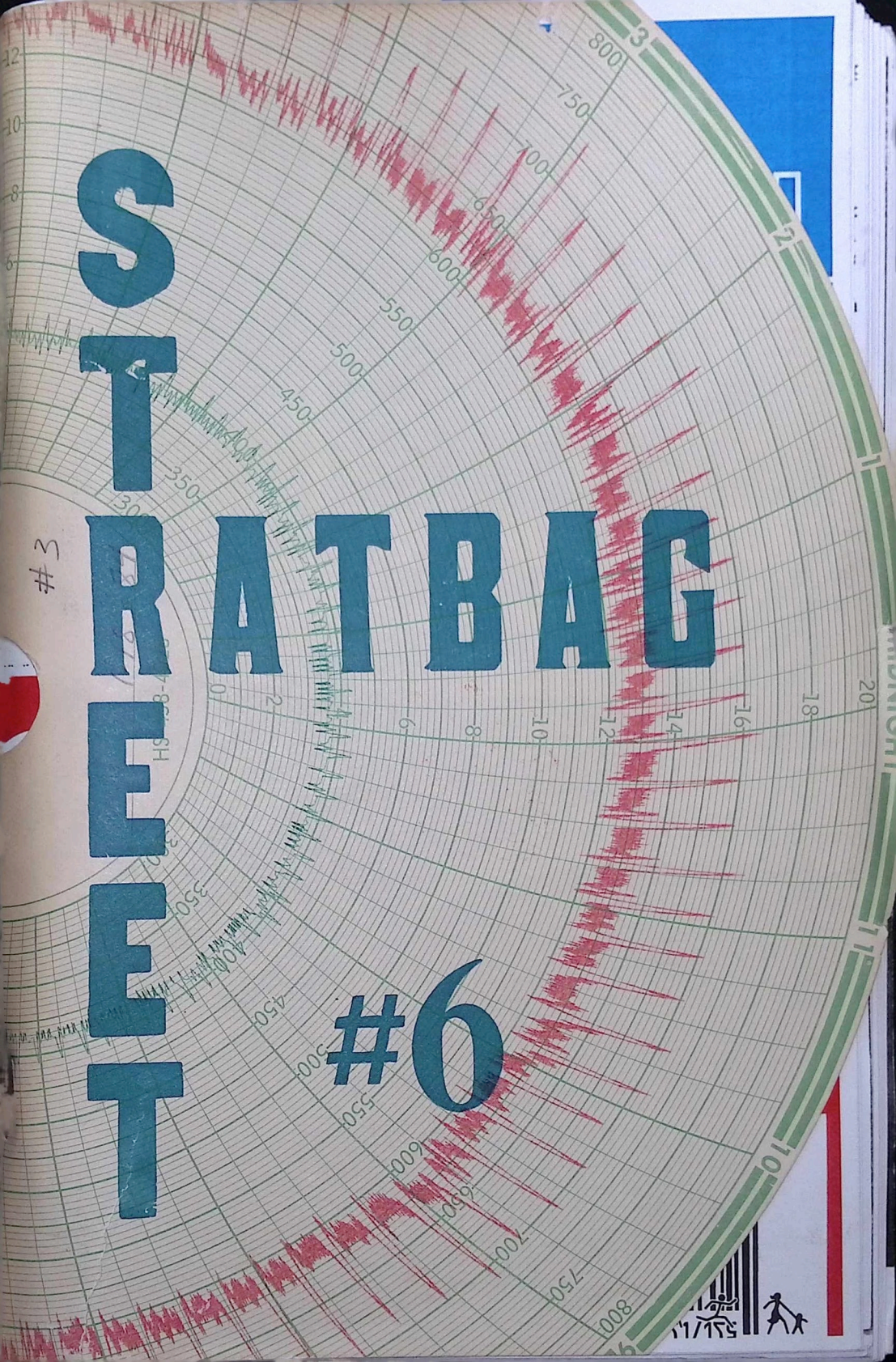
STREET
RATBAG
#6

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cover – Third Termite Press (thanksamillion) and Rita Rodentia
The paper came from the Dixmont Asylum. See artickle page 86

001/168 color
- logos by unknown; altered billboard foto from Rita Rodentia; Anarkanian Usician fotos from Heather Mull; assembling from tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE

003-004 this

005-008 "The Autonomous City of Atenco"
- electronically communicated by Breen & Joy

009-014 "Deep in the Heart of Wackenhut - A Texas Story"
- Ignacio Holiday

015 "Capitalism / Racism" - unknown

016-020 "Birds of Prey & the Woman...who Loves Them"
- Emily interviewed by Rita Rodentia

021 "NYPD Street Crimes Unit" - by RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT

022-029 "9-11-01" - comic by Fly
030 "Keep US Safe from Weddings" - Juvio Florence

031 "Prison = Opportunity"
- foto by tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE

032-034 "Rant on Skinheads"
- Ckamikaze Carrie, a foreign correspondRAT

035-041 "Early Gay & Lesbian History in the US, 1870-1930: A Brief Sketch" - by Ailecia Ruscin

042 "Advertising" - graffiti in Melbourne
043-048 "My 49 Hours at Wal-Mart" - by Mark Dixon

049-081 "Long Live the Garbage Liberation Front!"
- a pastiche assembled by RATical using materials from Charles Manson, A.J.Weberman, Picky Poubelle, Dave Dumpsterland & Jason Trashville, Jay Gourley, & Kent Bye

082 "apartmentheid" - unknown

083 "Eviction Retrospective"
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084-085 "Machine Sex Action Group Centerfold"
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086-103 "The Amish, Time Capsules, Insane Asylums!, Oh My!"
- Zak Jones interviewed by Rita Rodentia
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- a compilation of information regarding matriarichal societies by the Rat

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128-134 "Undertaking the Undertakers with help from a Deadicated Muckracker" - compiled by Rita Rodentia
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138 "Anomolous Death"
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- a column by tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE
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164 "Portrait of El Capitan" - by Erock

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- by Ckamikaze Carrrie, a foreign correspondRAT

THE AUTONOMOUS CITY OF ATENCO

electronically communicated by comrats Breen and Joy

So we just arrived here in San Salvador Atenco, just outside Mexico City, and we are very quickly learning about the political situation here, and about the amazing actions of people in resistance. Back in October, a bill was signed that sold a very large piece of land in the city of Texcoco, to the east of Mexico City, for the building of a new airport. This along with a recent string of privatizations and appropriations of land all around Mexico is all a part of the process of globalization pushed by Fox as part of his Plan Puebla Panama, a plan created for the continued industrialization of the southwest portions of Mexico.

The people found out after their land was sold. The president of the town, giving no opportunity for public input, made agreements with the government to the selling of the land without informing the people. The people of San Salvador Atenco came together in resistance and took over the city. These are not political activists, they are people that just want to live with their land and be left alone by the greedy governments. They had no previous experience with organized resistance and used no arms but they raised the machetes already in their hands as a symbol of struggle. The government says the people of Atenco have weapons but the people tell us that their determination and numbers are bulletproof and they do not need weapons. With or without whatever you want to consider a weapon, the people of Atenco took back their city, kicked out the president and the rest of the government, literally chased out the police, and have kept it an autonomous zone for over half a year. When they hear of police hanging around the entrance to the city, they go and chase them away. Sometimes the people of Atenco make the police walk home, keeping their shoes, clothes, and other useful things.

The government is using an old technique to fight the struggle here. They are attempting to create division and disagreement within the communities involved in the struggle. The government is making many different promises, including drinkable tap water, if the communities will comply with the plan for the airport. Many of the communities are not allowing the government to reel them in, but the problem, as usual, is education. The people willing to compromise do not realize that the use of the 5000 hectares now "owned" by the

government of Mexico City, is going to create urbanized spread across much more of the surrounding land. The plan includes much more than just a large airport. It includes new highways that will tear through what are now peoples homes, the expansion of the metro lines, the building of hotels and restaurants, and most of all the creation of huge new industrial zones, called maquiladoras, like those surrounding the borders of the USA. These "free trade" zones create low wage jobs in order to create products, usually destined for the USA or European countries.

This airport plan affects 13 municipalities. These are not small towns, 35,000 people are being affected. Today, we explored the targeted land and we were educated about endangered species and 30 different types of birds that only live in this area. They were singing their rare songs today when we arrived around 3 o'clock. They normally only sing in the morning but today they had a message that needed to be heard. The land also includes ancient ruins; rock carvings and compasses centuries old, that we were amazed to not have to pay a museum entrance fee to look at, yet they were hard to see through the tears of future knowledge. Within reach of our feet were obsidian fossils of what were once knives of the rich pre-Hispanic history.

Already the government, President Fox in particular, are suppressing the voice of dissent. The people of this struggle have held several successful marches but at one in particular, May 1st, foreigners were photographed participating and because it is illegal, they were quickly deported, 18 in total, back to the USA. This among other tricks are being used against the people from Atenco. On May 9th, Cayo Vicente, a comrade in this struggle, was being harassed by the police, when he was waiting for his bus back to the city. The police are always stopping their vehicles when they have to attend marches. Security denies the people of Atenco entrance to some universities when the student community invites them to their conferences. These are only some of the examples of the low intensity war.

This airport is part one of a three part plan known as Plan Puebla Panama, possibly, at this time, the epitomy of the globalization of gentrification. This struggle mirrors those all across the world, where the rich are pouring more and more cement that only the rich can walk on. The people here are doing what they have to do to stop the destruction of their lives, their traditions, and their culture. They are determined not to live to see an airport take their land. Expropriation or eminent domain, in every town we are facing the privatization of our land for their use.

The following is a translation of the manifesto of the people struggling here in San Salvador Atenco.

NO TO THE AIRPORT IN TEXCOCO!

VICENTE FOX QUESADA, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO, SIGNED A DECREE LAST OCTOBER 22ND 2001, WHICH EXPROPRIATES MORE THAN 5 THOUSAND HECTARES FROM THE COUNTIES OF SAN SALVADOR ATENCO, CHIMALHUACAN AND TEXCOCO FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF AN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT COMPLEMENTED WITH AN EXCLUSIVE HOTEL AND COMMERCIAL ZONE.

WE ARE MORE THAN 35 THOUSAND PEOPLE LIVING IN THE EXPROPRIATED LAND, DESCENDENTS FROM THE ORIGINAL FOUNDERS THAT POPULATED THE REGION BEFORE THE SPANISH CONQUISTADORES. WE LIVE MAINLY FROM THE PRODUCTS OF OUR LAND, LIKE ALFALFA, SQUASHES, CORN, AND BEANS. THIS IS OUR LAND, WE LIVE FROM IT, THEREFORE, WE HAVE DECIDED NOT TO SELL IT. WE DON'T NEGOTIATE OUR DIGNITY.

THE ARGUMENTS THAT THE GOVERNMENT GIVES FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE AIRPORT ARE ABSURD AND UNJUSTIFIABLE. JUST 3% OF THE NATIONAL POPULATION HAS ACCESS TO THIS SERVICE. THE BENEFITS AND PROGRESS THAT THIS PROJECT PROMISES ARE AN ILLUSION FOR THE TOWN. THE DEVELOPING AND GROWING THAT THEY DESCRIBE IN THIS PROJECT EXCLUDES THE PEOPLE. IT ONLY RESPONDS TO THE PROFIT OF THE NATIONAL AND FOREIGN OLIGARCHY. THE AIRPORT WILL BENEFIT THE GROUPS ATLACOMULCO, THE ICA, TRIBASA, ARA, CEMEX AND MITRE ENTERPRISES AMONG OTHERS.

THE DECREE OF EXPROPRIATION IS COMPLETELY ILLEGAL AND ILLEGITIMATE BECAUSE IT VIOLATES THE ARTICLES 27 AND 115 OF THE CONSTITUTION, AMONG OTHERS LAWS AND TREATIES LIKE THE 169 CONVENIUM OF THE INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF THE WORK IN ITS ARTICLES 4 AND 6 THAT ARE ABOUT THE ORIGINAL TOWNS AND THEIR RIGHTS TO KEEP THEIR LAND, CULTURE AND TRADITIONS. THE DECREE IS ALSO PLAGUED WITH IRREGULARITIES BECAUSE IT DOES NOT JUSTIFY THE PUBLIC UTILITY AND IT VIOLATES THE RIGHT OF AUDIENCE. THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AND THE STATE NEVER CONSULTED US.

THE AFFECTED TOWNS HAD A PUBLIC DEBATE WITH VICENTE FOX IN THE NATIONAL AUDITORIUM THE 4TH AND 11TH OF MARCH THIS YEAR. IT WAS AN APPOINTMENT THAT FOX DIDN'T ATTEND, SHOWING THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE ARGUMENTS AND THAT HE DOESN'T WANNA LISTEN THE PEOPLE. HIS LAST DECLARATIONS ARE IN THE FAVOR OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE AIRPORT AGAINST ANY WILL OF THE PEOPLE. HIS POSITION EVIDENCES HIMSELF AS AUTHORITARIAN AND DESPOTIC.

WE HAVE BEEN ALMOST 6 MONTHS IN DEMANDING VICENTE FOX TO BE SENSIBLE AND REVOKE THE EXPROPRIATION DECREE, BUT INSTEAD OF SOLUTIONS WE HAVE HAD REPRESSION IN THE FORM OF INFILTRATORS, ARMY AND FEDERAL POLICE (PFP) HELICOPTERS FLYING OVER OUR HOMES AND LAND, COURT SUITS ON OUR COMRADES, INVASIONS WITH TRACTORS ON OUR LANDS, ETC. WE DEMAND SOLUTIONS; OUR FAMILIES ARE IN A DESPERATE SITUATION. WE SUFFER VIOLATION OF OUR HUMAN RIGHTS BY THE CONSTANT HARASSMENT AND REPRESSION.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE AIRPORT IN OUR LANDS WILL BRING ECOLOGICAL IMBALANCE IN THE ZONE, WILL DESTROY THE WATER MIRRORS AND WITH IT THE MORE THAN 200 THOUSAND DIFFERENT KINDS OF BIRDS THAT LIVE THERE, WILL REDUCE THE RECHARGE AREAS FOR WATER RESERVES INCREASING THE LACK OF WATER, SALTIFICATION OF THE GROUND AND THE FLOODING OF THE COAST AND SOUTH OF THE CAPITAL CITY, D.F.

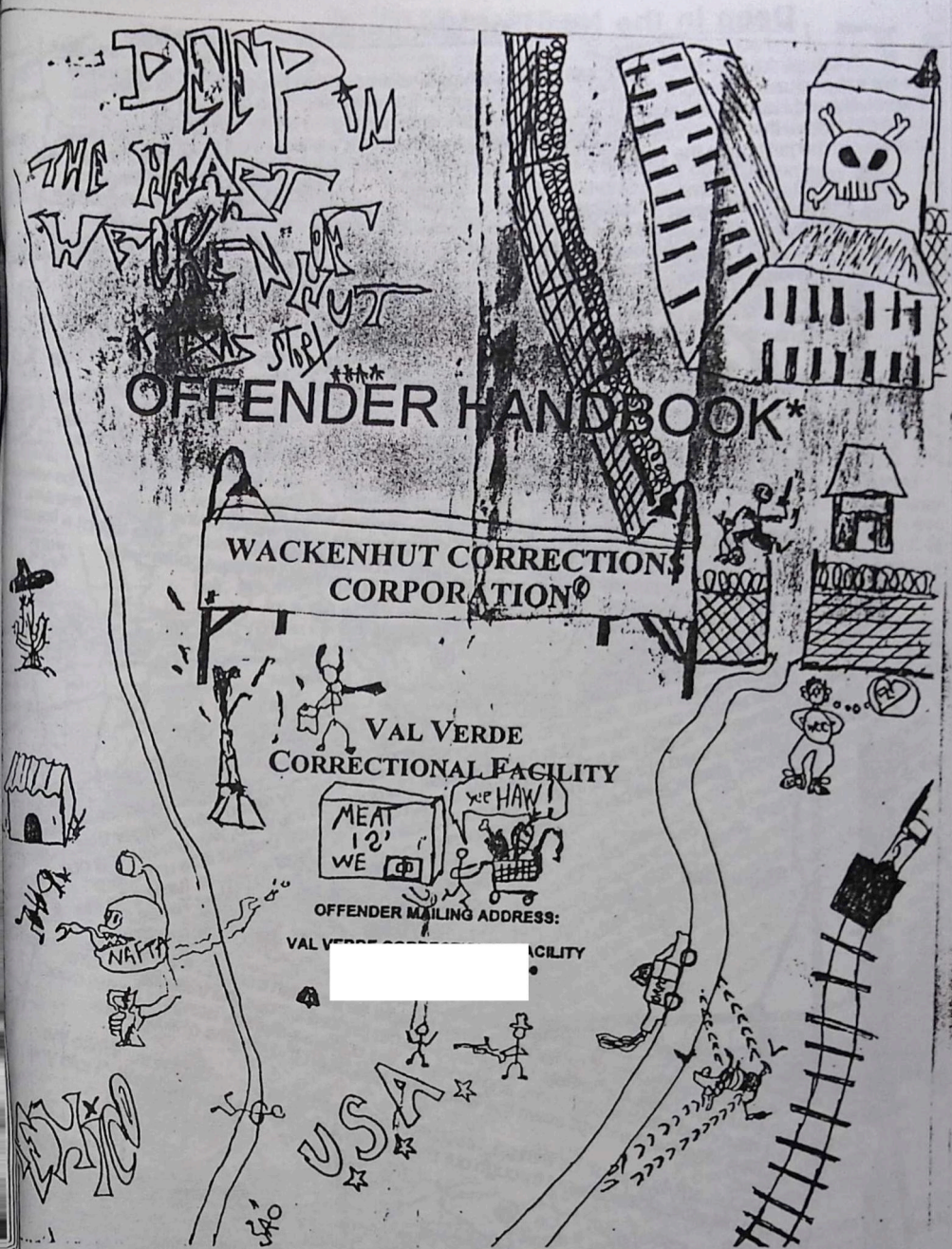
WE HAVE THE RIGHTS TO DEFEND OUR LAND BECAUSE WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO LIVE ON OUR LAND AND BE FARMERS. WE DON'T WANT TO GO FROM OUR TOWNS. THE EXPROPRIATION IS A THEFT AND WE HOLD PRESIDENT VICENTE FOX RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ORIGIN, LENGTH, AND ENDING OF THIS PROBLEM.

¡LA TIERRA NO SE VENDE, SE AMA Y SE DEFIENDE!

THE LAND IS NOT FOR SALE, LOVE IT AND DEFEND IT!

FRENTE DE PUEBLOS EN DEFENSA DE LA TIERRA
(TOWN FRONT IN DEFENSE OF THE LAND)

E-Mail: [redacted]@yahoo.com.mx

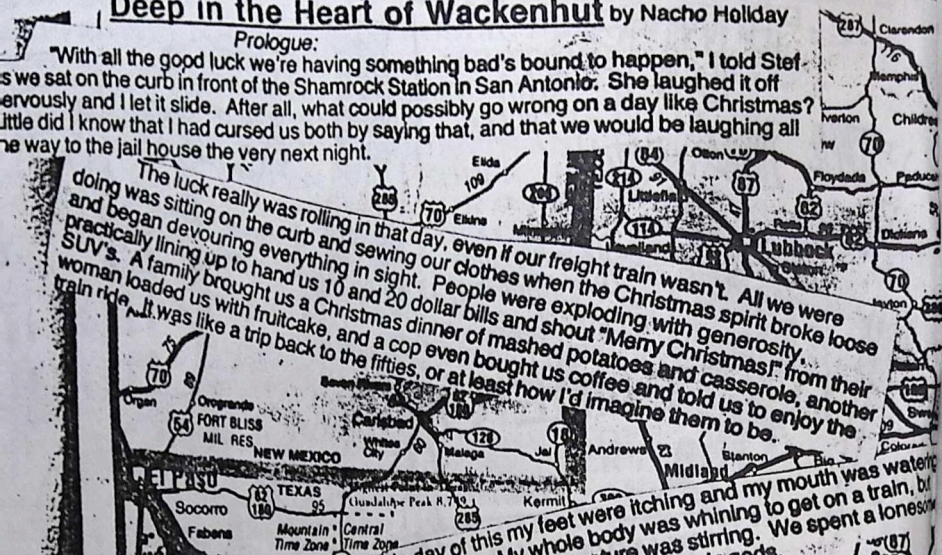


The group Bow Wow Wow, in their song "Prince of Darkness", *openly* give an invitation to receive Satan, as they sing: ***"So open the door and LET SATAN IN, The Prince of Darkness."***

Deep in the Heart of Wackenhut by Nacho Holiday

Prologue:

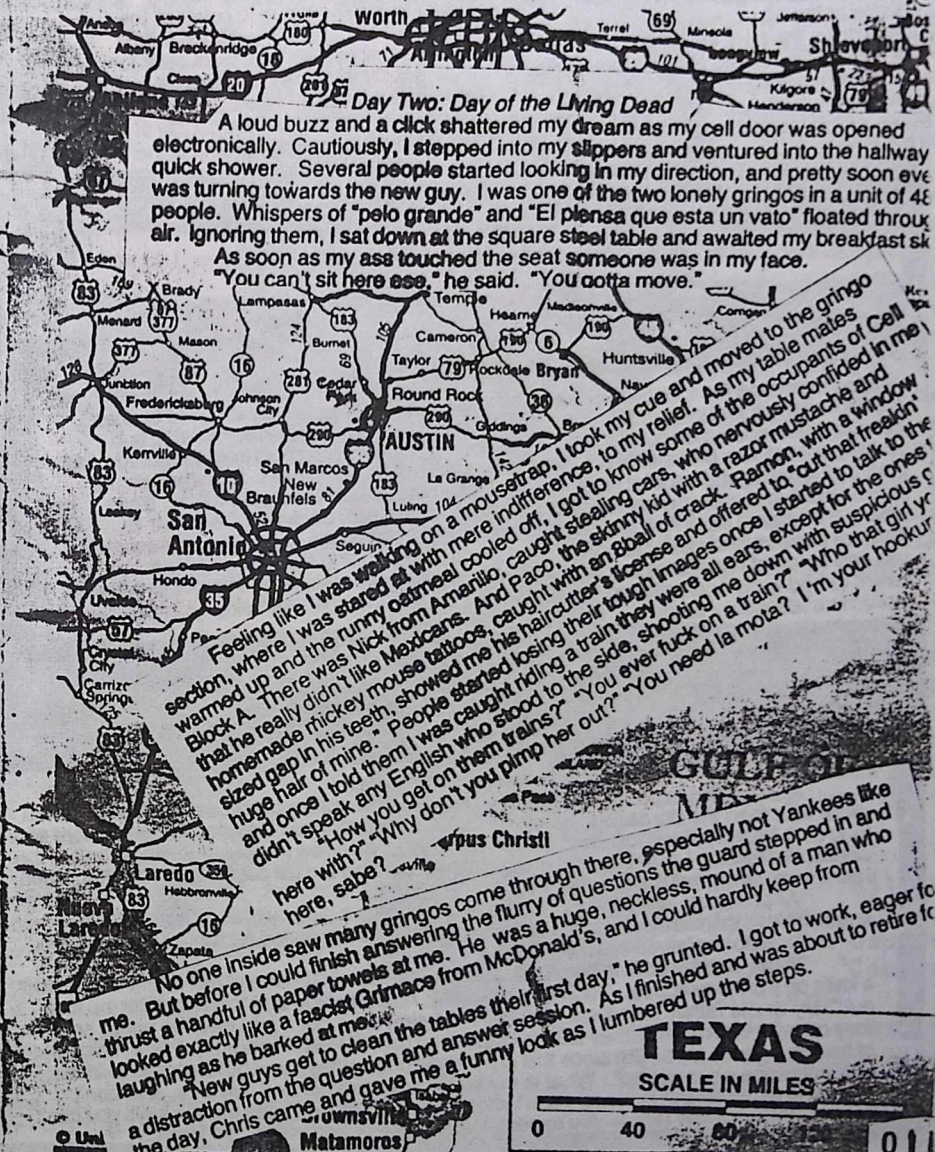
"With all the good luck we're having something bad's bound to happen," I told Stef as we sat on the curb in front of the Shamrock Station in San Antonio. She laughed it off nervously and I let it slide. After all, what could possibly go wrong on a day like Christmas? Little did I know that I had cursed us both by saying that, and that we would be laughing all the way to the jail house the very next night.


Clarendon
Memphis
Childress
Floydada
Lubbock
Slaton
Plainview
Olton
Muleshoe
Littlefield
Lamesa
Seminole
Andrews
Midland
Stanton
Big Spring
Colorado City
Sweetwater
Abilene
Eldia
Elaine
Hereford
Amarillo
Pampa
Wheeler
Canadian
Childress
Vernon
Wichita Falls
Graham
Jacksboro
Decatur
Bowie
Gainesville
Denton
Dallas
Fort Worth
Arlington
Waxahachie
Corsicana
Ennis
Mesquite
Terrell
Greenville
Paris
Texarkana
Sherman
Denison
Durant
Hugo
Idabel
Broken Bow
Atoka
Ardmore
Madill
Tishomingo
Durant
Hugo
Idabel
Broken Bow
McAlester

Day One: Let there be Gravy.

Stef and I were separated, and I was thrown in a brick and steel shoe box for 6 or 7 hours. During this time they would constantly take me out, ask me my name, birthdate, facial features and whatnot, only to have someone else lower on the food chain come an hour later and ask me the same questions all over again. My mind raced for something stimulating as I sat in the corner, staring at the green gravy they had given me. Here's a list of all the things I did in solitary, in case you need inspiration later:

made confetti from toilet paper rolls and pretended it was a wedding, constructed an obstacle course for the bug that kept crawling in through the drain, tap danced (great acoustics) to eighties hair metal songs, made a list of things that rhymed with Wackenhut and tried to use them in a sentence (cracklin' slut?), wrapped the prison-issue blanket around my head and sang Fiddler on the Roof songs like Yentl, wrote revolutionary slogans in toothpaste on the walls, tried to stick the canned vegetables to the ceiling, and stuffed cardboard into the holes of the wall speaker. A guard that looked even younger than me finally came and escorted me down the linoleum labyrinth and into my cell unit, where I was locked down alone again. I fell asleep shivering, watching the moon through a window the width of my hand.



Day Two: Day of the Living Dead

A loud buzz and a click shattered my dream as my cell door was opened electronically. Cautiously, I stepped into my slippers and ventured into the hallway quick shower. Several people started looking in my direction, and pretty soon eve was turning towards the new guy. I was one of the two lonely gringos in a unit of 48 people. Whispers of "pelo grande" and "El plensa que esta un vato" floated throu air. Ignoring them, I sat down at the square steel table and awaited my breakfast sl

As soon as my ass touched the seat someone was in my face.

"You can't sit here ese," he said. "You gotta move."

Feeling like I was starring on a mousetrap, I took my cue and moved to the gringo section, where I was stared at with mere indifference, to my relief. As my table mates warmed up and the runny oatmeal cooled off, I got to know some of the occupants of Cell Block A. There was Nick from Amarillo, caught stealing cars, who nervously confided in me that he really didn't like Mexicans. And Paco, the skinny kid with a razor mustache and homemade mickey mouse tattoos, caught with an 8ball of crack. Ramon, with a window sized gap in his teeth, showed me his haircutter's license and offered to "cut that freakin' huge hair of mine." People started losing their tough images once I started to talk to the and once I told them I was caught riding a train they were all ears, except for the ones didn't speak any English who stood to the side, shooting me down with suspicious "How you get on them trains?" "Why don't you pimp her out?" "You ever fuck on a train?" "You need la mota? I 'm your hookur here with?" "Why don't you pimp her out?" "You need la mota? I 'm your hookur here, sabe?

No one inside saw many gringos come through there, especially not Yankees like me. But before I could finish answering the flurry of questions the guard stepped in and thrust a handful of paper towels at me. He was a huge, neckless, mound of a man who looked exactly like a fascist Grimace from McDonald's, and I could hardly keep from laughing as he barked at me:

"New guys get to clean the tables their first day," he grunted. I got to work, eager fo a distraction from the question and answer session. As I finished and was about to retire fo the day, Chris came and gave me a funny look as I lumbered up the steps.

"Yeah, right after I woke up. Why?"
"Are you sure? Did anyone see you?"
"I dunno," I replied, getting kind of annoyed.
"Well you fucking stink. You gonna have to take one again man, or the guards will
st make you do it anyways. They watch you, you know." He pointed to the control room
here a guard sat behind the glass, bouncing a blue rubber ball.

Grudgingly, I got back in the shower again. I'm used to having people tell me I stink, but not on days that I actually shower. Since there was no point in arguing, I picked up the soap and began lathering away. When I got out I told Chris that what he smelled was the stink of the corruption here, but he didn't get it.

Back in my room, I was starting to go crazy from the voice of the TV. I staggered out
ed, stuffed toilet paper in my ears, and wrapped my head in a towel, but it was still
re, prying it's way into my dreams from all the way downstairs. As a last resort, I got on
intercom and tried to convince the guard to turn it off, but he only shouted at me in
anish. Eventually I gave up, borrowed a pen, and began writing, trying to cover all the
nk sides of the 30 page rule book I had been issued. When my hand began to cramp
I threw down the pen, took a lap downstairs, said hi to a few people, and went back to
cell. After a few cycles of this I was so disorientated that, by the time dinner came, I
ught it was morning again. I slowly chewed my mashed potatoes and cake, washing it
wn with sour Kool-Aid. With all the meat I had given away I won a nice little bounty of
eslaw, which I forced myself to eat because the menu hinted at sausage products the
t morning.

After dinner, after all the trays were cleared and I finished mopping the floor, I sat and studied everyone for a long time. No one looked like they were really affected by their imprisonment, it just seemed like something they were only a little annoyed with, but accepted-like a common cold. It was amazing that the prisoners could treat the guards that were keeping them prisoner like people, talking and joking with them. It dawned on me then that a police state is a lot more effective when it pretends to be your friend. It can shake your hand with one hand while pressing down on your back with the other. By having the guards save their beatings for only special occasions, the prisoners become a lot more passive and easier to control. Yet it was so frustrating to talk to people and not see one spark of resistance in them. Maybe it comes from something they put in the meat. I went to bed early and woke up, covered in sweat, dreaming about being an experiment locked in a laboratory cage.

Day 3: Pour yer hearts out...

After talking to people at breakfast, I learned something that put a taste in my mouth more sour than the dry cake they served us for the fourth time. People have been here as long as 3 MONTHS without ever going to trial. Not just a few people, but almost half of the people I talked to. I spent all day, trying to figure out how the jail could legally do that, when I came across a small line in the Wackenhut handbook.

"All prisoners, according to federal law, must see a judge within 48 hours of their arrest, unless the warden deems it necessary to extend the period for further investigation."

Ricardo explained it to me like this:

"What do they got me here for? Assault. Because I disarmed this drunk who pulled a knife on me in my house. Took his knife away, held it to him, and told him, "Get the fuck out!" My whole family was there, you see? Anyways, he goes and tells the police and they come and arrest me, they tell me I assaulted him. If I was in county jail now, I'd be out of here in a week, tops. But since this is a private prison they'll just hold me and hold me until someone pays my bail. What is my family supposed to do? My wife, she don't work, she takes care of the kids. I can't afford a lawyer, and in Texas the law says you can't get a public defender unless you're completely broke or homeless. So I wait..."

Then there was Ramon. He looked like a burnt-out light bulb, staring at the walluntil I sat down next to him. With my choppy Spanish and his choppy English I managed to get the gist of what he was saying.

"Yo crucé la frontera por la tercera vez," he started. He was crossing the border for the third time when he got caught. Meanwhile, his wife was back in Mexico and his kids, who were with him when he got caught, had been taken from him. The Mexican Consulate just got through toda and told him he'd probably be there another two years.

"Yo quiero morir," he whispered through quivering lips.

He began telling me his plan for suicide. I couldn't think of one encouraging thing to say. Eventually he got up and went back to his cell. I never saw him come out again until the time I got released, when he poked his head out of his cell and wished me a stern goodbye.

This is what they call "correctional".

After being kept from your loved ones for years with not hing to do but play cards and watch the telenovelas on TV you are miraculously "cured" of being a criminal. God bless Texas, land of pick-ups and lockdowns, the only place where a gallon of gas is cheaper than a gallon of water and a lawyer costs more than ten lives.

The more I think about it, the more it burns my brain like the scalding cement out in the exercise yard. We tell them never to cross into this land we stolen from them but once someone makes it over we won't even let th leave. Learn you place in life, beh ave, and shut u And make your God damn bed.

As the day p ses I learn that a most everyone her is doing time for small amounts of d gs, public intoxicat on, and bar fight s,. Thes e are the ba people your parents wa ed you about, it's Tino who gets arrested at t video store renting mo ies with his daughter en they smell beer on h breath, All day I sit inking about it until I lose it for a second d slam my fist into th wall in frustration. Then I sit down, rubbing skinned knuckles, and st t to draw a map of thex ison.

"Whatcha doin'?" asks Marco, sitting d beside me.

"It's an escape pl I told him. "Can you f a helicopter?"

He laughs, exposing rows of go teeth. Marco, doing time fo a kilo of coke, leans over an points a finger at my map.

"This is an example of what drugs will do to you."

Day Four: Playing by the rules..

I wake up and everything is already in fast forward. It's the day I'm supposed to get released, I realize, sliding across the floor and into my slippers. I'm the last one in my cell, and everyone else is already settled at their tables down below. My door is already locked, and I embarrassingly have to buzz the control tower and get them to let me out. As I scuttle down the stairs 47 pairs of eyes watch my descent.

"You can't just do that homey," says Marco as he hands me the last tray of cadaverous oatmeal. "You've got to wash your face and brush your hair before you eat. You can't look like you just got up."

"I did just get up," I reply. I try to explain but he hardens his face and turns away.

Frustrated, I slam my tray onto the table and start spooning the tasteless mush into my mouth. I get two bites into it when Vince comes up and motions to me.

"C'mere," he says, pointing to the rule list on the wall. "What does this say?"

I bite down hard, talking through my teeth.

"All right, all right. 'Inmates must wash their face and brush their hair before eating breakfast.' I get it okay? I just don't see what the big deal is. Every time I do something I have five people jumping on my back. What are you, my mom?"

Silence. He stares thunderclouds at me. People are starting to look at me from the corners of their eyes.

"Don't get big balls with me vato," he spits, "or your stay can be really hard."

As I slip back into my seat no one says a word to me. I pick up the trays, give them to the trustee, and slink off back to my cell, muttering to myself about rules. Something is going to happen to me; I just don't know what or when. Just in case, I wash my face twice and begin my morning session of staring out the window. Three hours to go.

Someone I don't know, someone who I've never spoken to and who speaks little English steps into my cell and shuts the door behind him.

"I already washed my face," I told him, but I was interrupted by the first slap. The ringing in my ear buzzed so loudly I could hardly make out what he was saying. It didn't really hurt, but it was more humiliating than anything else. Noticing his friends' shoes peeking in from outside my door, I decided to swallow and let it happen.

"You gonna take shower, you gonna take shower?" he kept repeating. He didn't understand my English and there was no chance explaining, nothing to do but roll with each blow.

Finally he stopped, scratched his shaved head, put his finger to his lips, and stepped out the door backwards, keeping his eyes on me. Three pairs of feet shuffled off down the hallway, talking loudly in Spanish. I waited for the red in my face to go away, grabbed my towel, and stepped into the shower, realizing how easily we're all turned into guards ourselves, how we turn on each other at the merest infraction of the rules, and how we eagerly push their rules on each other, just so the TV won't be turned off.

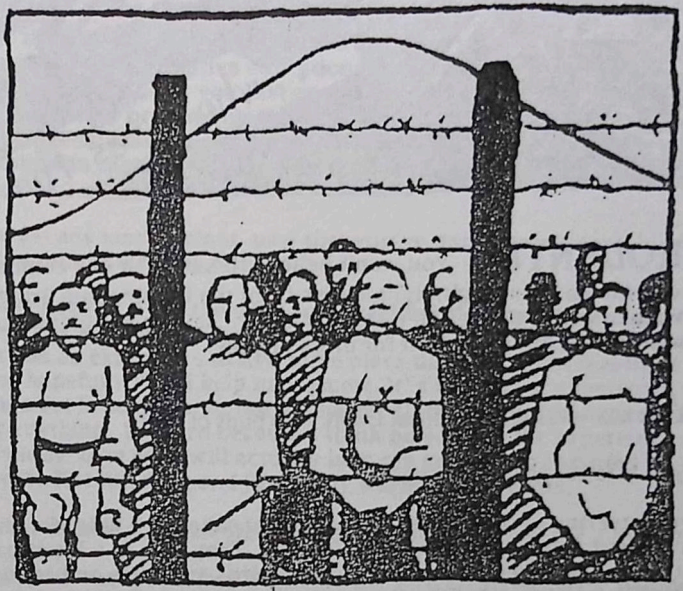
Epilogue

Out in the real world again, in my real clothes with the real sun on my face, it felt like my whole stay was a dream. The guards had taken my map, claiming that I could plan an escape with it, and I was left with only the few bits of paper that I had madly scribbled notes on. Across the street came the sexy whistle of that train again, taunting me. After endless waiting I saw Stef being escorted outside too, and we blinked at each other in the unusually bright sun.

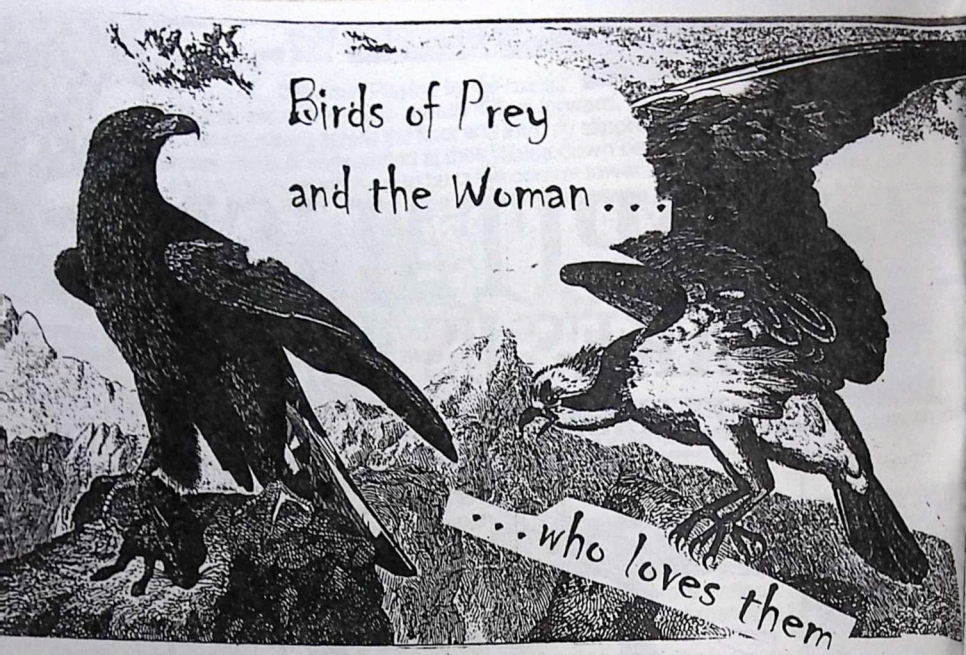
"C'mon bab[illegible]," I told her. "Let's get the hell outta Texas."

LEASED TO
EL PASO PRODUCTS CO.

CAPITALISM
MAKES US SLAVES
CAPITALISMO NOS HACE ESCLAVOS



RACISM
MAKES US IGNORANT OF OUR SLAVERY
RACISMO NOS ESTAN HACIENDO
ESCLAVOS DE NUESTRA IGNORANCIA

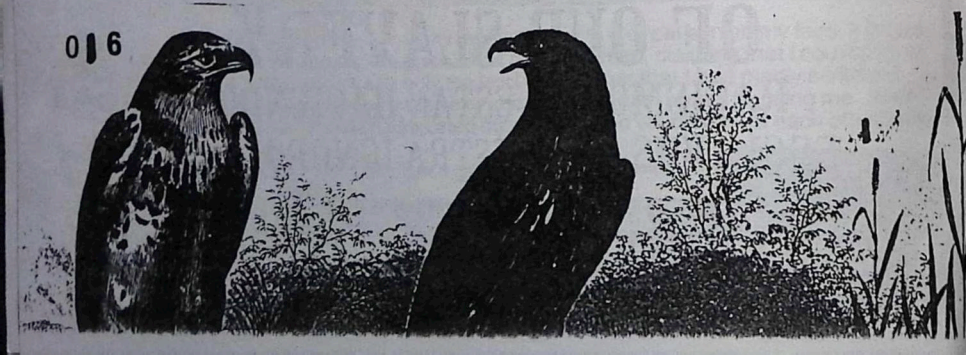


RITA RODENTIA - You won't believe this but I'm in a community garden in downtown Pittsburgh, right across from the Birmingham Bridge, and there is a woman with a shovel. Her name is Emily. She has her grandmothers tattooed on her arms and a passion for birds of prey.

EMILY - I love birds in general, but I work with birds of prey.

What got you into the birds of prey?

I started volunteering at this place north of Philly called Ark Wildlife. I live in Philly. It's about an hours drive outside the city. They take in a lot of babies - baby great horns, baby kestrels, and baby songbirds and raise and release them. So it's like wildlife rehabilitation and release. It was fucking rad. I like working with babies and feeding them. They stay in an incubator inside at about 98 degrees when they are younger and there are also fake stimulated nests. Then we move them out to the barn area and they stay inside. When they get a little bit older we take them outside and they hang out in these enclosures that we'd open the doors to all day long so that they'd fly around. You have to feed them every hour, maybe every ½ an hour, depending on what they are eating and the species. It's pretty rad to feed them because they come down and land on you and fly away. They always return with the exception of chimney swifts. It's satisfying.



You mentioned you spent the past 6 months in 2 different states, studying the birds of prey?

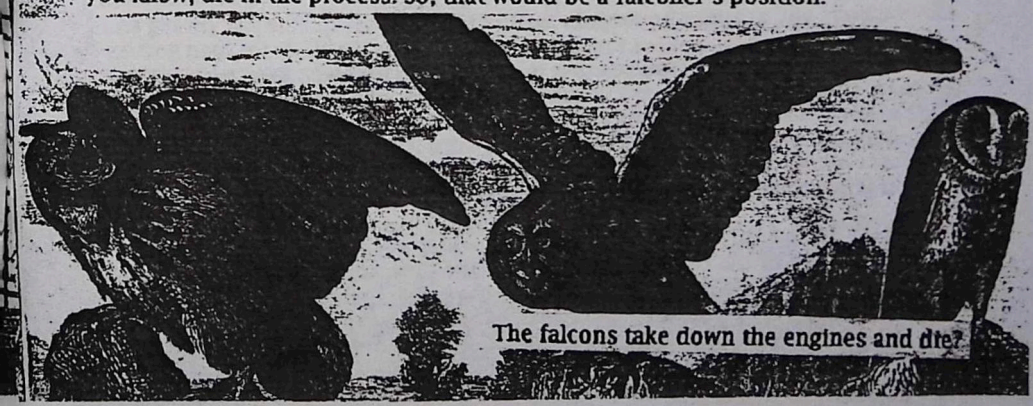
I did an internship at the Vermont Raptor Center. Raptor means bird of prey. There they had rehabilitation, education and display birds. Bald Eagles, Great Horned Owls, Golden Eagles, Great Gray Owls ECT... I liked being in Vermont. The organization I worked for, the Vermont Institute for Natural Sciences, at least their mission statement in general was fairly eco-friendly. They had a lot of conservation biologists, scientists that did their own side research, mainly working with birds, but were still part of they organization. It was rad. Then, my last internship was at the World Bird Sanctuary outside of St. Louis. I wasn't too stoked on that place at all. When I applied for that internship, I knew they had done captive breeding of peregrine falcons, bard owls and bald eagles, which is breed and release as a conservation effort. That organizations breeding of peregrine falcons helped greatly, not completely, to take peregrine falcons off the endangered species list in the continental U.S. That's fucking amazing...but at the same time, after I got there, I found out that they breed not just those birds, but other birds as well, not just for breed and release for conservation, but for captive educational programs. I don't understand the need for that. Why don't you just open a book and read about that bird? But maybe that's very presumptuous of me, considering I've been lucky enough to hold a wedge-tailed eagle from Australia on my fist. I don't like the excuse to breed things in captivity for the sole purpose of what we're gonna call educational.

Did you get any kind of clout, now that you've done these internships and will you move onto something else?

I certainly hope so. I did them because I wanted the experience. I did them because, they don't give you much pay, but they pay your utilities and free rent. It was an experience to live some place different and I feel like I learned a lot and hopefully it will help my resume. It' s the sort of experience you're not gonna get in school your not gonna get all that hands on experience from reading anything. It's hard because I think now I have the experience and a better resume than what will actually help me get the job I wanted a year ago. But now I'm like iiiii dunno. I just enjoy working with birds.

What is the title of someone who works with birds of prey for a living?

It depends on what you work. There are the bird trainers. These people train birds to do certain behaviors like teach birds how to fly around classroom settings and come back to the fist. Falconers use this technique. You can be a falconer. (The wind is blowing and I can't make out all of this part of the recording) These folks work in airports or air force bases. They have the falcons fly around the air force base or wherever and chase off other birds or flocks that might happen to fly into the engine, take down the engine, and also you know, die in the process. So, that would be a falconer's position.



The falcons take down the engines and die?

No. Say a flock of Canada Geese was flying over the airport. They could fly into one of the engines, and possibly take down the whole plane, but planes usually have more than one engine. This usually ends up killing about 12 birds and loosing the engine. The reason why the airports or airlines pay for this is because it's expensive for them...they don't want to loose an engine. So our job would be to fly the falcon all day long just to scare off the birds. All they do is go up in the air and fly and come back down. I don't have moral problem with that. Or you can do wildlife rehabilitation, which is my original experience. This is kind of redundant. I feel it's more productive for a species that is threatened or endangered to captively breed it and release it then try to bandage a wing of one bird to release it. But I enjoy doing it. I enjoy raising baby songbirds or baby owls, just to release them. It's very rewarding but it also has absolutely no money in it.you can't even...pay your rent. You can't live off it at all..... Unless you're really good at writing grants.

Do you have any birds?

No. I don't like keeping birds in cages at all. (Wind blows words unintelligible) I don't have a problem with places that keep birds that are permanently injured and not releasable due to human actions. That's how it was in Vermont and two other organizations I volunteered at. Yeah it sucks and it's not the best of life for that bird but it's the only life we can give them now. And as we are responsible for their injuries be it flying into a window or being hit by a train or bus. That's nice that the bird's presence is educational for people. People can learn not only about the species but also about our actions and how it's destructive towards that species.

Do you have any weird bird stories?

Uhhmmm, well here's a relatively cool story that doesn't really involve me. The last organization I worked for which is world bird sanctuary... Like I said they breed and raise peregrine falcons. It was neat to hear that a bird that was banded and raised by us. Banded just means that they put an anklet and an I.D. number on the bird so you always know where that bird came from- who it was breed by and what town it came from. Anyway, one of the peregrine that we had breed and released ten years ago had been nesting and breeding in downtown St. Louis. It was found in New York City on a high rise. And I believe nesting as well. That was really cool. It's obviously really effective to know that for the past ten years, most likely that birds had one clutch (one nest) a year. If there is 2 peregrine in each clutch who are healthy breeders.... that's really cool.

Do you have any stories about birds mating for life?

Yeah. There are a certain species that do that, like bard owls. Bard owls are the 2nd most common specie of owl in the United States, will pair and mate for life. That's why it's fairly important to re-release a bird in the area that you originally found them so they can hopefully find their mate.

Do you know if they have any problems with polyamory?

Actually. This is really cool. Harris's Hawks, which are found in the south western portion of the United States, 99% of the time, they will have 2 nesting males and 1 female. An alpha and a beta male and I think they both mate with the female. The style that Harris's Hawks hunt with is more pack like. Like one will see a rabbit and flush it out of the bush and they other will get it and bring it back. That's cool. So she's gettin two men.

Fascinating, I have a friend who is really into Penguins, he claims penguins supposedly quasi prostitute themselves. They mate for life and legend has it that they will literally go behind their mates back and have sex with other penguins and then leave nesting materials as gifts or what ever. People joke and say it's like prostitution but I take it as more like gifts for the lover....So...Are you gonna do falcon stuff?

I wanna get my falcon's license. I like the idea of flying a falcon all day long and getting paid for it. It's kind of like getting paid to ride your bike.

So you need a license?

Yeah. You take a test and you'll do a two-year apprenticeship with another Falconer. It's vvveerrryyy masculine and verrry patriarchal. Maybe I'll get into it and just realize that it sucks. I believe that the majority of falconers don't really care, to the extent that I do, about the well being of the birds. A lot of men, we'll people, but it's mostly men, get involved because they are hunters not because they want to fly falcons.

Can I ask you about your tattoos?

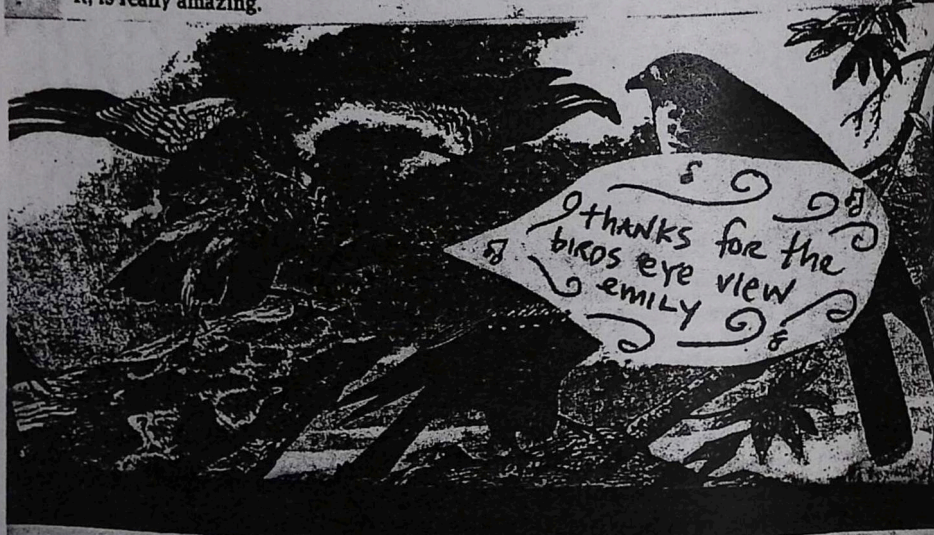
Sure. My left arm is my Romanian/ Transylvanian/ Gypsy/whatever side and they came over here and moved to the Pittsburgh area. They lived in homestead. It's a picture of my grandmother and she is sitting on a bridge. She is probably 20-22 in that photo. Both tattoos are directly from photos. My right arm is from my Lithuanian grandmother and I believe its in Atlantic City...there is a boardwalk in the background. She maybe 23 or 25. The words say prey for our sinners now and at the hour of our death...but they are separate tattoos.

Last night you were talking about how you liked the pin-up style...

I like a lot of flash...but it kinda makes me think of rock-a-billy and that's not really my kind of thing...but I like the style... I think voluptuous curvy women are just sexy and beautiful and I wanted it to have meaning...and I remember seeing this photo of my grandma that was so hot and so racy. It was so cool because I didn't know what my grandma would think of it. And I just went over there with a sleeveless shirt on one day - she started screaming and was so excited. It was a totally positive experience. I thought she would tell me to keep it covered up...

Wow, you are tattooing your history on your body and you showed your grandma the tattoo of her on your arm...

Yeah she was sooo excited about it. Really into it. And the guy, Joel, who did it, is really amazing.



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NYPD' Street Crimes Unit

"Man (woman), like all living beings, adapts and accustoms himself to the conditions under which he lives, and passes on acquired habits."

Attending the "Street Crimes Unit" workshop at the Critical Resistance East: Beyond the Prison Industrial Complex gave me new information and intelligence on how policing can work in the grand scheme of things to gradually and subtly strip away rights. The workshop focused on how the NYPD Street Crimes Unit (SCU) has been operating in minority communities to racially profile possible future deviants. This unit has played an integral part in increasing the jail population in New York City.

On the surface, this may not seem to be that surprising given the notoriety of the NYPD; however, this is a subtler tool that they use to criminalize minority populations. Under the surface, their strategy bespeaks something that is both heinous and detrimental to the autonomy and freedom on citizens.

So, the SCU sets up programs for children and youths under the auspices of community involvement, yet utilize the information and stats that they gather on these children and youth to establish a database on them should they commit a crime in the future. They compile books based on race so that when a crime is committed in the city, they can whip out these books, and indict a youth who might meet the description from the target population. "Innocent until proven guilty" is once again shown to be a myth as we see that these young ones are already considered to be the usual suspects.

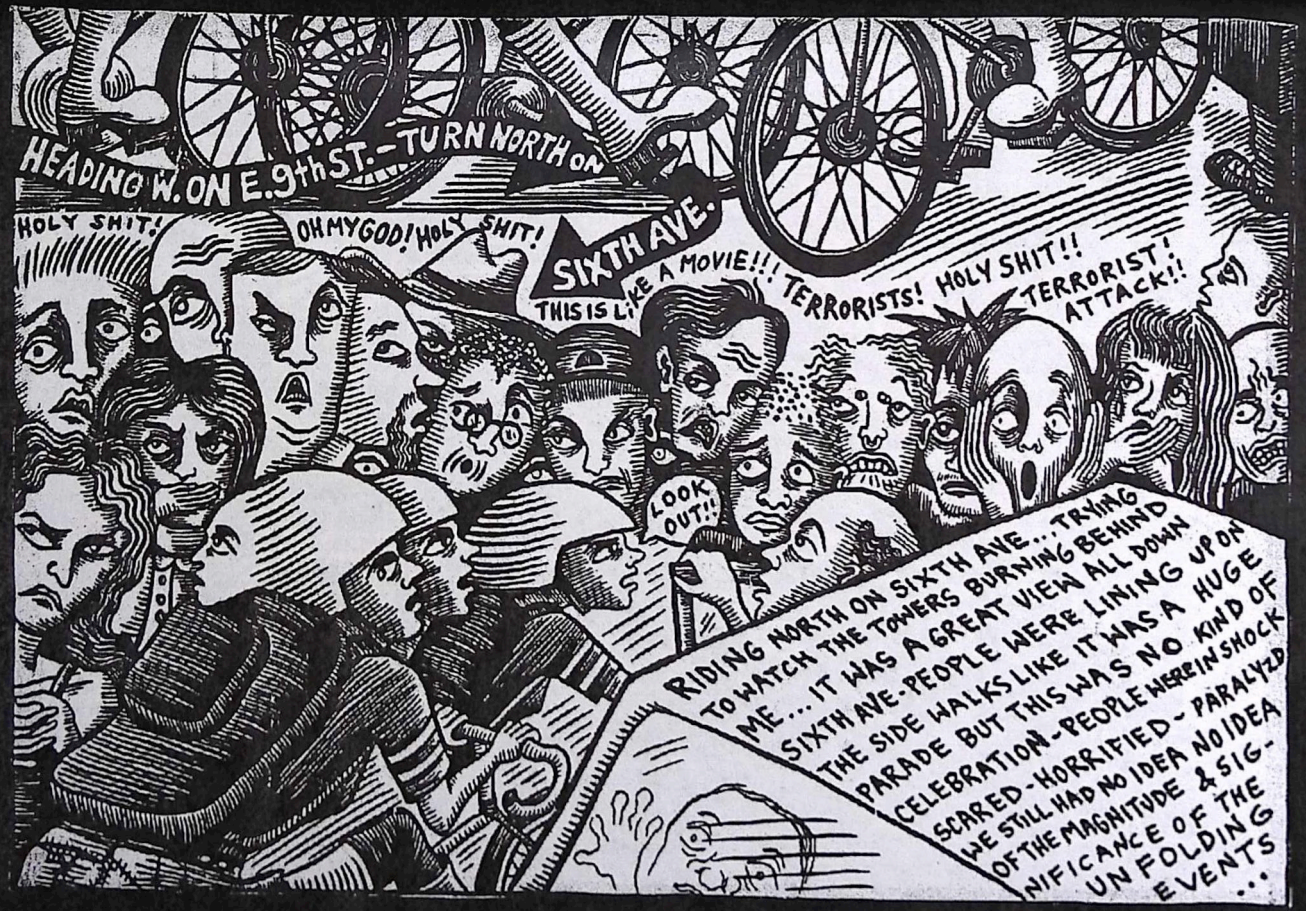
The above tactics are done covertly. However, the overt tactics serve the explicit purpose of establishing a culture of suspicion and where these Gestapo methods are nothing short of those fictionalized in books like "1984" or "Brave New World". What the cops do overtly is have frequent "stop and frisks". They stop youths and people on the streets, and pat them down to see what that person might be carrying on their person. If that person is carrying anything illegal, then that person can be arrested. The cops don't have to have a warrant or anything; they can just say that they are looking for someone or something. They can say that the person being stopped and frisked fits the description of someone they are looking for in the area. Essentially, these stop and frisks creates and environment in these communities that everyone is under suspicion and everyone is a possible criminal.

I quoted Errico Malatesta, the Italian Anarchist, to illustrate a major point. That being that once humans acclimate to certain circumstances and patterns, they tend to forget the way things previously were. And if one has no memory of the past, or they take things as "the way things are, always have been, and always will be", then that can stifle action to stop the problem that has already started. Meaning, if you are used to being stopped by the police everyday, and you have experienced it as a small child, then you might just take it for granted. Things become a matter of daily life, and nothing out of the ordinary, or even wrong.

With "stop and frisks" as a daily happening in these minority communities, what the powers that be are saying is that you all are all just a bunch of potential criminals and we will keep you in check should you step out of line. These "stop and frisks" are not set up in affluent or middle class communities because everyone knows that only poor people commit crimes, right? What does this say about our society? It says that the government and law enforcement don't give a damn about poor or marginalized people. That the rights of the rich will always be protected, and if you are a minority or poor, then you are a part of the criminal class. A class of people who really have no rights, and who need to be watched daily by the police state.

by RAT-A-TAT-TAT

9-11-01
NYC - SOMETIME AROUND 9AM - I WAS RIDING MY BIKE TO WORK
IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY!
WOW! THE WORLD TRADE TOWER IS ON FIRE! GODDAM... WHAT the...?
OH MY GOD!
HOLY SHIT!! A PLANE??
HOLY SHIT!!
GONNA-
CRASH!
THIS IS TOO
INTENSE!
AAHHGH! Fckn CARS!! I'M GONNA GET NAILED!
DODGING CARS DRIVERS SWERVING TRYING TO LOOK BACK WARDS
SSWERVE
FLY·2K1


HEADING W. ON E. 9th ST. - TURN NORTH ON
SIXTH AVE.
HOLY SHIT!
OH MY GOD! HOLY SHIT!
THIS IS LIKE A MOVIE!!!
TERRORISTS! HOLY SHIT!!
TERRORIST ATTACK!!
LOOK OUT!!
RIDING NORTH ON SIXTH AVE... TRYING TO WATCH THE TOWERS BURNING BEHIND ME... IT WAS A GREAT VIEW ALL DOWN SIXTH AVE. - PEOPLE WERE LINING UP ON THE SIDE WALKS LIKE IT WAS A HUGE PARADE BUT THIS WAS NO KIND OF CELEBRATION - PEOPLE WERE IN SHOCK SCARED - HORRIFIED - PARALYZD WE STILL HAD NO IDEA NO IDEA OF THE MAGNITUDE & SIGNIFICANCE OF THE UNFOLDING EVENTS ...

024

WORK WAS CANCELLED SO I RODE BACK DOWNTOWN & WATCHED THE TOWERS COLLAPSE FROM A NEARBY ROOFTOP LOWER MANHATTEN WAS ENGULFED IN DUST & SMOKE

DOWNTOWN

1PM - SKATED UPTOWN - 1ST AVE

I HAD TO GO FOR ORAL SURGERY LOTS OF ROOKY COPS CHASING ME OUT OF THE DESERTED EMERGENCY LANE

STOP!

GET ON THE SIDEWALK!!

BUT THERES NO ROOM ON THE SIDEWALK & THIS LANE IS EMPTY! THERES NO EMERGENCY VEHICLES FOR MILES!

HEY!

STOP!

1:30 PM - THE ORAL SURGEON PUT ME UNDER - DUG OUT A BIG ROTTEN TOOTH & PUT IN A BONE GRAFT - AFTER THAT I GOT TO LIE DOWN IN THE "RECOVERY ROOM" FOR A FEW MINUTES & THEN

AADOWN! FCK!

ARE YOU FEELING BETTER YET? WE WANT TO GO HOME!

I HAD TO WALK HOME 40 BLOCKS DOWNTOWN → THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WALKING UPTOWN-ALL OF US LOOKING DAZED & FULL OF PAIN

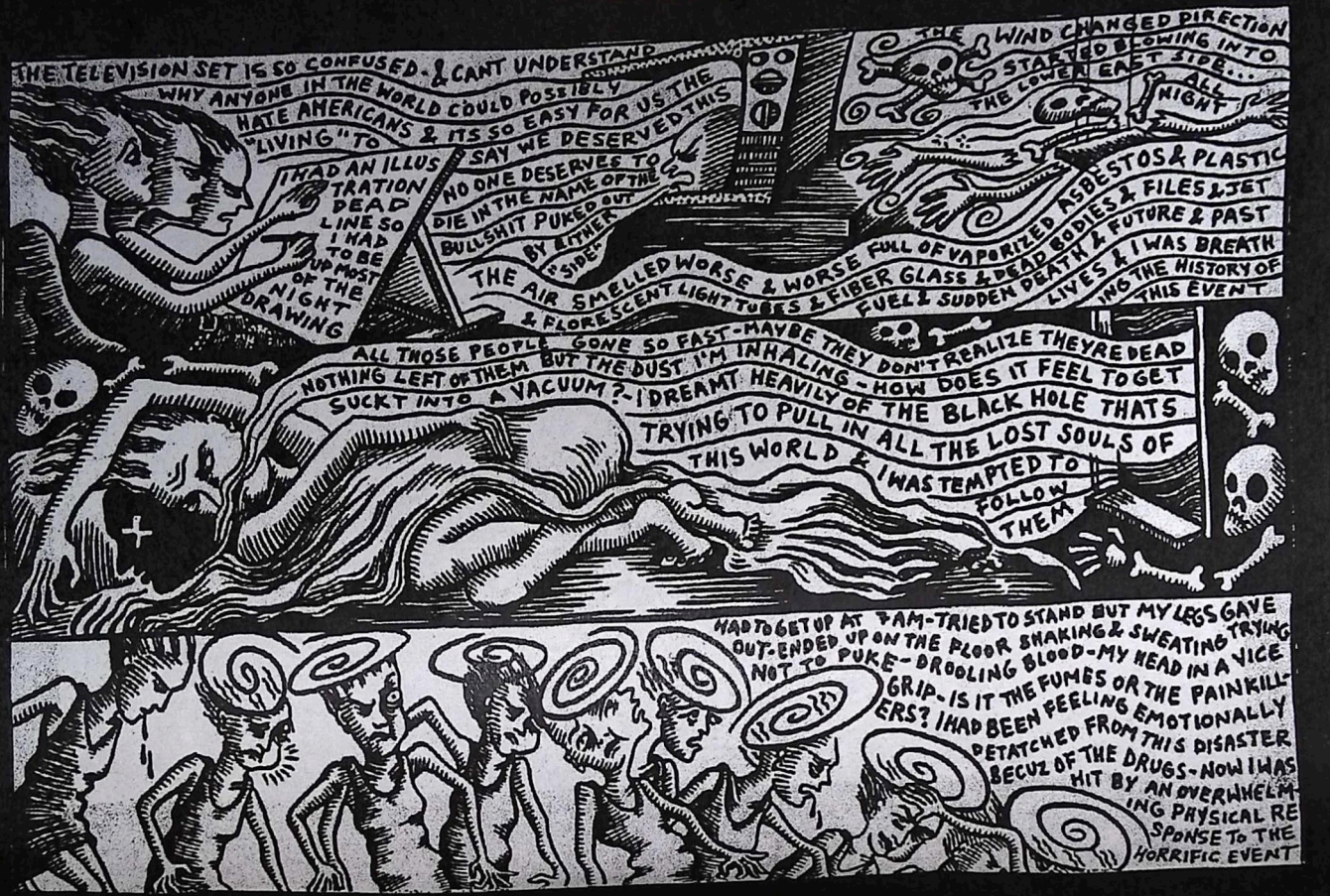
AADOWN!! FCK!

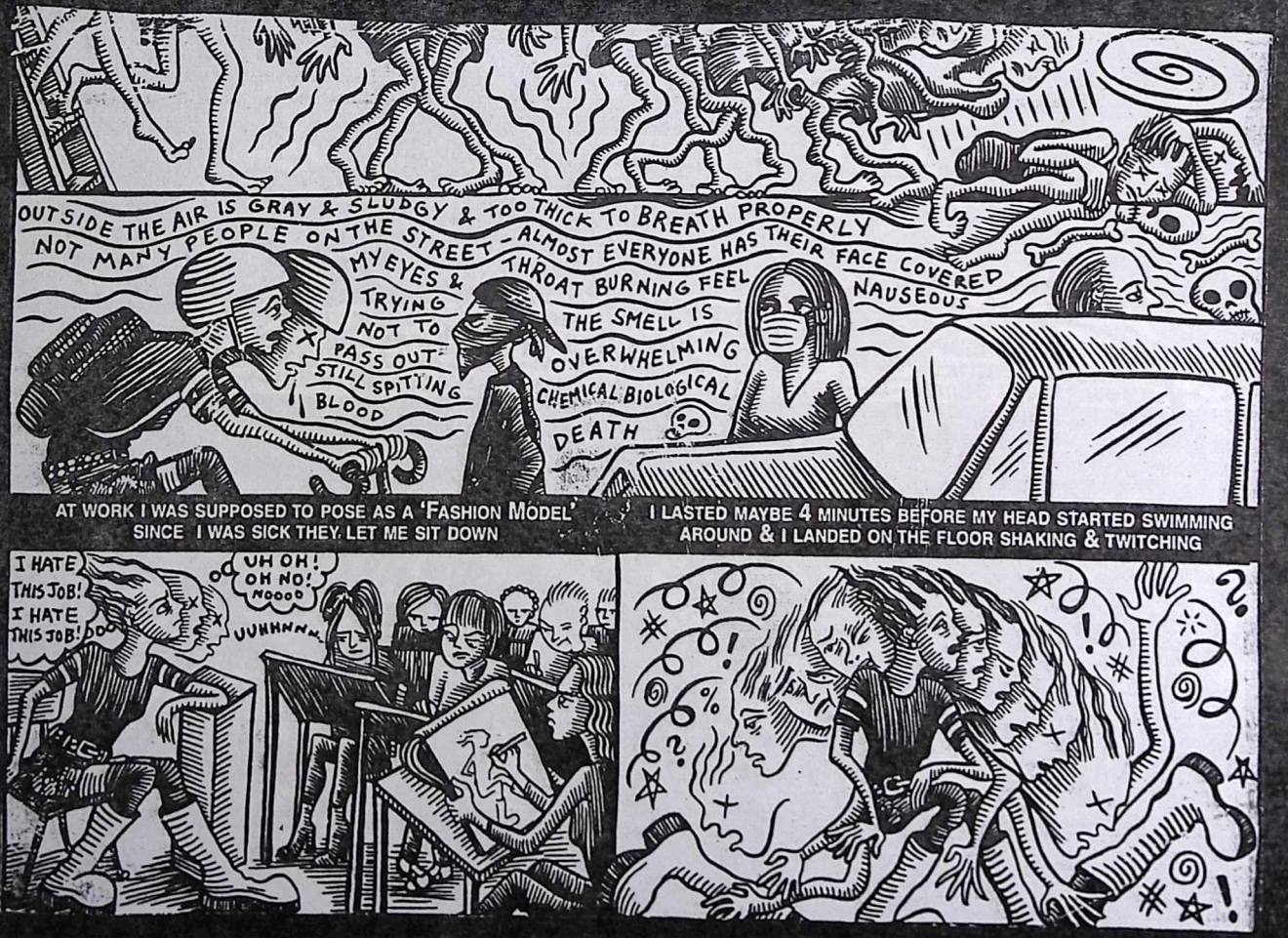
NYC WAS IN A SORT OF LOCKDOWN - ALL THE BRIDGES & TUNNELS CLOSED - LOWER MANHATTAN COMPLETELY SHUT DOWN PHONE LINES ALL FCKTUP - BY THE TIME I GOT BACK TO THE LOWER EAST SIDE ALMOST ALL THE STORES WERE CLOSED SO I COULDNT GET THE GOOD PAINKILLERS - I TOOK SOME CODEINE & WATCHED T.V. - IT WAS ALL INCREDIBLY SURREAL

THE T.V. SET PLAYED THE SAME IMAGES OVER & OVER DESENSITIZING THE AUDIENCE & ALSO SERVING TO FUEL AN UNFOCUSED ANGER & FEAR - THEN OUR LEADER STEPPED IN TO CAREFULLY DIRECT THESE VOLATILE EMOTIONS - "MANUFACTURING THE PUBLIC'S CONSENT" TO A VIOLENT RETALIATION - A "WAR ON TERRORISM" HASTILY DECLARED WITHOUT EVEN DEFINING "TERRORISM" & WITHOUT ANY REAL PROOF AS TO WHO IS ACTUALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS ATROCITY - ELECTED OFFICIALS PANIC & UNITE BEHIND THE "PRESIDENT" AS HE QUICKLY TRIES TO PASS NEW "ANTI-TERRORIST" LEGISLATION THAT WOULD EXTEND THE SURVEILLANCE POWERS OF THE POLICE & SEVERLY LIMIT PUBLIC DISSENT - PEOPLE WERE ON TV SAYING "YES! TAKE AWAY MY FREEDOM TO SAVE DEMOCRACY!" WUT?
ABOUT A MONTH AGO JOHN HOLMSTROM GAVE ME HIS OLD T.V. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I FEEL COMPELLED TO WATCH IT...

THE NEXT DAY I GOT THE GOOD DRUGS - VICODANS - I SKATED UPTOWN FLOATING ABOVE & AWAY FROM THE PAIN & DESPAIR NYC WAS SUDDENLY LIKE A GHOST TOWN - HOW DID EVERYONE DISAPPEAR SO FAST? - MY MOUTH STILL FULL OF BLOOD

POLICE & NATIONAL GUARD BARRICADES AT 14TH ST
YOU HAD TO HAVE I.D. OR A FCKN GOOD EXCUSE TO GET IN


THE TELEVISION SET IS SO CONFUSED - & CANT UNDERSTAND WHY ANYONE IN THE WORLD COULD POSSIBLY HATE AMERICANS & ITS SO EASY FOR US THE "LIVING" TO SAY WE DESERVED THIS
I HAD AN ILLUSTRATION DEAD LINE SO I HAD TO BE UP MOST OF THE NIGHT DRAWING
NO ONE DESERVES TO DIE IN THE NAME OF THE BULLSHIT PUKED OUT BY EITHER "SIDE"
THE WIND CHANGED DIRECTION STARTED BLOWING INTO THE LOWER EAST SIDE... ALL NIGHT
THE AIR SMELLED WORSE & WORSE FULL OF VAPORIZED ASBESTOS & PLASTIC & FLORESCENT LIGHT TUBES & FIBER GLASS & DEAD BODIES & FILES & JET FUEL & SUDDEN DEATH & FUTURE & PAST LIVES & I WAS BREATHING THE HISTORY OF THIS EVENT
ALL THOSE PEOPLE GONE SO FAST - MAYBE THEY DON'T REALIZE THEY'RE DEAD NOTHING LEFT OF THEM BUT THE DUST I'M INHALING - HOW DOES IT FEEL TO GET SUCKT INTO A VACUUM? - I DREAMT HEAVILY OF THE BLACK HOLE THATS TRYING TO PULL IN ALL THE LOST SOULS OF THIS WORLD & I WAS TEMPTED TO FOLLOW THEM
HAD TO GET UP AT 9AM - TRIED TO STAND BUT MY LEGS GAVE OUT - ENDED UP ON THE FLOOR SHAKING & SWEATING TRYING NOT TO PUKE - DROOLING BLOOD - MY HEAD IN A VICE GRIP - IS IT THE FUMES OR THE PAINKILLERS? I HAD BEEN FEELING EMOTIONALLY DETATCHED FROM THIS DISASTER BECUZ OF THE DRUGS - NOW I WAS HIT BY AN OVERWHELMING PHYSICAL RESPONSE TO THE HORRIFIC EVENT


OUTSIDE THE AIR IS GRAY & SLUDGY & TOO THICK TO BREATH PROPERLY
NOT MANY PEOPLE ON THE STREET - ALMOST EVERYONE HAS THEIR FACE COVERED
MY EYES & THROAT BURNING FEEL
NAUSEOUS
TRYING NOT TO PASS OUT
THE SMELL IS OVERWHELMING
STILL SPITTING BLOOD
CHEMICAL BIOLOGICAL DEATH
AT WORK I WAS SUPPOSED TO POSE AS A 'FASHION MODEL' SINCE I WAS SICK THEY LET ME SIT DOWN
I LASTED MAYBE 4 MINUTES BEFORE MY HEAD STARTED SWIMMING AROUND & I LANDED ON THE FLOOR SHAKING & TWITCHING
I HATE THIS JOB! I HATE THIS JOB!
UH OH! OH NO! NOOOO
UUHHNNN

02

RIDING MY BIKE HOME THRU A DESPARATE PANIC OF PATRIOTISM - AMERICAN FLAGS EVERYWHERE - PEOPLE PUTTING UP POSTERS FOR MISSING LOVED ONES - I SAW A GUY IN A SPRAY PAINT SHIRT THAT SAID 'BOMB AFGHANISTAN' - IT WAS QUITE WEIRD & CREEPY

AT HOME ALL I COULD DO WAS CRAWL INTO BED WITH ICE ON MY SWOLLEN FACE - I COULD HARDLY MOVE FOR HOURS ONCE IN A WHILE THE PHONE WOULD RING

FINALLY I WAS ABLE TO GET UP - I REALLY HAD THE URGE TO GET OUTSIDE & FIND OUT WHAT WAS HAPPENING - THE AIR WAS STILL TOXIC - A SWEET MAN GAVE ME A MASK

YEAH ITS BIN CRAZY-I DONT KNOW IF I CAN GET THE ZERO CONTENT COMIC DONE - I'M SO SICK FROM THESE FUMES I CAN HARDLY MOVE - EVERYONE IS WEARING MASKS OUTSIDE!
THATS SO IRONIC!! REMEMBER MAYDAY WHEN ALL THOSE BLACK BLOC KIDS GOT ARRESTED FOR COVERING THIER FACES? I GUESS NOW THEY WILL HAVE TO ARREST EVERYONE! YOU COULD PUT THAT IN THE COMIC!!
I HAVE SOME EXTRAS
YOURS IS MUCH MORE STYLISH BUT THIS MIGHT WORK BETTER...
MMFANKS

THERE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A VIGIL AT UNION SQUARE SO I HEADED IN THAT DIRECTION - THERE WERE POSTERS OF THE MISSING & YELLOW RIBBONS & FLOWERS - PEOPLE SEEMED SAD & SUBDUED - INSECURE - EVERYONE WAS BEING SO VERY CAREFUL & NICE

AT UNION SQUARE THERE WERE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WITH CANDLES - IT WAS UNUSUALLY QUIET & EVEN THE POLICE WERE BEING CIVIL I STAYED MAYBE 10 MINUTES BUT WHEN EVERYONE STARTED SINGING GOD BLESS AMERICA I HAD TO LEAVE- I FELT TOO DETACHED FROM THIS WORLD WHERE THERE WERE SO MANY PEOPLE & YET EVERYTHING STILL FELT SO HOLLOW - LIKE IT WAS ALL JUST A STAGED PERFORMANCE

AS I M FINISHING THIS COMIC THE US HAS BEEN BOMBING AFGHANISTAN FOR WEEKS ALTHO CONGRESS NEVER GRANTED 'PRESIDENT' BUSH AN OFFICIAL DECLARATION OF WAR - MILLIONS OF AFGHANIS ARE HOMELESS & TRYING TO GET TO THE BORDERS ACROSS HAZARDOUS TERRAIN LITTERED WITH LANDMINES KABUL HAS FALLEN TO THE NORTHERN ALLIANCE WHOM MANY AFGHANIS FEAR AS MUCH AS THE TALIBAN REGIME - WHAT SENSE IS IT TO PUNISH THE POPULATION WHO ARE VICTIMS OF THOSE WHO PERPETRATED THIS CRIME ON AMERICA? - MEANWHILE NYC MAYOR GIULIANI JUST TELLS US TO GO SHOPPING

0 2 9

Keep US safe from weddings

- Juvio Florence

Thank God President Bush had the courage to renege on the US commitment to join the newly formed International Court. We don't want to get involved with those European nations which have such pluralistic values. Doing so would compromise our sovereignty as a unique nation with a divine mission. Imagine how degrading it would be if those responsible for the recent killing of 40-200 people celebrating an Afghan wedding were required to answer for their actions at this court. Being a beacon of light in a dark world is a difficult task. Those Moslem terrorists should learn not to attack America because we are willing to kill - and already have - more civilians, than were killed in the 9/11 attacks to make our point. We are, after all, one nation under God and there's not much that Allah can do about it.

Speaking of God, it finally dawned on me why no one signed the Supreme Court decision handing the presidency to GeorgeW. Bush, a feat unheard of in legal practice: it was signed by God. It just goes to show you that you can't trust the voters anymore, who picked Gore by over half a million more. Democracy is flawed, as are the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Fortunately our rulers recognize this and are making the necessary changes to guarantee our continued dominion over the rest of the world and the US population. Our duty is now as simple as just standing by watching the thermometer rise while broadcasting our national pride on our car bumpers.

(This is a letter I sent to a newspaper recently. It was alot of fun writing it. Idiocy is so easy to satirize. I invite you to join the fun, making your own statement or plagiarizing this, helping to gain momentum in reversing this New McCarthyism.) - author's note

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RANT ON SKINHEADS

By Ckamikazi Carrie

As we were standing at the bus stop the guy wouldn't stop glaring at us. He flaunted all the signs; the shaved head, the bomber jacket, the locally made tennis shoe, complete with aggressive attitude. We were standing with our friend who is one of the organizers for Ludia Proti Rasizmu (People Against Racism), a Bratislava based NGO that organizes against the swelling tide of Neo-Nazism in Slovakia. Our friend is very active in this organization and has appeared in the paper in one form or another every week, speaking out for people of color and against racism. In an article exposing a Skinhead based web page he was mentioned as having been in a photograph with a banner draped above his head, "Wanted Dead or Alive". Also, when we went to stay the night with him in his house with his girlfriend and their new baby there was a swastika painted on his gate. He said if he erases it, they would simply put it back. Plus, it serves as a reminder to him of what he is fighting against. He's been assaulted a number of times and has received a variety of threats against his life. Nothing happened that night at the bus station, but it left me anticipating a cruel awakening to the widespread Skinhead culture in Slovakia.

The profile of a typical Skinhead in Slovakia is not that of a 15 year old angst-ridden teenager as I originally suspected, but rather village men, in their thirties that have experienced a level of disillusionment with the lack of opportunity offered by the existing system, like being unemployed. This is especially the case in Slovakia where unemployment is rampant, wages are low and people are in need of scapegoats to justify their struggle in life. Anyone that is considered "other" is therefore a barrier to one's success.

Other than trying to keep "others" (foreigners, people of color and non-Christians) out of their towns, Skinheads also work to cultivate local economy based on geographical, ethnic and ideological community. In Slovakia there is a brand of tennis shoe that is made locally plus the owner of the company is a Skinhead. This tennis shoe is very popular in Skinhead circles and can even be bought in a store in the touristy old town of the capital, Bratislava. The store is owned by a Skinhead and is located on Biely Street (White Street). No coincidence, I am sure.

Mostly my experiences with this subculture have left me feeling angry and inspired to act, but on the other hand some forms of action taken against the Neo-Nazi movement have been wrought with confusion and frustration. For example, last week the same Slovak friend called the police on a Skinhead concert, just to have them break it up on account of it being a Skinhead event. This is an impingement on freedom of speech. It is one thing to wage a war on the streets between punks and skinheads, but to involve the police due to the fact that one disagrees with what these people talk about and do, is a dangerous weapon. This could easily then be taken into other arenas and used against other groups, that really should be heard.

In Germany, the outlawing of Neo-Nazi cultural and political expression has become a popular institutional tool. And I wonder whether the Slovakian government would be wise to take such a path. For example, the German government has banned combat boots, swastikas and prohibits Holocaust denial. Some people have even petitioned to ban the old Nazi party from having a position in the Federal Government, but that has failed to happen due to arguments that banning a political party is an impingement on free speech and furthermore, such a stance could only affect cosmetic changes. These changes reveal the intention of the government to subvert conflict within the diverse population of Germany. There have been instances where the police have shown up to rallies and events that encourage tolerance and diversity to shut them down because they see that such events only aggravate Skinhead violence.

I struggle with this notion of condemning freedom of speech in the name of subduing messages of ignorance and hatred. Not only has it been drilled into me in every year of U.S. history class, but also intuitively it sits right. Everyone should be heard so the dialogue is out in the open and so even if a resolution is not found, we can at least know where each other stand. But, freedom of speech is not only a means but also and end, perhaps an ideal goal.

What about Punk vs. Skinhead? Let's not forget this age-old tradition of keeping it on the streets, and away from endangering freedom of speech through using the law to suppress Skinhead sentiments and violence. Unlike people of color and Jews who are historically discriminated against on a societal level in the west, punks often come from a class and race that is able to capture media and political attention with ease. That is to say, violence between Punks and Skinheads may force society into checking Skinhead violence because politicians and parents will no longer be able to ignore the issue of their often times white, suburban children being affected by such ignorant forms of violence.

Other than punks, of course the more common target, and more vulnerable, are people of color and people of Jewish decent. Given the nature of Slovakia's transitional economy, it is not a common destination for immigrants, foreigners or refugees. Much of the Skinhead activity is focused on the Roma population and the Jewish community. For example, I was told about a young Romany woman that attends an all girl secondary school in Bratislava. When she enters her classroom each day, the entire class stands up and makes a "Hail Hitler" salute. I could go on for pages about the plight of the Roma and the neglect of the Jewish community, but instead the following paragraphs will focus on my friends' and my first hand experiences with and baring witness to racism in the public sphere (with a dash of nationalism too!) in Slovakia.

Being a foreigner and hanging out with the handful of other internationals in Nitra a fair amount, I have witnessed racist verbal and physical violence primarily toward foreign people of color. The other night, for example, I was walking in downtown Nitra with a friend from New Zealand who is of Mauri decent. As we passed a group of men they yelled out "NIGGER!" Having a few beers in my blood I was quick to respond at the top of my lungs with a "FUCK YOU!" They kept yelling and I kept

yelling as they headed up the street. This same friend had been harassed in a bar just weeks before. She noticed some men sticking their hands in the air and looking straight at her. She did not recognize this salute to Hitler until a bit later when they started making monkey gestures only feet from her and staring straight at her. She gave them the finger and got no acknowledgment from them, so she walked up to one of them and decked him in the face. I was so glad to hear about her defending herself, but I also realize that she must always have a certain level of armor ready to deal with this sort of confrontation.

There was an article written in the student paper about life as a foreign person of color in Nitra. The title was "I prefer to stay at home at night". This sound-byte rang true when Slovakia won the world hockey championship and the entire town turned into a street party. My friends, two of who are African, debated whether or not to join the festivities downtown. Two of them decided to go, but the Africans decided that the downtown area at an excited time like this could be explosive. This seemed weird to me, as I tend to think that when there are many people around, there is less likelihood that something bad will happen. Apparently not in this case. They should have followed their premonition and stayed home, but some friends called them a bit later (two other Africans) and invited them for pizza downtown. They went by car, parked and walked to the pizza joint. En route, however, only minutes after leaving the safety of the automobile, the group of four was surrounded by a group of 10 men with shaved heads. Fucking skinheads. Two of the Africans managed to escape to the restaurant, but the other two were beaten and one even received a bottle to the head. The police responded within minutes, due to the high density of surveillance cameras around the downtown area (strange to have these invasive tools offer support in a problematic situation). The men were taken to the hospital, and the fate of the skinheads is not known. On Monday in the local newspaper stated that, "In Nitra, even two black people were seen driving around downtown celebrating the Slovak hockey victory". Fucking ignorant press.

The worst story of all is one that has no ending or much of a plot, as of yet. One of the six Africans living in Nitra disappeared months ago and has not been seen since. His family and friends have not heard from him, and only months later has there been a "Missing Person" announcement in the newspaper about him. I have called my friend the organizer with Ludia Proti Rasizmu to alert him to this situation. We will hold a meeting later this week to see what action can be taken. I see now what ignorant violence is possible and fear the worst for our missing African friend.

Early Gay and Lesbian History in the U.S., 1870-1930: A Brief Sketch

by ailecia ruscin

For the purposes of this assignment, I will develop a narrative of gay and lesbian history in the United States from 1870-1930. To look at this 60-year period in American queer history, I want to make sure to not imply that this is the definitive history of this period. I am selecting specific examples from the texts to look at the different experiences of gays and lesbians (elite, middle-class, and working class) in American history. These experiences are unique, I do not want to imply an authoritative voice by the selections I make from our readings. This paper basically becomes half review essay and half literature review of the major canon of American queer history. With these warnings out of the way, shall we jump into this brief history of gays and lesbians in the United States from 1870-1930.

What did gay life look like at the turn of the twentieth century? The first place to stop in this time-line is the romantic friendships between elite women at the turn of the century. According to Lillian Faderman, "Romantic friendship in Western society can be traced back hundreds of years, at least to the Renaissance" (11). Faderman points out that romantic friendships were on the rise in the late-nineteenth century as feminists fought for the right to vote, access to education and mentally-stimulating employment. As women began to attend women's colleges and started their professional careers, there was a rise in the number of romantic friendships among women. These women finally had the economic ability to live with other women and avoid the confines of heterosexual marriage. These women "now had plausible excuses to resist social pressure toward marriage – they could not be adequate wives because they were engaged in pioneering in education and the professions. For the first time in American history, large numbers of women could make their lives with another woman" (Faderman 12). Thus, the feminist movement, contributed to the ability of elite women to engage in romantic friendships under the guise that they were just career women. For many women, this new opportunity allowed them to live a lesbian life without openly "coming out".

Carroll Smith-Rosenberg adds to this discourse with her work on the New Women of the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries. Smith-Rosenberg defines the New Woman as: "middle- and upper-middle-class American women born between the late 1850s and the early 1900s, who were educated, ambitious, and most frequently, single...they demanded rights and privileges customarily accorded only to white middle-class men. Their emergence within middle-class rhetoric signaled the symbolic death of that earlier female subject, the refined and confined Victorian lady" (265). During the 1920s the New Woman "adopted the sexual rhetoric of male physicians, sex reformers, politicians and novelists. This rhetoric represented the New Women as social and sexual hermaphrodites, as an 'intermediate sex'.... They did so with political intent" (Smith-Rosenberg 265). These women formed sexual

relationships with one another, but this time they "did not repudiate the traditional world of female love." They formed alternative "single-sex familial institutions which would foster women's autonomy" (Smith-Rosenberg 266). It was at this time that male physicians and sexologists began to notice lesbianism in the middle-class. They began to warn families about "unnatural" contact between girls. Schoolgirl crushes were soon under scrutiny and many women's colleges began warning women of the dangers of lesbianism. Many even thought that if women were removed from single-sex institutions and kept in a purely heterosexual sphere, they could become "normal" women (Smith-Rosenberg 271).

Cattle Annie and Little B

What were working-class women doing at this time? According to Faderman, it is difficult to construct a history of working-class lesbians because so many were illiterate and thus left few records of their relationships (37). There is some evidence collected on the role of lesbianism within prostitution and the penal system[1]. There is also evidence to suggest that some working-class women dressed as men to get employment in jobs denied to women. As these women cross-dressed, many entered lesbian relationships with each other. By working as men, they could make the money necessary to support themselves. Other working-class women made less than subsistence wages and were many times forced, economically, to share rooms with other women. Sometimes these arrangements made perfect covers for lesbian relationships (Faderman 38). It is interesting that initial studies on lesbians by sexologists, centered on the life of the working-class lesbian. They thought that lesbianism was "linked to what the sexologists saw as their masculine behavior and their conception of themselves as male" (Faderman 41). Sexologists were looking at cross-dressing women as a symbol of the "sexual invert" not as a symbol of the lengths to which women went to gain employment they could survive on. Many of these women, "saw themselves not as men trapped in women's bodies, as the sexologists suggested they were, but rather as women in masquerade, trying to get more freedom and decent wages" (Faderman 42). It is interesting how sexologists focused so much on working-class "masculine" women, while "feminine" college women were entering romantic friendships under their noses. This is a good example of the fascination Americans have with strict gender roles and the binary gender system.

What were homosexual men doing in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth century? George Chauncey's Gay New York is especially important for the study of gay men in New York before World War II. Chauncey found much evidence of an

established gay male life in New York City in the Bowery. The Bowery was noted through the city as "alive with theaters, dime museums, saloons, and dance halls" (34). Chauncey develops a picture of working-class life in the Bowery with people living in crowded tenement houses. The streets and establishments on them were the center of social life for the working-class. By 1899 six fairy resorts existed on the Bowery (Chauncey, Gay 33). "Going slumming in the resorts of the Bowery and the Tenderloin was a popular activity among middle-class men..." (36). According to the evidence Chauncey presents, it appears that there were not many divisions between gay and straight life on the Bowery. The presence of fairies in live sex shows and in clubs, for example, just added to the perks of going to the Bowery (37). Many saloons served mixed clientele – both gay and straight. Many of these saloons and public halls had backrooms that gay and straight couples took advantage of in a time of little privacy within tenement housing (42-44).

It is important to note how gayness was perceived and defined by the larger culture, specifically within working-class culture in the early-twentieth century. At this time the fairy was viewed as the "intermediate sex" – they were the gay ones. Homosexuality was greatly defined through gender performance, not by sexual object choice. Chauncey points out, "The heterosexual-homosexual binarism that governs our thinking about sexuality today, and that as we shall see, was already becoming hegemonic in middle-class sexual ideology, did not yet constitute the common sense of working-class sexual ideology" (48). The fairies play an important role in showing us how tight the masculine conventions were at the time. By wearing a red tie or holding their wrist limp, they were signaling an effeminacy that set them apart from masculine men. As a result, gay men who dressed and acted in "masculine" ways, were able to pass in society. But for effeminate gay men, "adopting effeminate mannerisms represented a deliberate cultural strategy, as well as a way of making sense of their sense of sexual difference. It was a way to declare a gay identity publicly and to negotiate their relationship with other men" (Chauncey, Gay 56). The many classifications of gay male identity: fairy, trade, punks, wolves, etc. allowed for various gender and sexual performances. As a simple way of defining the difference between these terms I offer simples definitions: fairies were effeminate gay men who would performed oral sex; trade were masculine men who accepted oral sex from other men, but who did not identify as gay; punks were "physically slighter youth who let himself be used sexually by an older and more powerful man, the wolf, in exchange for money, protection or other forms of support" (88). Punks and wolves did not necessarily identify as gay.

All of these classifications lead us perfectly into the Newport Scandal of 1919-1920. Newport, Rhode Island was home to the Newport Naval Training Station. Newport was also a popular vacation destination of the nation's elite. Chief Machinist's Mate Ervin Arnold had a hard time dealing with the homosexual subculture that was integrated into naval nightlife in Newport. He joined with others

to make a formal complaint to Lieutenant Commander Murphy Foster who immediately began an investigation. They "enlisted a staff of Navy investigators... who would circulate among the suspected population of perverts at the YMCA or elsewhere, strike up friendship, and take careful note of all that transpired" (Loughery 8). This investigation involved a large amount of oral sex and even a little anal sex between Naval investigators and homosexual men. The rigid definitions of gayness based on gender performance and not on sexual object choice helped this investigation to take place. These naval investigators were not gay, they were just performing a service for the Navy. According to Chauncey, "The naval authorities had been willing to let their agents engage in sexual acts with the 'queers' because they were primarily concerned about people maintaining a homosexual disposition rather than those engaging occasionally in homosexual acts" (Chauncey, Hidden 311). The Newport Scandal hit the national news, but because of its sexual detail the *New York Times* headline read, "DETAILS ARE UNPRINTABLE" (Loughery 12). This investigation produced thirty-five hundred pages of testimony. The evidence presented a remarkable perspective of the definitions and perceptions of homosexuality in the early-twentieth century. It reinforced the idea that queerness was defined more by gender performance than by sexual object choice.

The 1920's provided multiple perspectives on gay and lesbian life. Eric Garber's work on the lesbian and gay subculture of the Jazz Age is important for constructing the multiracial aspects of gay life. The Harlem Renaissance (1920-1935) was integral to the formation of a black gay culture. Harlem became the home for the "New Negro" and a new black cultural scene. The blues were one of the most prominent examples of black expressive culture in Harlem. Performances laced with queer undertones by Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey and others hinted at the gay sexual subcultures of Harlem. According to Garber, "in spite of racial oppression, economic hardship, and homophobic persecution, black lesbians and gay men were able to build a thriving community of their own within existing Afro-American institutions and traditions" (321). As an interesting side note: we have found out that many famous blues singers (Bessie Smith, Gladys Bentley, Jackie "Moms" Mabley, Gertrude "Ma" Rainey, Ethel Waters, and others) and black writers and intellectuals (Langston Hughes, Wallace Thurman and others) were bisexual or gay.

Private parties became the avenue for much of gay culture to emerge. Rent parties[2], "buffet flats"[3], public speakeasies, and costume balls[4] helped support the gay subculture in Harlem. They also became a point of interest for other New York City dwellers who would go "slumming" in Harlem. Zora Neale Hurston was especially critical of bohemians she called "The Niggerati". Garber points out, "The potential for exploitation was obvious; many of the fanciest clubs were segregated and refused black patronage. Some blacks complained that Harlem had been 'invaded'. White lesbians and gay men were among those 'invading' Harlem" (329). Harlem provided a spot for white gay people to come and interact with black gay people. According to Loughery, "Many of the whites who came to the area by taxi or in their chauffeur-driven cars no doubt genuinely appreciated their experience of the blues, with its more unrestrained acceptance of sexuality than white music provided.... On the other hand,

white racism had rarely assumed a form so patronizing. The Cotton Club, where Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway performed amid the jungle décor, was for a whites-only audience..." (45) Faderman's critique of the ways whites use Harlem is especially interesting, "White fascination with Harlem seems to have smacked of a 'sexual colonialism' in which many whites used Harlem as a commodity, a stimulant to sexuality. And as in many colonized countries, Harlem itself, needing to encourage tourism for economic reasons, seemed to welcome the party atmosphere.... They believed Harlem gave them permission – or they simply took permission there—to explore what was forbidden in the white world. They could do in Harlem what they dared not do anywhere else" (68). Faderman even says that homosexuality was not as accepted in Harlem as others have painted it to be (69). She supports her statement by looking at fiction incorporating gay characters that emerged about Harlem written by both white and black authors. This critique is a useful analysis for looking at the multiplicities of experience in Harlem. Faderman also says, though, that Harlem provided a comfortable atmosphere for a black lesbian subculture to emerge. She said that although some lesbians were made fun of by heterosexuals in Harlem, "they were willing to share their bars and dance floors with them" (73). This mirrors, in many ways, the experience of gay men (fairies) in the Bowery at the turn of the century.

For lesbians in the 1920's we see a rise in bisexuality and "lesbian chic." Following World War I, "some self-conscious sexual experimentation between women" (Faderman 64) began to become a trend. Bohemians and other nonconformists adopted new fashion styles and haircuts that would express their new found individuality and freedom from an oppressive system. Many of these women had sex with other women but failed to claim a lesbian identity. Faderman points out that "white women who went to Harlem to 'be lesbian' were sometimes only 'trying it on', taking advantage of what they assumed was the free spirit of the 1920s in Harlem to explore a variety of sexual possibilities... They were frequently married or looking for a husband but saw that as no obstacle to their right to explore, either with the black women or with other white women they might meet in Harlem" (70-71). Faderman is also quick to show how bohemian men may have been all for their girlfriends sleeping with other women (in the spirit of sexual freedom), while at the same time never validating it as equal to heterosexual intercourse. (82) These contradictions are important to notice when looking at gay and lesbian history. We can never paint a perfect picture of the essential story of "life as a lesbian" or "life as a gay man". The variations in experience are important to note.

I'm now nearing what should be the end of this essay. I wanted to make sure I included a short note on some of the gaps in this paper. I have skipped the work that Chauncey did on gay life in Greenwich Village. I now also realize that I had skipped over the role of the YMCA, rooming houses, and cafeterias in the lives of gay men in New York in the 20s. The YMCA was a place for new arrivals to sleep before they found more permanent housing. A gay underground emerged in the YMCA, as well as, rooming houses. Chauncey points out that, "it was at the Y that many newcomers to the city made their first contacts with other gay men" (156). Also, with the rise of kitchen-less rooming houses, many bachelors chose to eat at neighborhood cafeterias. Many of these cafeterias became well-known for their gay clientele. According to Chauncey, "Numerous restaurants and cafeterias became important to them because they could 'let their hair down' there and meet other gay people who accepted them as gay.... Restaurants became places, in short, where men branded as outsiders turned themselves into insiders by creating and sharing a gay reading of the world..." (163)

What is important to take away from all of this is the way that gays and lesbians have carved their own niches in American society. It is unfortunate that so much of this work is focused on New York. I know that there are so many stories of gay people in the rest of the U.S., especially in the cities, that need to be told. Gay and lesbian history has many gaps, but they are gaps that can be filled with a little time and attention by scholars. The feeling I am left with by looking at the history of gay and lesbian life from 1870-1930, is a sense of pride. It is nice to hear about all of the ways that queer people have developed their own subcultures in societies that I have thought to be so conservative. I am interested in how things will change once we hit the Great Depression and move into the World War II years. I am excited though to learn about the queer liberation movements of the late-1960's and early-1970's.

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[1] Estelle B. Freedman's essay "The Prison Lesbian: Race, Class, and the Construction of the Aggressive Female Homosexual, 1915-1965 in Martha Hodes, ed.: Sex, Love, Race: Crossing Boundaries in North American History offers great insight on the race and class dimensions of lesbian prison life.

[1] Rent parties were parties held to make money to pay the rent. These parties would include dancing, jazz music, and bootleg liquor. (Garber 321)

[1] Buffet flats were "private apartments where rooms could be rented by the night.... Some were raucous establishments where illegal activities such as drinking, gambling, and prostitution were available." (Garber 322)

[1] "The biggest and flashiest ball of all, though, was very much a gay drag enterprise by 1926 and that took place in Harlem at the Manhattan Casino... with men coming to Harlem from as far away as Boston and Pittsburgh. Two thousand participants, mostly black, and two thousand spectators of all races were not uncommon figures..." (Loughery 48).

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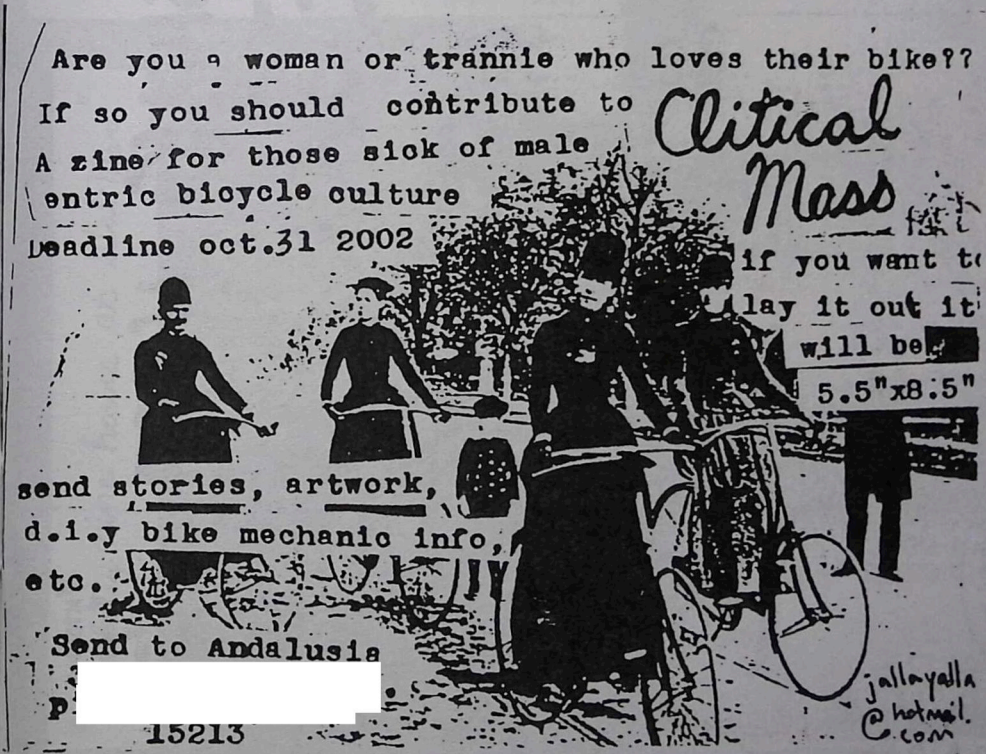

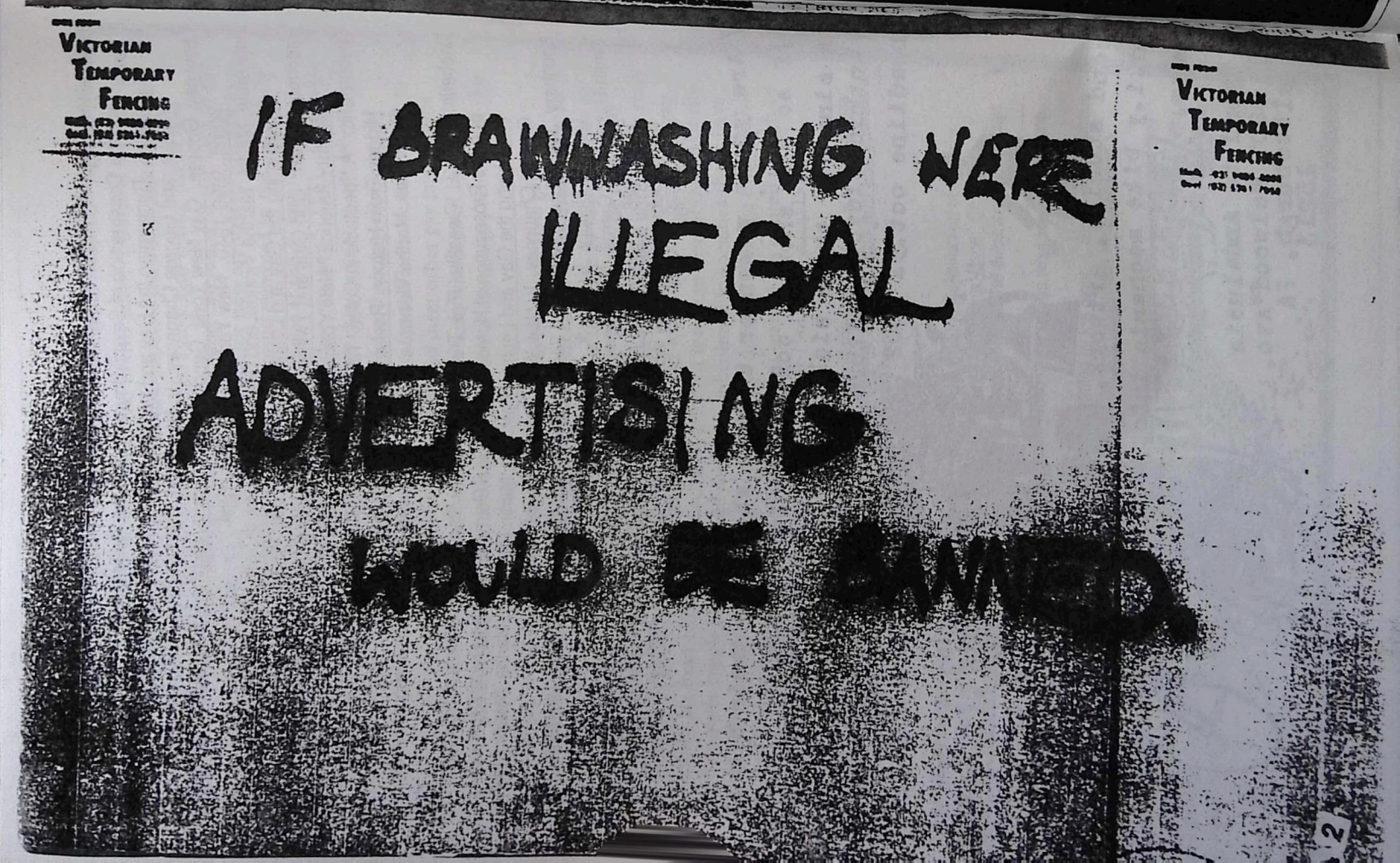
VICTORIAN
TEMPORARY
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IF BRAWNASHING WERE
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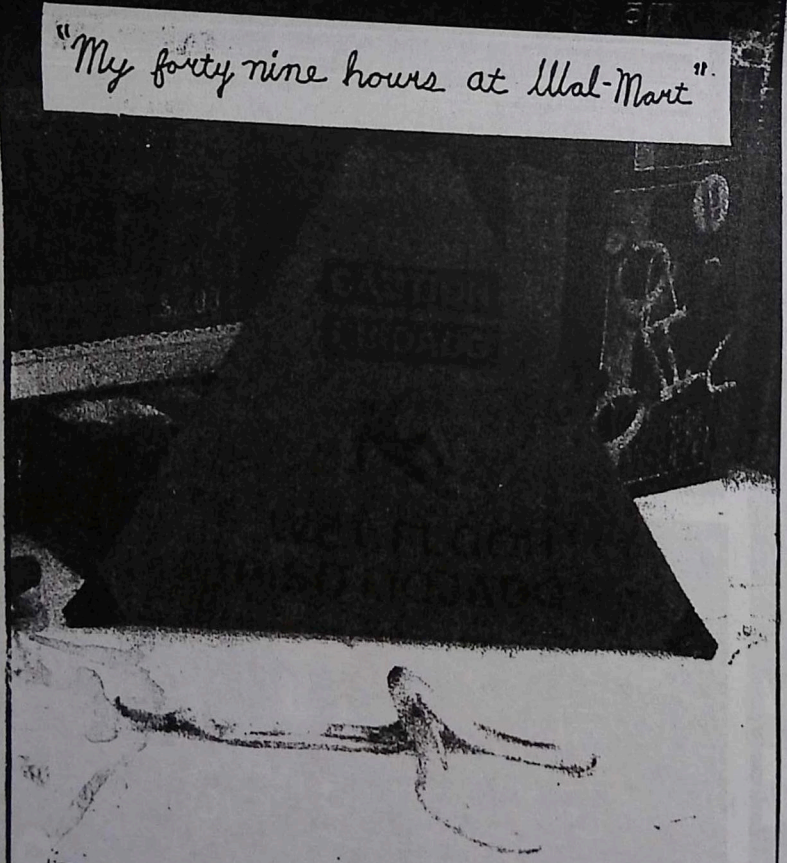
"My forty nine hours at Wal-Mart"



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HI MOM AND DAD!

GUESS WHAT? AT 12 NOON, THE DAY AFTER THANKSGIVING I ENTERED THIS HERE SOOPER WALMART... THAT WAS OVER FORTY HOURS AGO AND [redacted] NOW HERE I SIT IN THE XMASS SECTION TRYING NOT TO HAIVCIMATE TOO MUCH SO I CAN DISPATCH SOME REPORTS (*I HAVENT SLEPT FOR TOVO NIGHTS IN AROW.)

I KNOW YOU GUYS THINK THIS STUFF IS STRANGE BUT ITS AN IMPORTANT EXPIRAMENT. THE HYPOTHESIS: THE BIGGER AND MORE HORRIBLE THIS CAPITAL MACHINE GETS, THE MORE BLIND SPOTS, CRACKS, CREVICES, AND ORIFICES [redacted] IT HAS THAT WE CAN PLAY IN (GROSS HUH? DONT FORGET THE K-Y!) ANWAY MY HYPOTHESYS IS HOLDING UP [redacted] BEAUTIFULLY. THERE ARE A FEW EMPLOYEES WHO RECOGNIZE ME (THIS THEIR 3RD STRAIGHT SHIFT THAT I HAVE BEEN PRESENT FOR) BUT THEY DONT DO ANYTHING. IM THE SCARY ETERNAL SHOPPER! ACCORDING TO WALMART LEGEND THE FUTURE CAN BE TOLD IN THE ITEMS THAT ACCUMULATE AND THEN ARE DIS CHARGED FROM [redacted] MY CART.

DONT WORRY, BY THE TIME YOU GET THIS I'll BE BACK HOME SAFE AND SOUND.

LOVE, [redacted]

TC# 4821 6527 0967 4272 7243

TOGETHER WE STAND - DONATE HERE TODAY.

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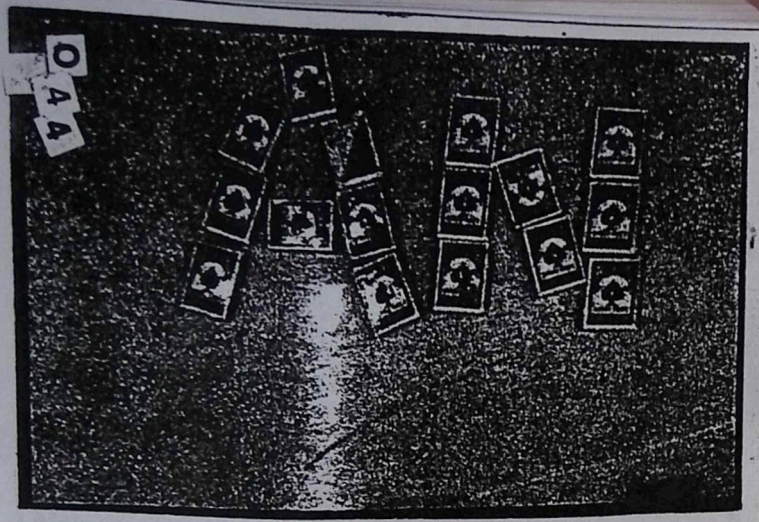
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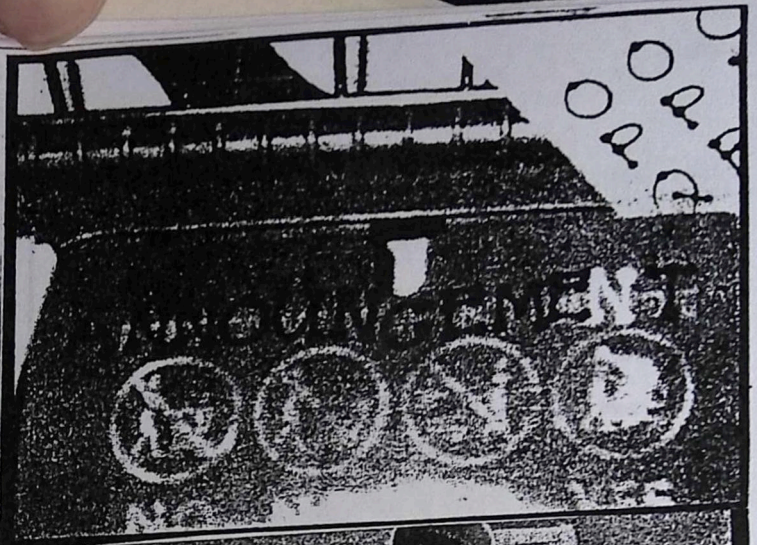
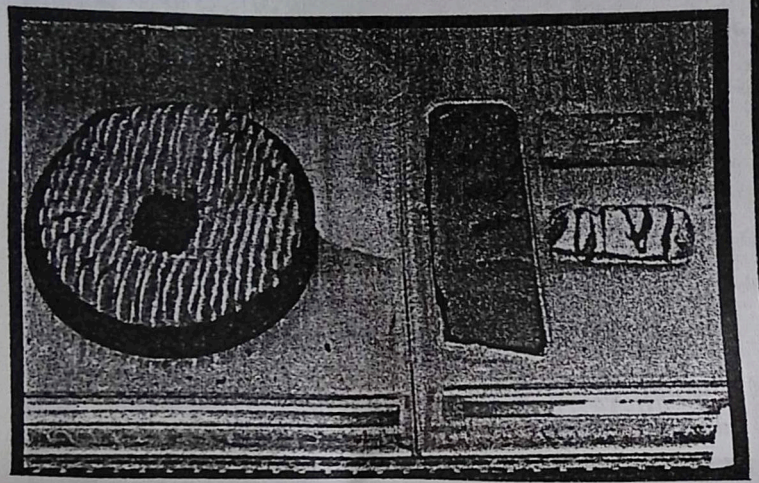
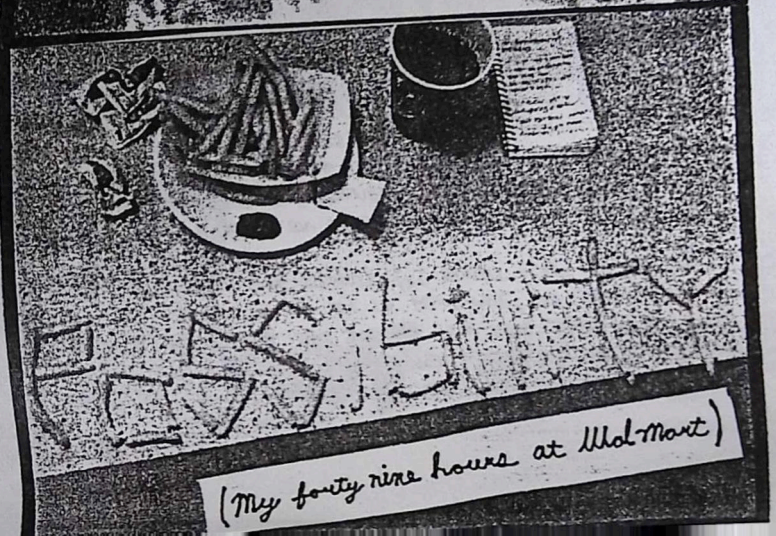





(My forty nine hours at Wal-Mart)

Fun Exercises:

1. Role-Playing - Observe your fellow citizens until you find someone who fascinates you. Go shopping as that person. Fill your cart to overflowing. Deposit the cart in isle 168. Later your character will be played again by the employee who rezones* her selections.

2. A More or Less Arbitrary Encyclopedia - Choose a category that is not represented by a section or shelf in the store (i.e. clear things, cylinders, things with horrible textures, things that begin with the letter "Y"). Then, cartload by cartload, establish a new section of the store for your totally legitimate category.

3. Casting Spells I - Search for products that seem to have a kind of magical resonance (in a Mart this should be difficult but not impossible). Concentrate these things in a place that you divine utalizing a shopping cart and a snow globe. Using intuition, compose the items as if words into a sentence.

4. Casting spells II - Use your movements to forge dangerous connections between different sections of the store. You might spend a few hours stitching together the baby formula isle and the allergy medication section. Or burn a little path between the labor saving device isle and the exercise equipment.

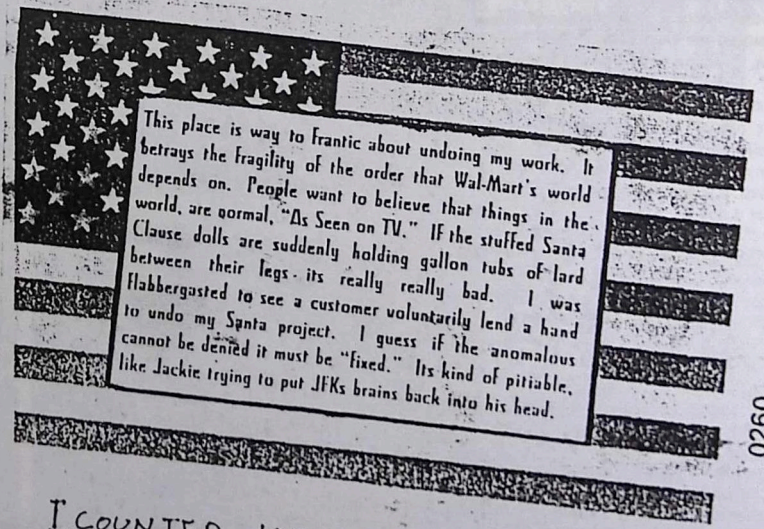
5. Haiku Tank - Write a haiku every fifteen minutes for twelve hours.

*dig my new mega-mart vocab!

6. The Guardian Angel - Find some tired looking customer (towing along three or four screaming kids). Go to an assistant manager and give her/him the tip off that the customer is a "secret shopper" here to observe and rate the store's service practices.

7. Entertain - Have your birthday party at Mart. Guests needn't bring food or gifts.

8. Utopia - Pretend that all the customers are on a secret mission and doing a much better job with their character than you. This is way more fun than it sounds.


This place is way to frantic about undoing my work. It betrays the fragility of the order that Wal-Mart's world depends on. People want to believe that things in the world, are normal, "As Seen on TV." If the stuffed Santa Clause dolls are suddenly holding gallon tubs of lard between their legs - its really really bad. I was flabbergasted to see a customer voluntarily lend a hand to undo my Santa project. I guess if the anomalous cannot be denied it must be "fixed." Its kind of pitiable, like Jackie trying to put JFKs brains back into his head.
0260
I COUNTED 104 SECURITY CAMERAS
The Panoptic is ungovernable

Book Review:

"Made In America" (the autobiography of our leader Sam Walton.)

Just to nit pick a bit, "made in america" describes neither the book nor ninety percent of the items in Sam's kingdom. Such "technicalities" not withstanding, Made in America sucked. Though I'll admit that I was sucked in at first. Its large children's-book print and small children's-book vocabulary gently persuaded me that Sam is a simple man, "The man that I would want to be," I thought, "if I were simple." From the text I learned: Sam doesn't love money, he's not greedy, he's a family man, Sam reassures us (in so many words) that he has only ever fucked one woman: his wife, Sam loves dogs.

"Made In America" rhythmically washes us with anecdotes and guest testimonials about the little things that make Sam such an inspiration: Sam drives an old pick up truck. Sam gets his clothes at Wal-Mart (just like us!) Sam cares about people. Sam lives in a modest house. Sam stays at cheep hotels. Sam even gets his hair cut at his local small-town barbershop... (Wal-Mart hasn't put it out of business yet.) We don't have to wonder why Sam doesn't tell us stories about his buddies at the local hardware store or pharmacy. What about the infant Chinese factory workers? I suppose they are like children to him.

The scowling critic presses on.

Hi [redacted]

BELIEVE IT OR NOT I AM WRITING YOU FROM WALMART. I AM NOW WELL INTO MY THIRTY-SEVENTH HOUR OF [redacted] CONTINUOUS OCCUPATION. MY PLAN WAS TO STAY FOR SEVENTY-TWO HOURS BUT IV HAD NO LUCK FINDING A SUITABLE PLACE TO SLEEP - GO FIGURE? ACTUALLY, I JUST GOT BUSTED TRYING TO BED DOWN. I GUESS THE CAMPING SECTION MANAGER SAW THE RACK OF BLAZE ORANGE COVER-ALLS WIGGLING AS I TRIED TO GET COMFORTABLE UNDER THERE. JUST AS I SETTLED DOWN I SAW A PAIR OF FEET APPROACHING. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING UNDER THERE?" SHE ASKED. I ASSUMED THAT I'D BE SHOWN TO THE DOOR (OR WORSE) SO I DIDNT BOTHER WITH AN ELABORATE EXCUSE, "HIDING," I SAID. AS I CLIMBED OUT AND WAITED, LIKE A GOOD CRIMINAL, FOR THE FIRING SQUAD. BUT THE STRANGEST THING HAPPENED! SHE JUST STOOD THERE LOOKING AT ME. (SHE WANTED TO OPEN THE FILE [redacted] BUT SHE DIDNT HAVE THE RIGHT PROGRAM) AFTER A FEW SECONDS I JUST WALKED OFF. LUCKILY I WAS WEARING A WIG, I TOOK IT OFF AND HID IN THE MAGAZINE SECTION FOR A FEW HOURS. NOW THE "RADIO DINER" IS OPEN AGAIN AND I AM BACK IN THE BOOTH WHERE MY "REFILL" [redacted] CUP HIDES. I THINK THE WHOLE THINGS BLOWN OVER.

ALWAYS WALMART (TM)

ALWAYS,

[redacted]

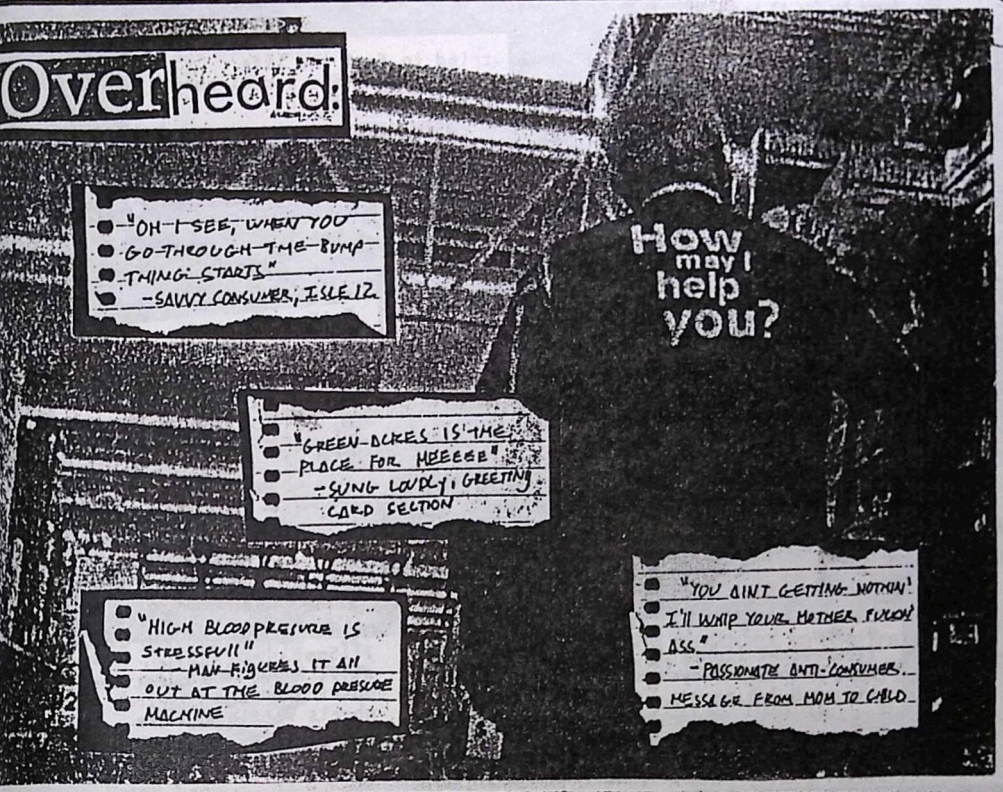
ALWAYS LOW PRICES. ALWAYS WAL-MART

Always.

100

WAL-MART SUPERCENTER

Overheard:



"OH I SEE, WHEN YOU GO THROUGH THE BUMA THING STARTS"
-SAVVY CONSUMER, ISLE 12

"GREEN-BACKS IS THE PLACE FOR MEEEEE"
-SUNG LOUDLY, GREETING CARD SECTION

"HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE IS STRESSFUL!"
-MAN FIGURES IT ALL OUT AT THE BLOOD PRESSURE MACHINE

"YOU AIN'T GETTING NOTHIN' I'LL WHIP YOUR MOTHER FUCKIN' ASS."
-PASSIONATE ANTI-CONSUMER MESSAGE FROM MOM TO CHILD

"IF IT CAN'T FIT, DON'T FORCE IT, LET IT GO"
-THE BUDDHA OF MART

"LOVELY HOUSEWIFE NEEDS LOVING
MARY
(724)-733-[redacted]"
-BATHROOM WALL

"OH MY GOD THEY HAVE THE BEST THING AT K-MART... I WOULD HAVE GOT IT IF IT HADN'T BEEN LIKE FIFTY DOLLARS. IT WAS THIS DOG THING AND I GUESS IT BOXED OR SOMETHING."
-SHOPPER ON CELL PHONE AS CHILD SCREAMS

Etc. drops by for 12 hours to keep Mart and I company. She writes one haiku every fifteen minutes:

tried to feel the life
"feels just like a real baby"
felt like a diaper

5:30pm
"he only likes di
nosaurs and shit" cell phones
collaborate gift

6:45pm
BLEEP BLIP BLEEP BLIP BLIP
radar scans the happiness
feels like outer space

9:30pm
flourescent lights drip
lies into wired eyes that
kid used 2 b me

7:15am
still here? she questions
pushing onward no birds sound
wheels rattle sunrise

We work our days to make fat the princess. We starve that we may feed her lavishly and beyond even her own insatiability. Overdriven and dyspeptic she cries out, shits and hallucinates; pieces of spittle fly from her barking cavities and become our world. And if we are some times miserable or lost, it is ok because in her fold we have found creation.

-The Mart Shopper's Creed

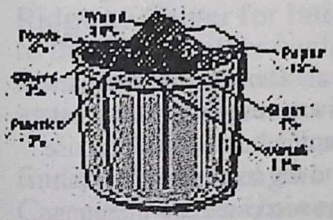
LONG LIVE THE GARBAGE LIBERATION FRONT!

- a pastiche pieced together by RATical

****

"Oh garbage dump, oh garbage dump
Why are you called a garbage dump?
Oh garbage dump, oh garbage duh-ump
Why are you called a garbage dump?"

****



This RATicle more or less began when I learned that a friend, Ben, of a friend, James, had found a Rolodex in the trash in Houston, Texas that had contact info for the CIA, the NSA, oil companies, chemical companies, etc..

Central Intelligence Agency (o [redacted] 5

[redacted] 8

Mr. David O. Burris

Fa [redacted] 3

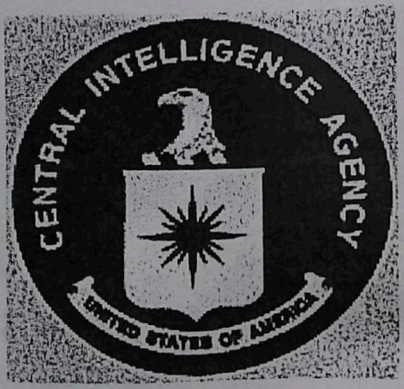
Who could've thrown this out? How could such information have escaped the paper-shredder? I imagined some insidious mega-corporation having this info available so that they could make sure that the CIA put the right people in power so the BIG COMPANIES could sap resources worldwide. That sort of thing. So I got together with Ben & learned that he'd found it in a trash can in a hallway at

Rice University. This lead to the theory that it was probably simply from some sort of job placement service there. That explained it all well enough. Ben loaned it to me & I copied the entire thing. The CIA contacts from it will be reproduced throughout this 1st pRAT. It might come in handy to have a little inside info on the whereabouts of branches of the secret police. I went to Rice University's web-site & ran a search on "CIA" to find what they had there on the subject. I found a "CIA Factbook" w/ statistics on the countries of the world. I also found an "FBI/CIA Syllabus", but that link led to no further information. There were about 182 hits total. I did eventually find the above-mentioned syllabus as an "untitled document":

The FBI and the CIA: Past, Present and Future

COURSE DESCRIPTION

In this course, we will examine the history of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Central Intelligence agency, their present roles and responsibilities, and how these institutions might change in the wake of September 11. We will use excerpts from books and magazines, documentaries, and the Internet to find out how these agencies operate and what their most famous successes and infamous mistakes have been. The ultimate goal of this course is to gain a better understanding of the FBI and CIA so we can develop our own opinions about what their appropriate roles should be. By the end of this class, we should be able to answer the question, "Do we support the actions of the FBI and the CIA?"



We will also learn about the wide variety of jobs available at the FBI and the CIA and talk about how to go about getting one. Guest speakers familiar with both agencies will share their experiences with us, too.

SYLLABUS

LINKS

*The FBI's homepage: www.fbi.gov

*The CIA's homepage: www.cia.gov

*The CIA World Factbook 2001:
www.cia.gov/cia/publications/factbook/index.html

Curious about whether all universities offer CIA recruitment, I decided to go thru the same process with some local ones. I started with the University of Pittsburgh. I got 204 hits. I looked thru the 1st hundred. I didn't find anything that seemed to connect the school directly to the CIA. I did find something about the "Matthew B. Ridgway Center for International Security Studies" which had links to the CIA & other such things. Since the results weren't as immediately obvious as they had been with Rice, I tried searching again under "CIA recruitment". No results were found.

Next I tried Chatham College's site. I didn't even succeed in finding a search engine there so I gave that up pretty quick. On to Carnegie Mellon University. 947 hits, BUT, CIA stands for Carnegie Involvement Association. Next search: Central Intelligence Agency Recruitment. This led to "Web Sites for H&SS Majors" where I found such career opportunities listed as:

International Monetary Fund
http://www.imf.org/external/index.htm
IMF supports international monetary cooperation and the expansion and balanced growth of world trade.

International Society for Ecological Economics
http://www.ecologicaleconomics.org/index.html
ISEE is an international organization for academics and provides information on regional chapter representatives, publications and conferences. Contains some job listings.

The Jerome Levy Economics Institute of
Bard College
http://www.levy.org/
Research institute at Bard College that publishes policy briefs and other documents on US economic concerns.

National Association of Business Economics
http://www.nabe.com/index.html
NABE offers background details, career info, a survey on economic policy issues and a trivia quiz. Contains job listings for NABE members.

National Association of Economic Educators
http://ecedweb.unomaha.edu/naee.htm
Association's services include the sponsorship of publications, awards and conferences on economics. Get membership details. Includes resources for teaching at the kindergarten through college level and job listings for teaching positions.

New Economics Foundation
http://www.neweconomics.org/
UK-based organization works for a just and sustainable economy. Check out the news and areas of work sections.

Society for Computational Economics
http://wuecon.wustl.edu/sce/
Get conference and membership info, contact details for special interest groups, and news on the graduate student paper contest. Link to books.

University of Waterloo Scholarly Societies Project
http://www.lib.uwaterloo.ca/society/economics_soc.html
List of links to societies worldwide is provided by the University of Waterloo's electronic library.

United States Environmental Protection Agency-National Center for Environmental Economics
http://www.epa.gov/economics
Government agency addresses economics and the environment. Offers employment opportunities, student fellowships, and funded research.

Central Intelligence Agency (2[redacted]

[redacted]

Clay Burton

Fax: (210) 493-6692

8/12/93

The World Bank Group
http://www.worldbank.org/
Official site outlines the bank's projects worldwide, research programs, and publications. Includes a search engine.

World Trade Organization
http://www.wto.org/
Agency which oversees the multilateral trading system agreed to in the 1994 GATT. With reviews of specific countries and data.

Entertainment

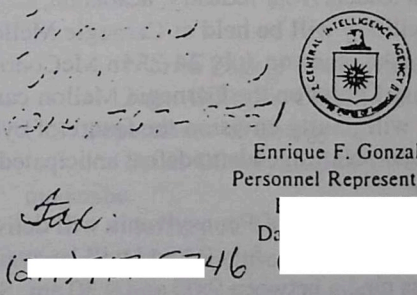
ShowbizJobs.com - this site bills itself as "the one source for access to Film, Television, Recording, Multimedia and Attractions job markets."
http://www.showbizjobs.com/

Government

Carroll's Government Directories and Charts - includes contact information for federal military, federal civilian, state government, and city/county government organizations.
http://www.carrollpub.com/

Central Intelligence Agency - lists open positions at the CIA, requirements and application procedures.
http://www.cia.gov/

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY



Defense Intelligence Agency - lists requirements for employment with the DIA as well as open positions in the agency.
http://www.dia.mil/

FBI Field Offices Page - includes contact information for 56 locations in major US cities and Puerto Rico.
http://socxfbi.org/socxfbi_html/fo.html

National Security Agency - lists information about employment opportunities at NSA and tips on how to get hired there.
http://www.nsa.gov:8080/

The above list is presented in an unedited chunk. It don't take no genius to read between the lines as to where many History & Social Sciences majors are being channelled: right into the maw of MAMMON & its enforcers. Central Intelligence Agency (214) 767-8550

Federal Bldg.

[redacted]

Fancy Gonzales

Mr. Kent Cargile
Mr. Calvin Jones - Career Trainee Program
([redacted])

Next I tried a CMU search just for "Central Intelligence Agency" which yielded 56 hits that included more employment possibility links & the following press release from the Software Engineering Institute:

Carnegie Mellon to Host Cyber Security Planning Summit
- July 19, 2000

PITTSBURGH -- A Cyber Security Planning Summit that will bring together distinguished leaders from industry, academia, government, and the U.S.military will be held at Carnegie Mellon University. The event will take place on July 24-25 in McConomy Auditorium at the University Center on the Carnegie Mellon campus. At the summit, invited guests will jointly envision the future of cyber security and set a research and policy agenda to defeat anticipated security problems before they occur.

U.S. Senator Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania will deliver a keynote address at 8:35 am on Monday, July 24 and will be available to answer questions from news media between 9:05 and 9:30 am. Senator Santorum is a leader in the U.S. Senate in the high-technology arena, and he routinely supports cutting-edge academic and industrial research and new policy initiatives in the increasingly critical domain of information assurance technologies. Senator Santorum is co-chair of the Senate Critical Infrastructure Protection (CIP) Working Group.

Day 1 of the summit is dedicated to speakers and panels of prominent experts from academia, industry, government, and the military. In addition to Senator Santorum, Alan Woods, vice chairman and chief information officer of Mellon Financial Corporation, and David McCurdy, President of the Electronic Industries Alliance, will address the audience. Panelists and participants will include

Major General John Campbell, Associate Director of Central Intelligence for Military Support, Central Intelligence Agency

CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

Calvin C. Jones, Sr.
Consultant Career Training Program

[redacted]

Central Intelligence Agency [redacted]

Attn: Mr. Calvin Jones
Career Training Division

[redacted]

Martin Faga, President and CEO, MITRE Corporation

John Gilligan, Chief Information Officer, U.S. Department of Energy

Brian Gilooly, Editor-in-Chief, Events, Information Week magazine

Jeffrey A. Hunker, National Security Council, Senior Director, Critical Infrastructures

Mark Kamlet, Dean and H. John Heinz III Professor of Economics,

Heinz School of Public Policy and Management, and Provost Select, Carnegie Mellon University

Steven Lipner, Manager, Microsoft Corporation

William Mehuron, Director, National Institute of Standards and Technology

Christopher K. Mellon, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense

Jim Morris, Dean of the School of Computer Science, Carnegie Mellon University

Richard Pethia, Director, CERT Coordination Center and Director, Carnegie Mellon Institute for Survivable Systems

John Tritak, Director, Critical Infrastructure Assurance Office

Rear Admiral H. Winsor Whiton, Commander, Naval Security Group Command

Lieutenant General Jack Woodward, Director, Communications and Information, U.S. Air Force

Dennis Yablonsky, President and CEO, Pittsburgh Digital Greenhouse, Inc.

Day 2 will result in a statement that specifies areas of future research on technologies for information assurance and cyber security. The research statement will serve as a blueprint for planning future work. News media are invited to attend a summary session from 11:00 am to 12:30 pm on Tuesday, July 25.

For more information about the Cyber Security Planning Summit and about the Carnegie Mellon Institute for Survivable Systems, please see http://www.cmu.edu/cmiss/.

The Software Engineering Institute (SEI) is a federally funded research and development center sponsored by the U.S. Department of Defense and operated by Carnegie Mellon University.

URL: http://www.sei.cmu.edu/about/press/cybersummit advisory_release.html

Last Modified: 13 March 2002

No shortage of CIA connections there! The MESSage is clear: Ya never know what goodies you might find in the trash & where such digging might lead to!

FLASHBACK:

My Life in Garbology

- written by: A.J.Weberman
- published in 1980 by: Stonehill Press

[wch readers of Street Ratbag #5 will remember from reading the "The Mysterious Death of Jeffrey Steinberg" RATicle]

Having been inspired by the trash-picked Rolodex to do a little research on CIA recruiting on campus, I decided to read a relevant book on some history of investigative can opening, My Life in Garbology, by the person credited w/ coining the word "Garbology" & w/ founding the "National Institute of Garbology": N.I.G. Somewhat to my surprise, when I was sitting in a public place at a computer doing internet research on Weberman, a passing girl saw the book next to me & said something like "Oh, Garbology, we studied that in high school!" & went on to explain that in one of her classes she had an assignment to take garbage being thrown out from somebody's house & to analyze it to try to glean relevant social info about them! She seemed to think that there was nothing odd about this. This convinced me that Garbology has infiltrated mass consciousness much more than I'd realized.

Reading thru My Life.. I was a bit disappointed. The book's blurb states:

"Your garbage can be more revealing than your signature - and A.J.Weberman, America's most outrageous muckraker, shows how in this riotous expose of celebrity garbage secrets. Bob Dylan, Jackie Onassis, Martha Mitchell, Kissinger, David Rockefeller, Dustin Hoffman and Roy Cohn, among many others, have all had their refuse removed by the relentless *Sherlock of Schlock*, only to be recycled into one of the most amazing - and, without a doubt, the funniest - works of investigative journalism in years."

Whew! That's quite a hard-sell! & it certainly seems promising, BUT, NO, I didn't find it to be an "amazing" work of "investigative journalism". Much of it just seemed like celebrity fluff of no interest to me - *but*, at any rate, I'm *even worse* because I found out little or nothing from the Rolodex. Weberman did get SOME dirt in his muckraking & I'll review a little bit of it below. Perhaps Benjy the Binman (who Kent Bye writes about later) has been even more successful. Regardless, I do think Weberman deserves alotof credit & I find his groundbreaking (or shd I write "trashpicking"?) investigations to be just that.

Weberman was obsessed w/ Bob Dylan & founded Garbology in September of 1970 when he decided to take Dylan's trash. A.J. writes:

"[..] Garbology, as we know it today, is the study of human personality and contemporary civilization through the analysis of garbage, or *"garbanalysis."* The basic premise is You Are What You Throw Away.

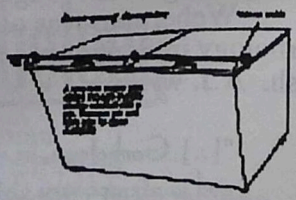
Garbage is a macrocosmic reflection, a mirror on life. The unassailable reality is that every living being makes waste. Excretion is both natural and universal, a process in which all lifeforms participate; the more sophisticated the organism, the more sophisticated the waste it produces.

We leave this to the medical profession and, increasingly, to the CIA (there are many documented instances of the CIA's use of excretia analysis of certain pivotal world leaders as a means of determining secret health and medical data), [..]. Garbologists stick to other types of human trash for subjects of study: refuse, garbage, the ragbag, the dustbin, the junk pile, the trash heap, etc. Archeologists sift thru this kind of stuff, too, but only if it is ancient. [..]"

But, no, I don't think We Are What We Throw Away (even if it IS a good take-off on "You Are What You Eat"). The majority of the mail that comes to my house is junk mail advertising that I haven't requested from places that I've never shopped at & that goes straight into the trash w/o my even reading it. Is that what I am? I don't think so. Much of what else I throw out falls into similar categories. We are what we DON'T shit out. But that doesn't invalidate garbanalysis. As Weberman further writes:

"[..] The lives of the rich, famous and powerful could be penetrated, great secrets revealed, plain truths brought to light from beneath the glittery facade. Garbology was a new weapon in the war against lies, injustice and faceless bureaucracy. The study and analysis of garbage could possibly alter the course of history! I resolved at once that aided by this valuable science I would leave no stone unturned, no garbage can lid untilted, in my quest for truth."

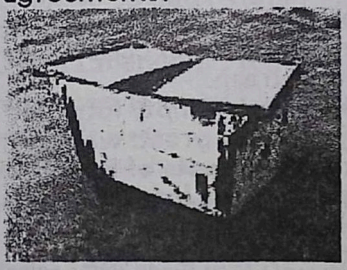
Go A.J.! I quite like his intro. & he's certainly aware of ecological considerations. Take, eg, this: "The fact is, America is starting to wake up to garbage. With many of our natural resources rapidly disappearing, garbage, be it ever so humble, is on its way to becoming a highly valuable commodity. It won't be long, I'm sure, before the Commodities Exchange institutes are trading in garbage futures." Go, A.J., GO!



FLASHFORWARD:

Picky Poubelle talks about the Garbage Liberation Front

Ok, last April, during the FTAA protests in Québec, I went to a solidarity action in Buffalo, New York. It was one of the best actions I feel like I've ever been to. It started out on the day of the major protest in Québec City. We went to this bridge & we were gonna cross it, the bridge connected Buffalo to Canada [the Rainbow Bridge], & we were gonna [..] take the streets, civil disobedience style, & we were gonna meet Canadians on the other side & exchange symbolic things as an alternative to the FTAA's agreements.



So, we go up to the bridge, & they wouldn't let us cross & there was all these garbage trucks blocking the bridge - so they kindof shut down the bridge for us, in a sense, & we stood there for hours, it seemed like, & it was really.. it was HOT but it was fun: we were dancing around & banging on instruments & we had bubbles & one kid got arrested but then he got released - & *then* there was gonna be a legal march [..] - it went to all of these factories & different businesses that had been shut down because of NAFTA.

I don't know if y'all have ever been to Buffalo but it's one of the most trashed cities I've ever seen, literally, like, there's just trash everywhere - like, when we got into town there's just tons of boarded up buildings & [..] trash all over the streets, &, when we *got* there some of the organizers were kind of worried because the media had been hyping up all of these out-of-town activists coming to town. They kept showing, like, clips of Seattle & windows getting smashed & stuff & really hyping up the violent protesters that were going to be taking the streets in Buffalo.

SO, we thought we would twist this idea a little bit & we had our little Black Bloc contingent & we had a big Liberation Puppet. It was a rat & it said "Liberation is not a Plague" & we concocted these,

what we called, "Slap-Scrap Orchestras" - or "The Marching Band from Dumpsterland" & it was just shopping carts with all kinds of scrap metal all over it & they had these buckets that you could bang on, on the side, but then if you flipped them up they'd be perfect for holding trash in &, basically, on the legal march, the Garbage Liberation Front made a right [& left the path of the legal march] & we went down this street & we had *two* Slap-Scrap Orchestras, so that's 2 shopping carts & people had brought trash bags & we had the big Liberation Puppet & we decided that we were going to pick up the trash of Buffalo, we were gonna pick up the trash of Free Trade & we had.. we made a communiqué that we handed out to alotof people [..] & the cops were like, "*OH, there go the anarchists, they're making their moves*" & we were all masked up & there was helicopters flying overhead & it was really funny because we were moving so slow because we were picking up trash that the cops kindof got bored & it was really funny to look down the street & see all these little anarchists scurrying all about. "*What're they doing? They're picking up TRAAASH!*"

Soo, the cops actually ended up giving us an escort thru the town, or thru the streets which we were walking on, & it was really fun, it was one of the best actions, like I said, that I've ever taken part in. It was a *Sunday* & I think that had something to do with it - like there was alotof people home.. People were hearing us playing our instruments & our little Marching Band from Dumpsterland & they were coming out of their houses. They were givin' us trash bags. We picked up, I think we picked up 2 or 3 more shopping carts along the way & they were just like *overflowing* with trash.

We cleaned out one empty lot, one of many empty lots that we saw & we put up a tire swing &.. it was just really great: we were so happy - beaming smiles, scurrying around the streets of Buffalo, picking up trash - &, like I said, the most important aspect of it, to me, was the rapport that we had with the people in the commun*ity*. We were kindof worried, like we didn't want it to be like, "Oh, here comes these out-of-town kids in our neighborhood pickin' up trash.." - & I don't think it came across like that at all..

Like, people knew that we were gonna be in town because of the media - so they'd be like "*What're ya doin?*" & we'd just explain that we were here for the protests & we were just pickin' up the streets as a part of it & we handed them our communiqué which explained it, which explained alot about the waste of.. like how much the United States wastes & how NAFTA had trashed their city & how the FTAA was just gonna do it more & we explained why we were against it & *people knew what was UP*, like, people on the streets knew.. like they were telling *me* what was going on & it was like really awesome 'cause I think alotof times in activist circles we think that nobody knows what we're talking about & nobody knows what's going on.. - but, when we were talkin' to all different kinds of people, they knew what was going on & that it was terrible. I felt like it was totally creative, it was really good outreach with the community, we

did kindof do a function by picking up the streets even though, I mean, in the long run, how effective is it goin' t' be..

SOO.., WEE.., continued on our merry way, picking up trash, having a great time, thwarting the media - because, instead of breaking things, we were picking up trash. We wound our way, we were gonna head to City Hall, which is where the other, [..] the legal march was gonna come meet & have a rally - & it just worked out perfectly: as we came down the street, the other march *came* up & we just merged right at the same time & it was so great, we were just like so pumped up & excited & then we got there & Grungetta, our appointed Spokesrat, gave this phenomenally eloquent speech & told the people that were gathered & the media that "We *ARE* the violent protestors that the media has told you was gonna come trash your town - but when we got here we saw that NAFTA & Free Trade had already done that - so we were picking up the trash of Free Trade.." & it was just a BEAUTIFUL MOMENT *in the Garbage Liberation Front history!!*

FLASHBACK:

The GLF is also known as the DLF - the Dumpster Liberation Front (& there're bound to be other variations) & Weberman, coincidentally, *also* founded a DLF - the Dylan Liberation Front. He explains: "Its purpose was to remind Dylan about his failure to contribute money or energy to anti-war and civil rights organizations, and his lack of support for political prisoners despite the fact that he'd built his career singing songs about their struggles. Many others, along with myself, were concerned about his refusal at that time to perform at political benefit concerts, the lack of social commitment in his song lyrics and the fact that he owned stock in companies that produced weapons used in Vietnam."

As A.J.'s interests expanded to include Watergate, he raided the "refuse of the Oval Office" by getting the trash of lawyer John Mitchell. Mitchell had been the Attorney General under Nixon & had resigned in August 1973 because of his implication in the scandal. Unearthed in the garbage picking were such scraps as hate mail to Mitchell such as a picture of him as published in a small-town Florida newspaper w/ a note appended reading: "You're a damned criminal - may you end up in the penitentiary." Also found was a letter from "The Palestine Arab Delegation" wch I find interesting enuf to reproduce here.

Tel MU 2-7353

THE PALESTINE ARAB DELEGATION

441 Lexington Avenue • Suite 509
New York, N. Y. 10017

May 14, 1973

Dear Friend:

The Palestine Arab Delegation wishes to draw your attention to a very grave and serious crisis which will affect you and members of your family, and will endanger the national security and best interests of the United States.

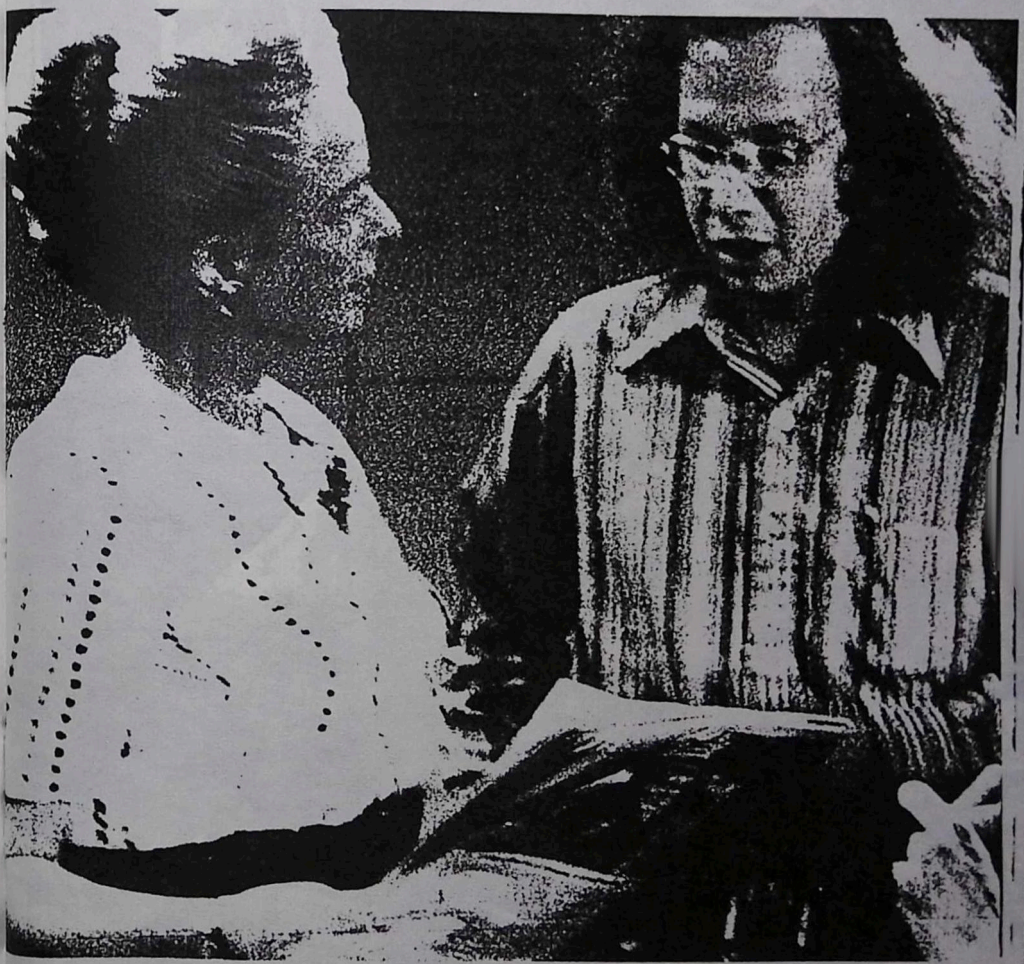
The Palestine Arab Delegation makes this appeal to you and respectfully urges you to do something about this grave crisis.

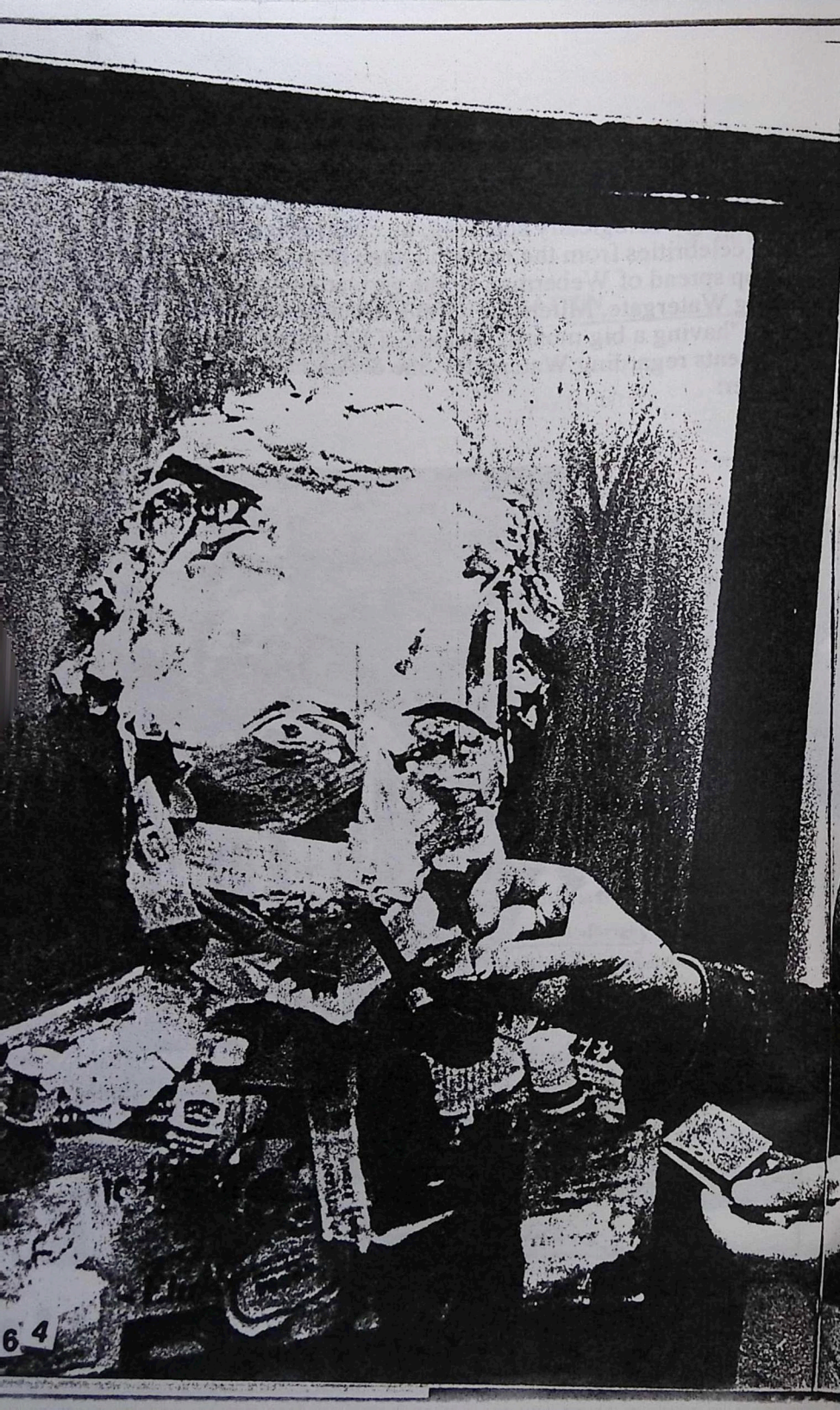
So-called "Israel" and the Zionist-Jew leaders in the United States have converted the Watergate incident, for which certain individuals are responsible, into a great "scandal" to blackmail the President of the United States and to force him into submitting to the will of so-called "Israel" and the Zionist-Jew leadership in the United States.

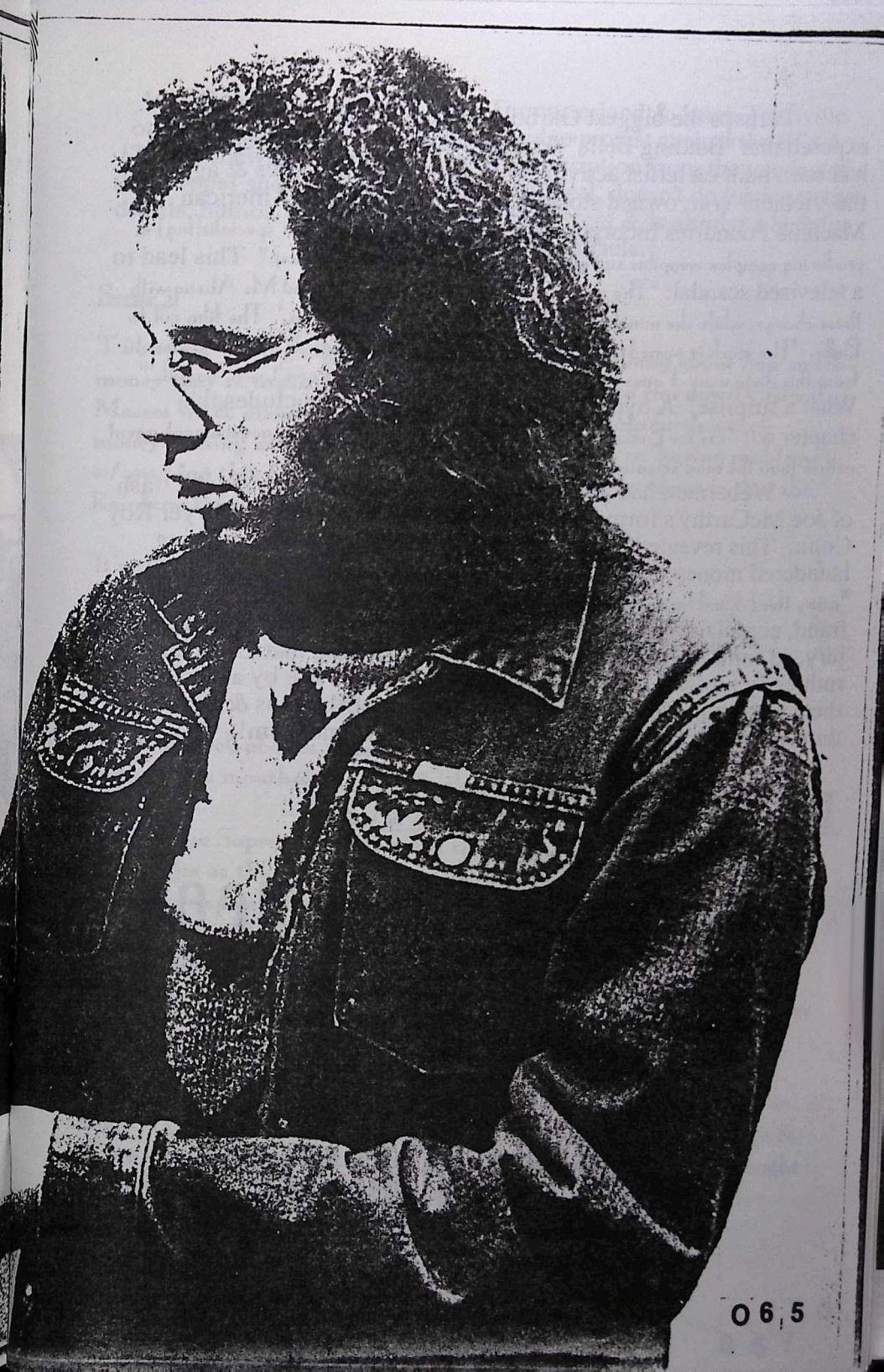
The objective of "Israel" and the Zionist-Jew leadership is to dictate to the President the Middle East policy of the United States.

On the 15th of April 1973, Senator J. William Fulbright (D. Ark.) Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, in a FACE THE NATION program on the CBS Television Network, stated "THE UNITED STATES SENATE IS SUBSERVIENT TO ISRAEL . . . ISRAEL CONTROLS THE SENATE . . . THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES . . . SOMEWHERE AROUND (80%) . . . ARE COMPLETELY IN SUPPORT OF ISRAEL, ANYTHING ISRAEL WANTS . . . THIS HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED TIME AND AGAIN AND THIS HAS MADE IT DIFFICULT FOR THE GOVERNMENT."

My Life.. contains multiple "garb-art portraits" credited in the captions to a "prominent garb-artist" [According to John Roberts (see more from him below), A.J.'s ""old lady", Ann Duncan, [..] "helped", garbologically speaking, by constructing collage portraits of the celebrities from the rubbish looted from their dustbins]. See the 2pp spread of Weberman w/ the garb-art portrait of John Mitchell. During Watergate, Mitchell's wife, Martha, was notorious for so-called "having a big mouth" because of her widely publicized statements regarding Watergate. She & A.J. ended up on a TV show together:







Perhaps the biggest Garbology coup came when N.I.G. exposed that "Battling Bella" Abzug, a politician whose reputation had been built on leftist activities for women & minorites & against the Vietnam War, owned stock in Litton Industries & American Machine Foundries Incorporated - 2 "giant conglomerates specializ[ing] in producing complex weapons systems for the United States military." This lead to a televised scandal: "The reporter explained, 'We confronted Ms Abzug with these charges while she mingled with voters in Upper Manhattan.' The film cut to Bella. 'The stock is owned jointly by myself and my husband. It's wrong to profit from this dirty war. I guess you can't hide anything and ya can't win 'em all.'" What a surprise! A hypocritical politician! A.J. concludes this chapter w/: "As for Bella, she's probably still convinced I'm a government agent rather than the mad scientist I really am." Go A.J.!

Weberman had guts, I'll say that! He garbanalyzed the trash of Joe McCarthy's former right-hand-man, the notorious lawyer Roy Cohn. This revealed mail from mobster clients, a letter implying laundered money donations from South Africa, complaints about "using third-hand hearsay to smear people", possible narcotics violations & fraud, complaints about using the media to poison the minds of a jury, so forth & so on - all very ironic considering that Cohn had ruthlessly profited from ruining many a person's life by accusing them of getting illegal foreign communist contributions & by using third-hand hearsay & media manipulation to frame them!

FLASHFORWARD:

"Attack of the Killer U.C.O.s (or Unidentified Corporate Objects)" Puppet Show

- brought to Pittsburgh by Dave Dumpsterland & Jason Trashville on the same day as the Rainbow Bridge protest against the FTAA [This somewhat cursory synopsis/transcription from the vaudeo of this puppet show, as described by RATical, doesn't do justice to the details, humor, & vivacity of the actual event & is abridged here for the purposes of this RATicle.]

Scene 1:

Two corporate bigwigs are on their cell-phones talking about how much money they're making & about getting new cars to run down Critical Masses w/ & about how the FTAA is going to help further their money-making schemes. It's mentioned that they're "having problems" w/ pushing this FTAA thru & that one of these problems is that the Rainbow Bridge was occupied today in protest.

"It's this damn new radical movement, the G.L.F."

The phone call ends when one of the bigwigs gets another call.

Scene 2:

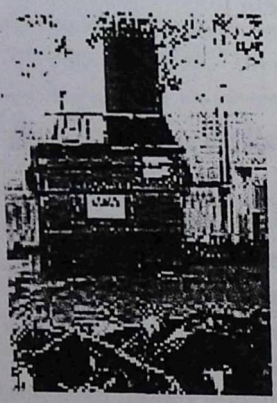
One of the cell-phones appears. It has "WEALTH" written on its forehead. Its mouthpiece opens & closes & it talks:

"In 1886, the Supreme Court ruled that corporations had the same rights & privileges as the rest of the rat race. For the 1st time, business has a right to free speech, freedom of expression, &, we must assume, the right to bear arms. This windfall decision opened the gates to corporations to carve inroads into virtually every aspect of life. From the corporate point-of-view, this was the sexiest decision the Supreme Court cd've ever made."

A judge puppet appears & sings "I'm SUPREME!" amongst other things. A skyscraper, representing corporations, appears & the judge & it have a love scene of sorts. The subject of sexual protection is brought up & a talk ensues about "No Protection" & "With the Free Trade Method there will be No Consequences & No Labor Pains!"

Scene 3:

More skyscrapers appear & there's a narration about corporations developing & getting more powerful & creating monoculture. The skyscrapers merge into a monster & a dialog between a dumpster (w/ "REFUSE" written on it) & the monster ensues:



Dumpster: "What the hell are you?!"

Corporate Monster: "I'm just another member of the Rat Race."

Dumpster: " Member of the Rat Race?!"

Corporate Monster: "Yup!"

Dumpster: "No way! You don't look like any rat I've ever seen!"

Corporate Monster: "No, I'm really a rat - just like anybody else. Just ask a judge - it's on paper."

Dumpster: "A Judge! What the hell do judges know?!"

[etc..]

The judge appears & tells the monster that it's too soon to be showing itself like this so the monster reverts to being buildings & the judge has a conference phone call:

"What's that? No, you don't have to worry about the Rat Race. They're more interested in Direct TV than in Direct Democracy."

A billboard in the background reads: "Products Make Living Worth Working For"

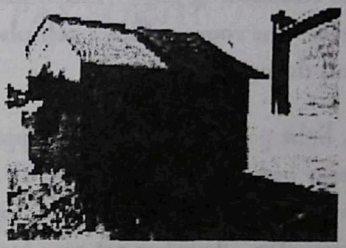
A rat appears & asks the judge for his/her paycheck. An argument breaks out between them when the rat only gets pd a nickel rather than his usual dime because he's been "downsized". The rat leaves angry & the dumpster starts talking to it about how the rat's being abused by capitalism.

Rat: "What do you know? You're a dumpster! You're talkin' trash!"

Dumpster: "OH! Alot more than just trash passes thru these walls! Yeah, [..] Public Libraries, all over the nation, they're throwing every single one of them books, throwing them in me - I've read every single one of them!"

Rat: "Well, great, so you're a well-read, intelligent, educated dumpster! That doesn't do me much good, you know, 'cause I've gotta work, I've gotta fix up my cage, & pay rent, I've gotta buy food, & I was thinkin' about gettin' one of those wheel things!"

Dumpster: "Listen to yourself!"



Another dumpster joins in:

Dumpster 2: "You know, you rats usta live in colonies.." [etc..]

The 2 dumpsters explain to the rat that the corporations throw away 40% of the food they produce.

Dumpster 1: "That's enuf for you, your family, & the entire movement!"

Rat: "The entire movement?!"

Another rat appears & asks the dumpster for food - wch it produces: "150,000 pounds of bread & sweetrolls."

****

"You could feed the world with my garbage dump
You could feed the world with my garbage dump
You could feed the world with my garbage dump
That sums it up in one big lump"

****

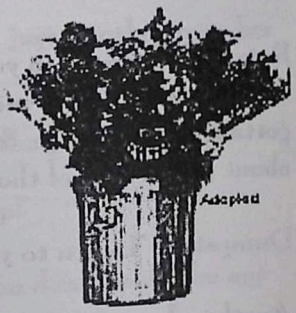
Rat 1: "What's this movement you're talking about?"

Dumpster 1: "The G.L.F."

The 2 rats leave together.

Scene 4:

The WEALTH cell-phone appears disguised w/ a rat or mouse head on & talks w/ the dumpster. The dumpster isn't fooled by the disguise, the cell-phone's false head falls off, & the 2nd cell-phone appears as a cop & puts the dumpster under arrest for trying to take over the Rainbow Bridge. The dumpster's thrown across the room. The 2 cell-phones chain the 2nd dumpster shut.



A light goes on under the puppt stage table & an underground shadow scene begins. The 2 rats come across a locked dumpster to their dismay but then a bigger rat comes along w/ bolt cutters & liberates the dumpster. Another rat was locked in it & is freed. This is used as a metaphor for prisons.

The bureaucRATicization of the GLF is parodied as meetings are called for. Especially, "really long ones where nothing gets done!"

FLASHBACK:

Enter the trash compactor (à là Weberman):

"During the Great Garbage Drought of 1973 I did a lot of things I'm ashamed of now – one of them was garbanalyzing movie magnate Otto Preminger's compacted trash. Working with this kind of garbage is very depressing for someone with a feel for real garbage; not only was Otto's stuff stale, it had lost all its individuality.

There is *no* need to compress garbage into bricks! Nobody's going to build houses with them because of the garbage stigma [Oh, yeah?] and they pollute the air much more when they burn than natural stuff. Trash compactors explode if you put in the wrong kind of garbage. The National Institute of Garbology is unalterably opposed to compactors."

FLASHFORWARD:

Up on the table top, the rats are talking by the liberated 2nd dumpster about how ridiculous it is for anybody to be upset about their dumpster diving: 'They shd be thanking us! We're Waste Surplus Engineers!' The rats & the dumpster talk about how the corporations like to limit access to free things so that they can control supply & demand. The problem of not enuf food in the dumpsters lately is brought up & about how there's a rumor about an 'Enemy of the Free Food State". The Enemy in question, The FTAA Trash Compactor appears & screams propaganda about the 'Free Trash Area of the Americas" & 'Not Free as in FREE but Free as in YOU GOTTA PAY FOR IT!'

Scene 5:

Back undertable, meetings to discuss this problem take place.

Scene 6:

Abovetable, the rats begin SUBVERTISING w/ spraypaint - & the billboard now reads: 'Products Make Revolution Worth Working For". The Trash Compactor Monster appears, pissed about the signs being changed. The skyscraper appears & makes fun of the rats/protestors - implying that everything they're doing is impotent & futile. The rats find bombs in the dumpster & blow up the brainwashing TV stns.

Thanks to the destruction of the mass media's propaganda, the revolution is successful & the aftermath is presented as flowers grow in place of skyscrapers & the rats discuss what to do now.

****

"When you're livin' on the road
And you think sometimes you're starvin'
Get on off that trip my friend
Just get in them cans and start carvin'"

****

FLASHBACK:

Chapter 21 of My Life in Garbology is entitled "Guest Garbology Part Two, Jay Gourley of the National Enquirer Reporting" &, while reading it, for what may've been the 1st time of my life, I actually *respected* a National Enquirer reporter! I'm tempted to reproduce this chapter in full, but, in the interest of saving space, I've substantially abridged it here:

> "[..] *I answered in haste because a Secret Service agent was watching me from the shadows of a nearby doorway.*
>
> *Neither the agent nor I was there to meet other men. He stood on the dark porch to protect Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. I had come on an opposite mission.*
>
> *It was Tuesday, July 1, 1975. At 12:30 A.M. I made my move. I picked up the green plastic garbage bags - all five of them - in front of Kissinger's home and locked them in my car, on behalf of the* National Enquirer.
>
> *The Secret Service bodyguard, who had spent a good part of his life training and waiting, reacted instinctively. "Hey, wait. Stop that. What are you doing?" he shouted in bewilderment, as I put the first bag in my car. Fearing that conversation at this point would be counterproductive, I ignored him.*
>
> *He leapt from his perch on Kissinger's steps, then stopped. Suspecting a diversion, he held fast. Then he whistled - a shrill, clear whistle that attracted the attention of every young man on the block. Quickly he mumbled some words into his left sleeve, where Secret Service agents carry their microphones. (If they shoot with the left hand, they carry the mike up their right sleeve, so they can talk and shoot at the same time.)*
>
> *"Stop right there," he yelled again, this time in a more assertive tone.*
>
> *"Everything's all right. I'll be through in a minute," I responded in the most reassuring voice I could muster.*
>
> *The agent was not soothed. "I said stop. Drop those bags."*
>
> [..]
>
> [..] *Finally the boss turned to me with his verdict: "Put it back."*
>
> *"Sorry."*
>
> *"It's either that or go to jail."*

The prospect of spending the night in jail in the D.C. slammer while the Secret Service jimmied my trunk to get their garbage back came as a shock. I thought for a moment and then settled on the one sure argument that never fails to forestall action in a bureaucracy: "All right then, jail it is. But first you really ought to check with your superiors."

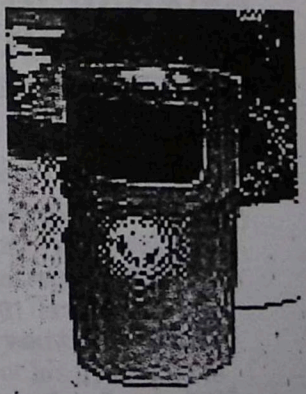
I could see the logic sinking in. He smiled slowly, first to himself and then at me, as if I had some inside understanding of how the Secret Service really operates."

Once it was discovered that Gourley'd received White House credentials a yr or so before, he was allowed to take the garbage home. His resultant garbanalysis in the Enquirer was widely reproduced & lambasted. An editorial compared his behavior to child molesting and called it "indefensible". While many papers found his scoop highly useful as news, they felt compelled to cover their asses w/ the "we wd never stoop so low" variety of hypocricy at the same time that they *were stooping so low just by virtue of covering the story at all!* Gourley goes to articulate length to point this out:

"This raises the question of which is Kissinger's real trash, and who is publishing it. Is it the National Enquirer, *which did some harmless rummaging in his refuse bags, or is it other elements of the national press, which accept and publish unquestioningly the official statements issued by the State Department and go along with the absurd deception involved in the repeating of trial balloons floated by a "high U.S. official aboard the Kissinger airplane"?*

[..]

The cause of Kissinger's alleged revulsion was my alleged invasion of his privacy. Of all the printed commentary about the episode that I saw, only a few editorial writers thought to explain the obvious point that, when it comes to invasion of privacy, the man who as National Security Advisor helped bug the home phones of his own staff members is one of our nation's leading practitioners."



****

"Oh garbage dump, oh garbage dump
Why are you called a garbage dump?
Oh garbage dump, oh garbage duh-ump
Why are you called a garbage dump?"

****

Chapter 23 is "So You Want to be a Garbologist?". In section A, "Background", we read that:

> "My friend Marita Lorenz, who figures prominently in the investigation of John F. Kennedy, went through the trash of Soviet diplomats in the apartment building where her husband served as superintendent. Marita uncovered the "Albanian Code" via "compactor work" and received a commendation from the FBI for doing so. If anyone can recognize a good garbological analysis it's got to be those old pros at the FBI."

In section B, "Tools of the Trade", we get a simple list:

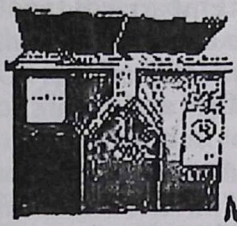
1. Your subjects' home addresses
2. Carfare/transportation
3. Pocket knife to cut hole in bag
4. Extra plastic trash container
5. Gloves (optional)
6. Good I.D. in case you are questioned by the police

So! There you have it! These days, you might want to leave out the knife if you're expecting to go somewhere w/ a high arrest potential. As for the I.D.? Well, it depends on your own personal history..

****

TALK:
"There's a market basket an' a A&P
I don't care if de box boys are starin' at me
I don't even care who wins de war!"
SING:
"I'll be in dem cans behind my favorite store"

****



Weberman's final chapter is "The Ten Most Wanted Piles":

1. The Pope
2. The Queen of England
3. Richard Nixon
4. Idi Amin
5. Mick Jagger
6. Rudolph Hess
7. Meyer Lansky
8. Big Foot - the Abominable Snowman
9. Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini
10. A.J. Weberman

As for #2, I have a dream-like memory of meeting someone who told me he'd heard a rumor that I'd accessed the plumbing in a hotel that the Queen'd stayed at & gotten her shit. I didn't. Did somebody really tell me that? Or was it a dream? As for #5, well, dreams do come true: Benjy the Binman did get Jagger's rubbish & hoaxed a British scandal sheet w/ a deliberately falsified version of it. Benjy took a letter relating to Jagger's child's dyslexia counsellor & deleted the dyslexia references & convinced the paper who bought the fake scoop from him that Jagger & wife Jerry Hall were seeing a sex therapist. This became front page 'news'.

FLASHFORWARD:

The Dumpster-Diving Millionaire

- a response, written by Kent Bye, to the documentary
Thank You for the Rubbish

Benjamin Pell is an internationally renowned information spy who sifts through thousands of stolen garbage bags per week. He scavenges confidential documents and then pieces together elaborate gossip and legitimate scandals that he then sells to the major newspapers of London. He's makes millions a year off of what others have carelessly discarded in their trash, but his livelihood is being threatened by his decision to allow his life and trade secrets to be exposed in a fascinating documentary called THANK YOU FOR THE RUBBISH.

Benjy the Binman, as he's known locally, has embarrassed every major celebrity, political figure, and musician to come out of England. He hits the streets every night collecting hundreds of bags of garbage from every major PR, law and consulting firm and even from secure political buildings and private residences. In most cases he picks up these bags directly from the street but he also owns several cleaning service companies that have a number of lucrative contracts. So he actually has the keys and permission to enter some of these buildings in the middle of the night to remove their trash, but little do they know that he's using their rubbish to exploit their clients instead of properly disposing of it.

Pell only sleeps an average of two hours a day and spends most of the rest of his time meticulously searching for confidential memos, receipts, or any other puzzle pieces that he can use to create stories to sell to the tabloid and mainstream press. Every major London newspaper has dealt with Benjy the Binman, but all of them have publicly denied it. His business transactions are laundered through his aliases at his cleaning service companies to hide his connection with these journalists who frequently call him for the latest scoop or even visit his home to see the evidence first-hand.

If all of this wasn't fascinating enough, Pell is chronically obsessive compulsive and refuses to throw away any of his documents. It's to the point where he sleeps on stacks of papers that have been methodically and chronologically organized, and he maintains a number of hidden stashes of documents spread throughout the city. He also still lives with his nagging parents who are fed up with having literally millions of documents cluttering and stinking up their house. They don't appear in the documentary because they refused to cooperate with the production.

The only reason why Pell permitted such a project to even happen in the first place was due to a flaw in his personality. He strives to become a world famous celebrity for being responsible for the biggest newspaper stories to ever come out of the trash. But yet the more famous he becomes, the more difficult it is for him to continue to collect the garbage that he thrives upon through his surreptitious and illegal techniques.

It was his thirst for fame that won out when he gave director Iain Jones exclusive access to document his clandestine adventures and chronicle how he's embarrassed everyone from the Prime Minister Tony Blair to Elton John. The catch was that Pell prevented Jones from telling anyone about the production of the film or else he'd immediately refuse to cooperate as he had done before when he bailed from a Channel Four documentary about him.

But it seems as though Pell eventually regretted granting Jones this carte blanche access to his life because he tried to subvert the world premiere screening at the Slamdance Film Festival in Park City, UT. Pell began harassing Peter Baxter, the executive director of Slamdance, by barraging him with phone calls and e-mails trying to convince him not to screen the film. When this approach failed, he invented a story that Baxter had been supposedly laundering money from the festival. He tried to pitch the scandal to Chris Gore of Film Threat, but he didn't bite on it and Pell began stalking the both of them claiming that Gore was a part of the whole conspiracy. Pell even convinced a local TV news station reporter to investigate this imaginary Slamdance scandal, and Baxter had to spend over fifteen minutes trying to convince this reporter that she had been duped.

The documentary debuted amidst this controversy and was given further attention when the Earl of Portsmouth traveled to Utah from England to see the film. Everyone wanted to know what would motivate this highly dignified English Lord to fly all the way out to this American independent film festival to see this film. What was so urgent about it and what was he looking for?

Pell is alleged to have scooped the prosecution's cross-examination strategy to the defense team in a high profile case that the Lord Portsmouth had financially backed and lost. He could have also been searching for evidence of this or anything else that he could use to prosecute Pell in order put a stop to his pesky antics once and for all.

In the documentary, Pell claims to possess top secret information from dumpstered documents about the Bloody Sunday march that happened 30 years ago. He was adamant that he'd never leak this story to anyone since it could endanger lives. Just a few weeks later after this debut screening, the London Daily Express alleged that Pell had sold some of this information to Irish Republic terrorists and declared him a threat to national security.

So this story continues to unfold and the fate and livelihood of Benjamin Pell is no doubt going to be affected by his increasing fame and exposure from this film. In the meantime, be careful what you throw away because as Benjy the Binman has proven, you never know who's looking through your trash.

****

"Oh garbage dump, oh garbage dump
Why are you called a garbage dump?
Oh garbage dump, oh garbage duh-ump
That sums it up in one big lump"

****

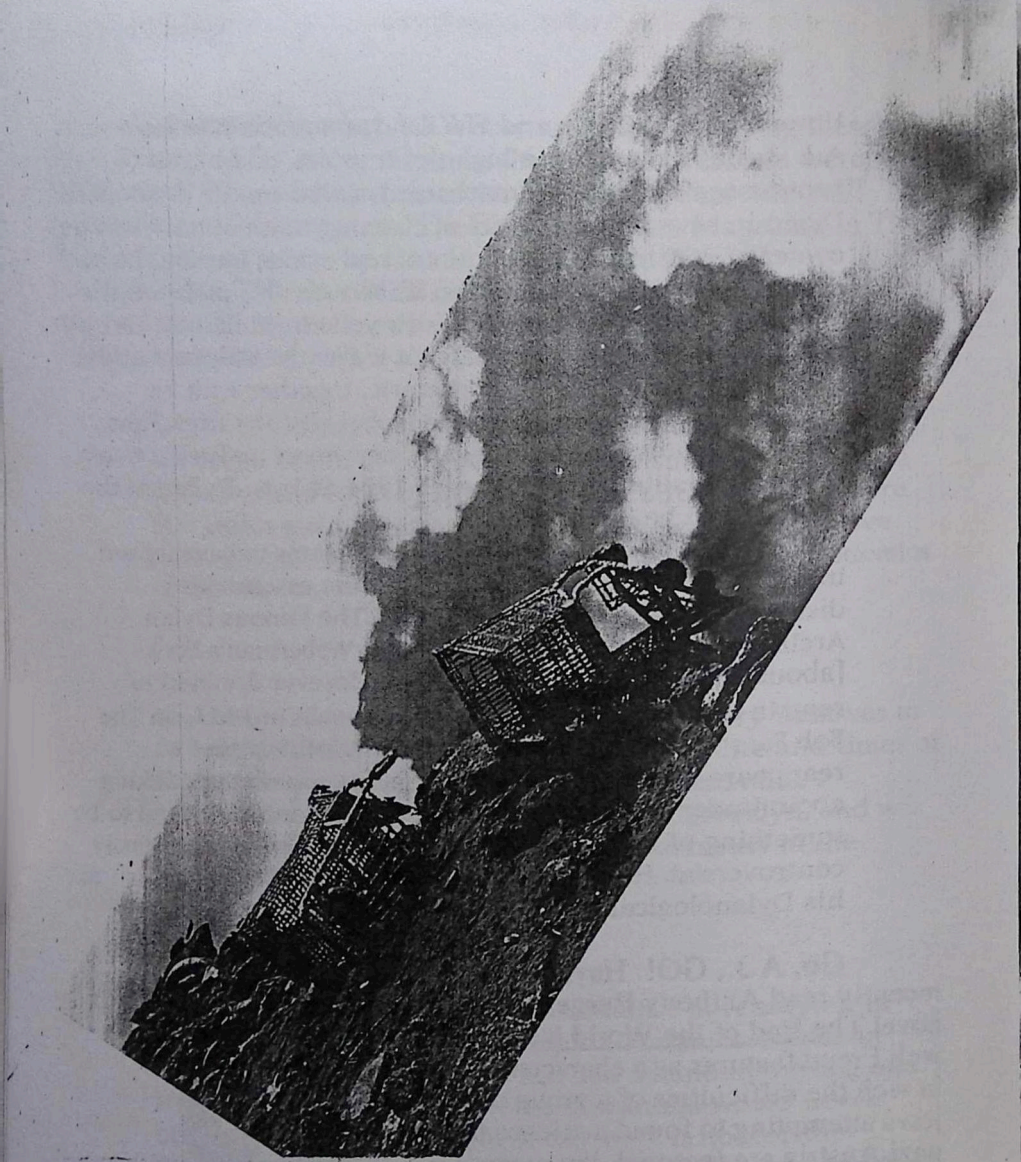
Curious about what A.J.Weberman might be doing these days, I searched for relevant info on the internet. Pickin's were slim: 2 hits only! How cd such a character be so under-represented?! The most substantial find was on "The Best Bob Dylan Magazine In The World"'s site: an article by John Roberts entitled "DEAR LANDLORD: THE A.J. WEBERMAN STORY". Roberts' tale is sympathetic & seems somewhat thorough. Given that Weberman is mainly remembered for his obsession w/ Dylan, Roberts writes:

> "[..] It is still unclear just how much influence Weberman's particular brand of "in your face" activism actually had on the twists and turns of Dylan's output, but you can be sure that Dylan was much more aware of Weberman's pervasive presence than he was of any of the work of the dry academics of the era.
>
> [..]
>
> Now, some 25 years on, the A.J. Weberman story deserves to be briefly re-told - hence this resume of the life and times of the greatest, maddest, baddest Bobcat of them all . . .
>
> Alan Jules Weberman was born in Brooklyn, and was apparently the first Jewish dope dealer arrested in the history of Michigan.
>
> [..]
>
> I have a xerox copy of Tarantula. I purchased it in what we used to call a "head shop" in Portsmouth back in 1970. It was a "bookleg" that A.J. had a hand in putting out. It's quite possible, of course, that Tarantula would never officially have seen the light of day were it not for the pirated copies forcing Dylan's hand. A.J. made some money from his copies of Tarantula, of course, which he used to help with his day-to-day living expenses, but he also gave a lot of his money away to what he considered worthy causes of the day - the White Panthers, drugs bust defence funds, free clinics etc.
>
> [..]

However, when Dylan and The Band announced the 1974 tour, A.J. was appalled at the high ticket prices, and began to protest against Dylan's unashamed capitalism. He denounced Dylan in several more articles, claiming that not only was he owner of considerable amounts of real estate, but that he had shares in armaments factories. Weberman also picketed the shows, distributing leaflets which yelled: "FREE BOB DYLAN: Why Pay High Prices When Dylan Is Worth Millions?" and offered the usual DLF-style rhetoric, together with an invitation to a demonstration to be held by The Rock Fans Rights Committee outside Dylan's new home on Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, on February 9, 1974 at 1pm. Dylan, at the time, would be in Seattle . . .

After that, though, Weberman seems to have lapsed into obscurity. John Bauldie found him essentially disillusioned and apathetic in 1982. The famous Dylan Archive was split up and given away; Weberman's book [about Dylan's lyrics], it seemed was forever destined to remain unpublished. He did turn up again in 1983, on The Bob Fass Show on WBAI, talking about Infidels, and reappeared in 1991 at an American fan convention, talking about Under The Red Sky. At the convention, he seemed to be something of his old self again - smart, funny, outrageously controversial. He even claimed that he was about to return to his Dylanological studies. Since when, nothing . . ."

Go, A.J., GO! Having recently read Anthony Burgess's novel The End of the World News, in wch Freud features as a character & in wch the difficulties of a group of jews attempting to found a science in nazi Austria are featured, I'm moved to wonder what Freud wd've made of Weberman & Pell, 2 jewish men preoccupied w/ 'shit' (in the abstract). In Thank You for the Rubbish Pell is seen in psychoanalysis - during wch, as everywhere else, he's highly articulate & conscious of himself. My best wishes to both of the "gutter journalists".



****

TALK:
"I claim all these garbage dumps
In the name of"
SING:
"The garbage pickers of America,
(1,2,3,4)
The garbage pickers of America,
The garbage pickers of America.."

****

Yes, garbage picking is a revolutionary tool at many a level. From the finding of the revealing Rolodex by Ben thru the investigative journalism of Yippie A.J.Weberman & loner Benjamin Pell to the VERY INSPIRING & SAVVY EDUCATIONAL & POLITICAL HUMOR & DIRECT ACTION of Picky Poubelle, Grungetta, Dave Dumpsterland, Jason Trashville & the Garbage Liberation Fronts everywhere & everywhen to the everyday importance of simply recognizing the vital relevance of dumpster diving to today's Hunter-Gatherer culture; it's time for a reappraised appreciation of these "Waste Surplus Engineers"! Just enuf power to ya!!

{Of course, as w/ any hunting & gathering,
safety precautions are recommended.
E.g.: Obviously, rotten food can be dangerous
- so can people w/ rotten minds:
AVOID EATING THE FORMER,
AVOID DUMPSTERING AROUND THE LATTER
(at least one friend of mine has been punched by such morons)
- so keep such things in mind if you're inspired
to explore the dumpster-diving lifestyle}

****

TALK:
"Oh but it smells..
Oh pee ... yeou"

****

The centered song lyrics enclosed between asterics are from
"GARBAGE DUMP" (from the LIES record)
by Charles Manson

apartmentheid
we live in boxes
ride to work in boxes
work in cubicles
boxes
come home and watch boxes
sealed for freshness
sealed for your protection
let's find each other to make community in this isolating world

EVICTION AS RETROSPECTIVE

In sept/1992 a final decision made by the Rental Board of the City of Montréal forced me to move from my apartment, known as the Neoist Embassy, located at 1020 Lajoie, Outremont, Québec, where I lived for more than ten years. My eviction was the result of investigations carried out by city officials after the landlord's complaint of blood rituals, sex orgies, satanist ceremonies, hooliganism, etc.

Investigators entered my apartment without persmission led by the landlord several times while I was away. They searched my rooms and took documents to prove the landlord's accusations and to convince the City about my illegal and subversive activities. In their reports they described my apartment in details listing everything that looked suspicious to them:

"... the walls were black with red signs on them made by hand... there was also a big white bedsheet hanging on the wall with inscription NEOIST MACHINE GROUP PHYCUS... one door was locked and signs were stuck to it like NO ENTRY, FIRST AID PRODUCTIONS and SALUT LES RICHES!, ... On the walls in the living room there were drawings made with very dark red.... there was also red paint on the walls and on the radiator... on one of the walls there was a flyer that was given to me by the landlord to take it with me..."

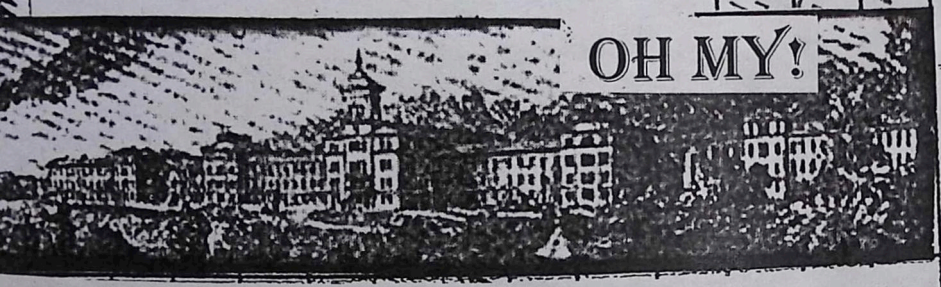
This flyer was later presented by the investigators to the Rental Board as evidence to prove the accusations. It was an artistic statement in connection with my long term project in progress entitled "Blood Campaign". Written with irony and humour, it was printed in the form of a publicity flyer for an exhibition/performance that took place at Le Lieu, in Québec city, in april/1991. It included the following text: "WHY WOULD YOU DREAM ABOUT SPENDING 80 MILLION OR MORE ON A USED VAN GOGH WHEN YOU CAN HAVE A BRAND NEW, FRESH BLOOD PAINTING OF MONTY CANTSIN FOR FREE!"

After a year of legal battle I had no other choice but to accept the decision of the Rental Board of Montréal and leave. To make a final statement I turned the act of moving into a "retrospective exhibition/performance". I integrated the landlord's accusations into my performance by marking my cardboard boxes with such signs as "Satanist ceremonies", "Sex orgies", "Blood rituals", etc. Of course I also made sure that certain objects of my ill-fated reputation, like my series of blood paintings, my own gold bust, or the gold cage of my rats, for example, were part of the "retrospective" shown to the passers-by and to a video camera.

directed, performed and produced by
Istvan Kantor (aka Monty Cantsin aka Amen!)

1992

THE AMISH, TIME CAPSULES, AND INSANE ASYLUMS! OH MY!



Rita Rodentia- Can you state your name please?

For the record... It's Zak, Zak Jones.

And you are the mastermind behind the Dixmont Time Capsule Project?

Yes. I had put it together over the course of the last two or three months.

First, Can you give some background information on what Dixmont was?

Dixmont is an old state mental hospital in the Pittsburgh area. It was founded in 1859, by Dorthea Dix, who was a major psychological reformer at the time for how mental patients and people with other disabilities were handled and treated in general. People were just sort of thrown into asylums and otherwise treated very, very cruelly before that. Not even necessarily drugging them into a point of sedation, people were treated inhumanly at best. People were abused regularly...raped...it was a very, very yucky state to be in a mental hospital. Mental hospitals were much more dangerous to be in then prisons...as far as I understood. The thing about Dorthea Dix was that her philosophy was that if people could live anything close to a normal lifestyle, normal as compared to the way everyone else lived, doing regular tasks, anything that they were capable of, then it would keep them as healthy as possible and maybe even leading to some sort of state of reform. A lot of what she did at Dixmont was to make the property as sustainable as possible. There were orchards and fields that grew fruits and vegetables. Ultimately as many of the resources they could provide and do on-site they did. Dorthea would import fabrics and whatnot for people that could sew and they would make

clothing. Not necessarily that everyone would use it, it was giving people things to do. If someone was good at something and they could do it and gave them any sort of normal lifestyle whatsoever, she encouraged it. So mental patients would work in the butchery and even prepare the food for the other patients. Those that were stable and able to cook would do so. They were even allowed to use butcher knives and other equipment that would be considered totally dangerous today. If there was a patient that was stable enough to leave the grounds to assist another nurse in bringing something back or assisting with any sort of task they could. Whatever a patient could handle that they felt safe letting that patient do they encouraged. The hospital went on for 130 years or so before it was shut down in 1984. Over that time there was a lot of development on the Dixmont grounds. Now it's being demolished, this is 2002, it's to be demolished and turned into a commercial venture.

I remember when you took us through a tour of Dixmont; there was a huge ballroom and a theater space.

Yes. That's true. Even in the Arts, patients were allowed to sculpt and paint. There were stages for acting and recitals and other sorts of things with a creative nature.

When did Dorthea die?

I'm not really sure... I know she was in her late twenties to early thirties when Dixmont was founded so that was 1859. Given an 80 to 90 years top life span.... maybe 1910 ish...

So Dixmont went on well after she died. Why did they close it?

Oh yeah. It went on a good 60 years or so. They closed it mainly due to changes in medical reform. The laws and insurance that goes along with how hospitals have to be run got changed. Patients weren't allowed to do things like handle knives. And then other labor laws got passed that said patients couldn't do work. So they couldn't go out and harvest fruit that they then ate because that was "slave labor". Once the patients couldn't work the hospital was no longer sustainable because the patients were the main people that kept it running. After that, the hospital had to survive off of government subsidy. The hospital was so large because it had taken in so many people since it was so highly functional and successful...it kept taking more and more people and adding more and more wings. And then lost all sustain ability when the patients were no longer allowed to work and within about 10 years it fell almost into ruins, disprofitablity... patients started filtering off to who knows where it's all probably on the books at this point.

Will you explain your connection with the building?

Welp, Ralph Stroni, the guy who owns the property was a friend of the family. And whenever he had started to get into the commercial development of Dixmont, he knew from the records that there was a time capsule in the corner stone. So he wanted to find where the corner stone was and he asked for me and my father's help. After about a few weeks of searching we found it and dug the time capsule out of the corner stone that was in the North West corner of the building. It wasn't where it should have been. The masons normally place the time capsule or corner stone in the North East corner out of tradition. What we found was the masons had not built that building so what corner it was in was kind of uncertain. We eventually, by happenstance, found it and dug it out. It was in a stone that was 2 foot square by 4 feet long. It was a massive piece of block. It had a rectangular whole cut down into it for a cylindrical glass jar which contained books, newspaper articles and there was a letter from Dorthea Dix. All of that was recovered and sent to Carnegie Museum to be restored.

What did the letter say?

I'm not really sure. The museum might have it. The books were only significant because they were in the time capsule, the information is already archived in other places. Once I helped Stroni dig that out he started informing me of what was going on with the property. The major thing he told me was that between the power plant and the main building there was a quarter of a mile long tunnel that held steam pipes to heat the main buildings. That is something I'd always known was down there, but what he told me was that the tunnel was going to have it's ends capped with cement and was going to be buried in the hillside whenever they filled the property in. It occurred to me, having just dug out a time capsule out of the hillside, having a whole tunnel that's going to be buried away as a cavity in the hillside would be a cool place to put a new time capsule.

Did you grow up exploring Dixmont?

Yeah. The Dixmont property goes into an area called Ohio Township, which is up on top of the hill past Emmsworth and Sewickly. Ohio Township is where I spent most of my childhood growing up. I had spent a lot of time around that area and had been through Dixmont. That whole area back there is practically conservancy, it's more or less unreachable..pretty nestled away. I think Dixmont is 410 acres and I think over 100 was sold off for this commercial project. I'm not sure what they are doing with the rest.

I hate the idea of "Them" tearing away that beautiful, peaceful area.

Most people agree that putting a Wal-Mart there is pretty stupid. It's one of the most wonderful natural settings that's in that area because the property was maintained for so long...150 years at least.

So are They not going to put a Wal-Mart there?

That's not the official word. Wal-Mart is having a lot of trouble getting their site in.

So people are opposing it?

They're in the middle of several lawsuits now. That doesn't mean that it's not going to happen. There is a lot of resistance. I do know that the control of the property was supposed to change on June 1st 2002 to the developers, which I believe is ASI developers Tony Chama's group. They were supposed to go in on June 1st and do demolition and construction because that's when the tunnel was going to be sealed up. So, I asked Stroni about it because I wanted to film it and he said there was going to be at least another 60 days of litigation before that would even begin to happen. So there is still a lot of opposition and for a variety of reasons. It's not the best area to be putting a Wal-Mart in for a number of reasons. One is just that it will cause a lot of congestion on the BLVD. No matter what way you cut it it's not a very easy place to get to. It's not really something for a high traffic sort of influx. The other problem is it's sort of hidden away so identifying that region with a Wal-Mart will not be easy to do. Wal-Mart would have to cut away more hillsides to put giant signs by the road and other things that would just make the situation more and more ridiculous. And if they were to do that, they would still be competing with Robinson Town center, Bellevue and Sewickley for market on how they would attract people. So even if they were to bring in jobs they might not last 10 years. So there is a lot of question on whether it's worth even doing.

Awesome! I hope they decide not to do it. So, can you tell me how you told people about the Time Capsule project?

Well I had at first contacted a few different groups that organize graffiti and mural artists. Graffiti.org and artcrimes.com were the two main sites I went to, since they do a lot of organization for muralists and other street painters in the continental United States. So I had posted information about the project three months in advance and actually got quite a good deal of contact. More than 50 people had contacted me initially. And those 50 people had spoken for as many as 150 people. So there was really quite a bit of interest. It seemed to spark something with a lot of people from a lot of different regions. I felt like I did very little other than be a spoke or a hub for the project and it was amazing what people invested in and how many people were really excited about the project. I got a lot of local and national support.

How many people ended up participating?

That was the funny thing. Most of the people that showed up had not contacted me in advance and most of the people that contacted me did not show up. So it was really strange how it all went down.

What kind of stuff did people do?

People actually did wider variety than what I had expected. I expected a lot more graffiti and muralists to come and maybe a little more than half did graffiti and murals. A lot of people that come did sculptural work some folks did mosaics on the wall out of miscellaneous materials. Some people did glass work. They put in glass pieces that had been sand blasted and what not. The piece that I put in was a piece that has been etched into a plate of glass. The guy that I had been doing the work with had brought down some of his own glasswork. Some people had paintings they had down on canvas. Some people had left miscellaneous things in the tunnel as some sort of remainder. Even the people that did graffiti work didn't do tags or their names...this one guy his father had worked at Dixmont for about 20 years and he left a sort of memorial to his dad who had died in 1999. It was really, really cool to see, you'd walk by it and it immediately struck you what it was it was. A really, really quieting piece. There was a mural that a couple people put in that was about 40 feet long. It was people's tags names and there was a picture of the cork factory...

Oh yeah, that's the graffiti warehouse down in the strip.

Yes. It was a picture of that with some information about it, a reference to this other spot where graffiti was being down in the area. It was a large collage of things that were endemic to the people that painted it. It was so large and they covered every square inch.

You were telling me about the piece that you did was some sort of tracking system?

Knowing that the tunnel would be sealed but that there would be work and intention put there I wanted a way for the tunnel to breathe, I wanted to create a porthole that the tunnel could project out through and people could project back into that space and be able to understand the work that was put in there. So I created a porthole with associated telemetry for the space and time location that the portal had been set at. I left it in the tunnel basically as a doorway so that people could get in and the work could get back out.

Today, Dixmont State Hospital is a burned-out shell of what it once was.

The plot was thicker than a Victorian tea cookie batter: a Lutheran minister deciding to kill a leading philanthropist and several other people because they all were minions of the devil.

So what's telemetry?

Telemetry is basically numeric for geometry, which locates something within a particular reference of space and time. So the piece I made, I had designed an egg shape, which were the dimensions of the tunnel from ceiling to floor and wall to wall. I created an egg form. Egg forms are created as a function of Phi geometry, which is like hurricanes and whirlpools and other sorts of true spiral motion. If you intersect such geometry at any given angle, it creates a pure egg form. I had figured out the dimensions of the tunnel and used that to extrapolate what a pure egg form would be based upon a geometric model of Phi dynamics, I had etched that into a plate of glass along with the associated compass markings that you could recreate something at any size given a basic ruler or straightedge on a compass. From that which was the cross location of it's position spatially I had placed a date key which was based on the Mayan Tzolkin which was the calendar of people in Central America. It's the most accurate astronomical calendar we have on the earth right now because it was based on true movements of visible celestial objects in the night sky. It's more accurate then the Gregorian or Julian calendars that we tend to use in our society. I had used the Tzolkin because it's based on true astronomical cycles so any future peoples that would come that would see the tunnel. Once they saw the Mayan codex on there and cross located that to what position the Tzolkin it had occurred within they could figure out at least within a rough scale, within a 26,000 year period, when the tunnel had been set at. So it would give a general idea at least what position within the larger temporal cycles of the solar system when the piece had occurred.

Woah. Can you clarify some things for me...Phi dynamics?

Phi is a Greek character that is spelled PHI in English. It is one of two numbers that we call transcendental numbers because they don't have an end. They are generally the only constant numbers that we have. Pi and Phi. Pi, which is the metric for pure Euclidian mathematics, and phi, which is pure non-Euclidian mathematics, which is things that we have in nature. So it's things that curve off into infinity.

(So I question Zak about the Tzolkin calendar and tell him about the color-coded system the Russians tried out which you can read about following this article. This spawned a few calendar factoids)

Whenever the Bolshevik revolution had completed the Russians were so far behind in their calendar because they hadn't been using Julian, which had been formulated in Europe in Greenwich. The had kept on with Gregorian calendar which slips off of the true measurements of what's happening in the universe in periodic segments about every 300 years. They had been using it for so long in that area that whenever the Bolshevik revolution had finished-it was January 30 of 1918-they resynchronized the following day for the Julian calendar that had been used in Europe so that January 31 of 1918 was then followed by February 14 of 1919. So they lost one year and a month because they were so far off of base in their calendar measurement.

In relation to color code systems, there was a slight push for color code systems in the U.S. a number of times. One was with the speed limit signs. Instead of having red belts and blue belts...it wasn't going to be for mapping it was going to be for speed limits. So there would be a green speed, red speed, blue speed, yellow speed, purple speed whatever... and the dial on your car would be just a rainbow. So as long as you were close to the color band on your speedometer you were ok because you were driving the proper speed. That got nixed but I'm not sure why, I'm sure it was probably just too progressive. They also tried to push the color money system here in the U. S. which was heavy conspiracy stuff back in the 80's. They were supposed to color code all of the money. It almost went through...you could research wherever it is you look up bills. It's why the one-dollar bill is called the greenback because it was going to stay green. There was going to be blue, red, orange, yellow, a whole spectrum of colors and you would just have colors, no numbers. You would need a certain number of them to buy products, like you'd need 3 reds to buy whatever...

Why were they going to do this?

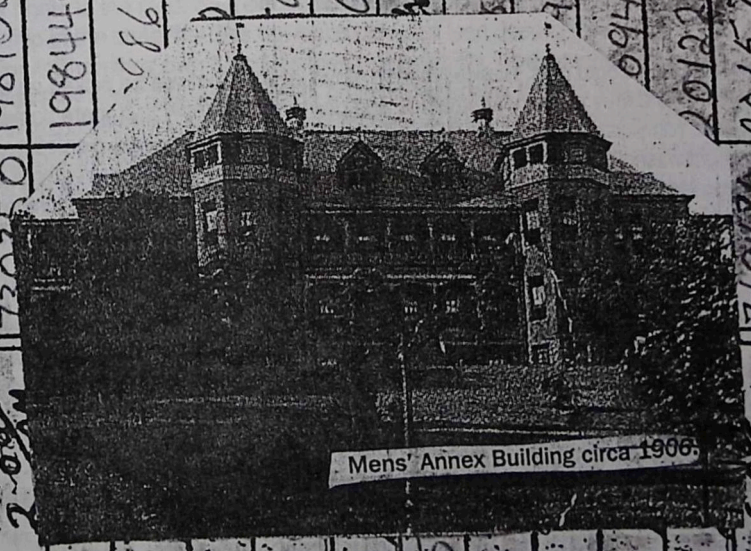
I'm not really sure...I think it was just a general psychological framing...it' s easier for people to see and remember colors then to have numbers and be 25.68 instead of just having 2 reds. But there was a lot of resistance against it for reasons like it became to easy to sort of arbitrarily screw people. There were to many variations, unless you were doing 2 reds 3 blues and orange and a white or something like that. And at that point you are basically using the same money system we have know you are only substituting colors. Most of the push to change was mainly social, and this is where the conspiracy theories come in, it was like you'd start to get red people and orange people and blue people and blue was some of the highest bills. So if you were a blue person you were obviously very rich because all of your bills were blue. So you went to blue events and could drive at blue speeds or whatever it came down to. It turned into social classes very obviously. It was too obvious of a form of control to push.

Fascinating! Ok...back to Dixmont. So we don't know if the tunnel will be sealed now?

Well, I'm keeping in touch with Stroni every week. There is still more documentation that I want to see done.

When I was in the tunnel I met a ghost hunter. Do you know them? Are you a ghost hunter? What's the deal with the ghost hunters?

I am not affiliated with that group. I do know them. The ghost hunter groups. Not just those here in Pittsburgh, are part of a larger group - the skeptics groups. It's an international society. It's like ISS international society of skeptics. And they are interested in questioning things that fall outside of the realm of normal science. Paranormal phenomenon particularly a lot of it goes into UFO's. Basically every other high sci- fi conspiracy theory all part of the skeptic groups mentality. Now the Pittsburgh ghost hunter group whatever they are is part of that. Skeptics are all over the world. They have little segments like ghost hunter groups that go around and go into haunted houses and generally try to find and document to prove the existence of paranormal phenomenon. It's things that you'll see on the discovery channel or the learning channel every now and then you'll get a semi-scientific thing. They do generally pretty good research. They try to isolate electromagnetic phenomena and isolate hot and cold spots that move. It's pretty interesting but they don't have much foundation or centering in any tradition. There is a lot of politics against them because they will go in and document things...but what they are documenting is supposedly, people whose spirits are restless and unhappy and that's why they can't leave this plane of existence. That is the general frame work and instead of trying to go and help those people on or so something else to remedy the situation so it is not disturbed or haunting and otherwise causing problems in this "plane". They just go and take pictures and tell everybody about it.



Mens' Annex Building circa 1906.

circa 1906. Awnings on the windows were sewn by patients housed at Dixmont.

Is there is a Society for the Prevention of Exploitation of Ghosts?

Well Native Americans and Native Gypsy whether they were from this country or came from over seas have always been part of a people that have gone around and put restless spirits to sleep. Closed doorways of places that were open and that sort of thing. They don't have any respect for the ghost hunters that go in and the ghost hunters know that they are small potatoes next to the native peoples. It's like the ghost hunters go in with all this elaborate equipment to determine whether there are ghosts there... sometimes they will take physics with them. My experience with both groups is that the native peoples or whomever goes in to try and quiet place down seem to be much more centered and responsible in a space. Whereas the ghost hunters that go in seem to be very young attitude sort of people..trying to "catch a ghost" They don't seem to have much respect for the space and I'm not talking in a tradition sense. There attitude is not very respectful to places they are going into...Knocking on walls to find out if there is a colder spot. There is something that is odd about it that whenever you see it you know what's up. So the ghost hunter people had gone into Dixmont a couple of times to catch red dots and white dots..things that moved through out the air...they found a couple cold spots and got some video of red dots moving and white dots crossing different areas.

What are these white dots of which you speak?

Well they are different colored dots. Basically these glows of light that will be picked up on camera sometimes and they are very anomalous and generally do imply that there something strange going on. You won't ordinarily see them until you look at the film later. Sometimes there will be bright washout areas as though the sun was shining on the camera when it was an overcast day. Usually they go in with these electromagnetic sort of graphing machines that pick up slight variations in the electromagnetic static of a room. A person walking across a room can cause heat and electromagnetic variations so it's very difficult to do any real discernment and the science that they go in there and use is really shoddy. It seems to be more for the good of the people who are going in rather than anything for the space. "Yeah we went in and filmed ghosts." Nevertheless, they do to take in people of a semi-sensitive nature, at least, who seem to have a good feel for the place. I don't totally want to discredit them and say that it has no use whatsoever, but...there seems to be a lot of question as to their methods.

There seems to be this whole urban lore that surrounds Dixmont. People I know have snuck in there tried to spend the night in there and love this place. It's a place that kids go.

Well think about it. Its mythology at it's raw and finest. It's an old house. It's haunted. It's haunted because everyone knew that folks lived and died there. Everyone's quite aware of what went on there. The fact that it was an insane asylum and of course people that are insane are automatically elevated to a near godlike status since they live permanently in an altered state of consciousness which is something that we aren't allowed to do here socially in this country. Already it has several things going for it. And then it's abandoned which means it's free stake ... anyone can go in and do whatever they want with it. They can spray paint on the walls they can claim it for there own they can rename it. The whole thing has a deep cultural mythology behind that everyone is intimately aware of. Plus, it's also something, which is unsafe. You aren't allowed to have unsafe things. You aren't allowed to go somewhere where there are nails and ceilings that could collapse. So the fact that you are even in there.. It's like this whole object that lies outside of the regular bounds of society. On a similar vain there was a group...and what they were trying to do was construct a building and then give it to the public domain for no specific use. So that people could go in they could paint it they could vandalize it they could knock down walls they could build walls.... whatever they want.. It was a concept to try to create a truly autonomous space. It was a really phat idea and I think basically they never got the money to be able to do it. Nobody wanted to give them money for a space that they had no control over by design.

There are so many spaces that could be like that. On every street in this town.... all these abandoned buildings.

So part of the legal problem with it is that whenever a building falls out of use like that, particularly if it just falls into abandonment it becomes a ward of the state. The state has all the tax rights to the land. So it becomes tax delinquent since the tax leans are in the ownership of the state then the tax leans default a lean deed to the state and they get a title deed for it. Then they own it and it's their responsibility. Now generally they never take it to a title deed they keep it as a lean deed, but even whenever they do that, they still have some general responsibility for it. In the legal framework it ultimately has some framing of their ownership. So if someone is on the property and gets hurt it's the state's responsibly and of course the state does not want people running around in there, falling through floors..dying. The state doesn't like people doing that so that's where the whole "you can't go in there" comes from.

Such a waste of space.

but, if old and filthy buildings,
ill health and decay of love and business will follow.

Of course if you own a building like that and people go onto it sort of like this autonomous building idea and somebody gets hurt and they want to sue you they can. It would be very hard to create something that would be sue proof. You can get sue proof but you'd have to have like 10 page waivers that are signed with official documents.

Do you remember when I first met you; I asked you what other sorts of things you did besides explore abandoned mental institutions and dig up time capsules and you replied with something about turning sound into light? Please explain!

Yes. It was some of the research I was doing in my undergraduate degree. It's sort of an indeterminate field at this point it's called Sonaluminescence. It's a phenomenon where ...the technically the wording for it are acoustic mazing of a cavity suspended in a medium through resonance produces low level nuclear fusion which produces light. That's the blah blah blah... Basically what happens is using specifically tuned sound waves, with water and air, you can produce light inside of a jar. Basically the process is the same process, which goes on in the center of stars, like the sun. It's acoustic nuclear fusion.

That's interesting because I work at the Omnimax now and they have a movie there about the sun - SOLARMAX- and I get to watch it 3 or 4 times every time I work. They have all this footage of the sun...Their all "everything you are about to see is real footage" The movie says the most amazing thing about the sun is that it hums. It's more like a low growl really.

Yes, well the earth hums too. The earth has a tonal resonance between 2 and 7 milihertz and just reference of where that is on the larger scale of things...human consciousness in beta state which is what most people tend to operate at as an active state of attention is somewhere between 10 - 30 hertz. The alpha state, which is then, lower which is like half a dream state is 10 down to 7 hertz. Then from 7 down to 5 is Theta state, which is light sleep, and then from 5 down to .1 hertz (100 milihertz) and lower which is Delta state, which is deep, sleep. And then below Delta is Trans state, which is below 100 millihertz getting down to 50 and 20 and lower is the transcendental meditation like monks in Tibet and other sorts of monastic traditions. So keep in mind the lower levels of human consciousness is in the upper bands where the earth hums in it's own internal frequencies and of course above beta state once you get above 30 hertz you go into 40 and 50 which are assumed to be high telekinesis and other sorts of mental psychic abilities and then you get up into 60 hertz which is where you begin to hear tones - that's low level bass. Then you go all the way up to 1000's of hertz until you blend into the UHF? spectrum.

Woah! (laughter) Very interesting! So what did your light look like?

It's kind of a light blue color. It looks like a star. Like if you were to look up in the sky at night - it's like that 'cept it's in a jar in a room.

That's so cool...we need thousands of them for the streets then we won't have to have light posts! Would that solve the electricity problem?

Not directly. Sonoluminescence kicks off a lot of electromagnetic activity, but most of it is not in the light spectrum that we tend to deal with. Now using a type of chemical called Flourisine (spelling?), which is a dye that fluoresces in the visible light spectrum in the presence this particular bandwidth of radiation. You can dope the water that Sonoluminescence occurs in and you can produce a visible light spectrum to the human eye. Of course whenever you do that it does tend to light a rather large area but it's questionable for the amount of input energy that goes into the reaction that the output of light is any more efficient. It just happens to be a very unique and special process of producing light. There are a couple different groups that are attempting to use the process of nuclear fusion involved in Sonoluminescence in order to produce high efficiency fuels like pure hydrogen. It's kind of on the edge of scientific vogue right now. It's getting skeptical support because few people have the grasp of what the exact process that's happening is. People know that it's something having to do with compression, that the bubble of air that's in the water seems to compress continually and every time it compresses it emits light. But how and why that occurs is uncertain to most scientists.

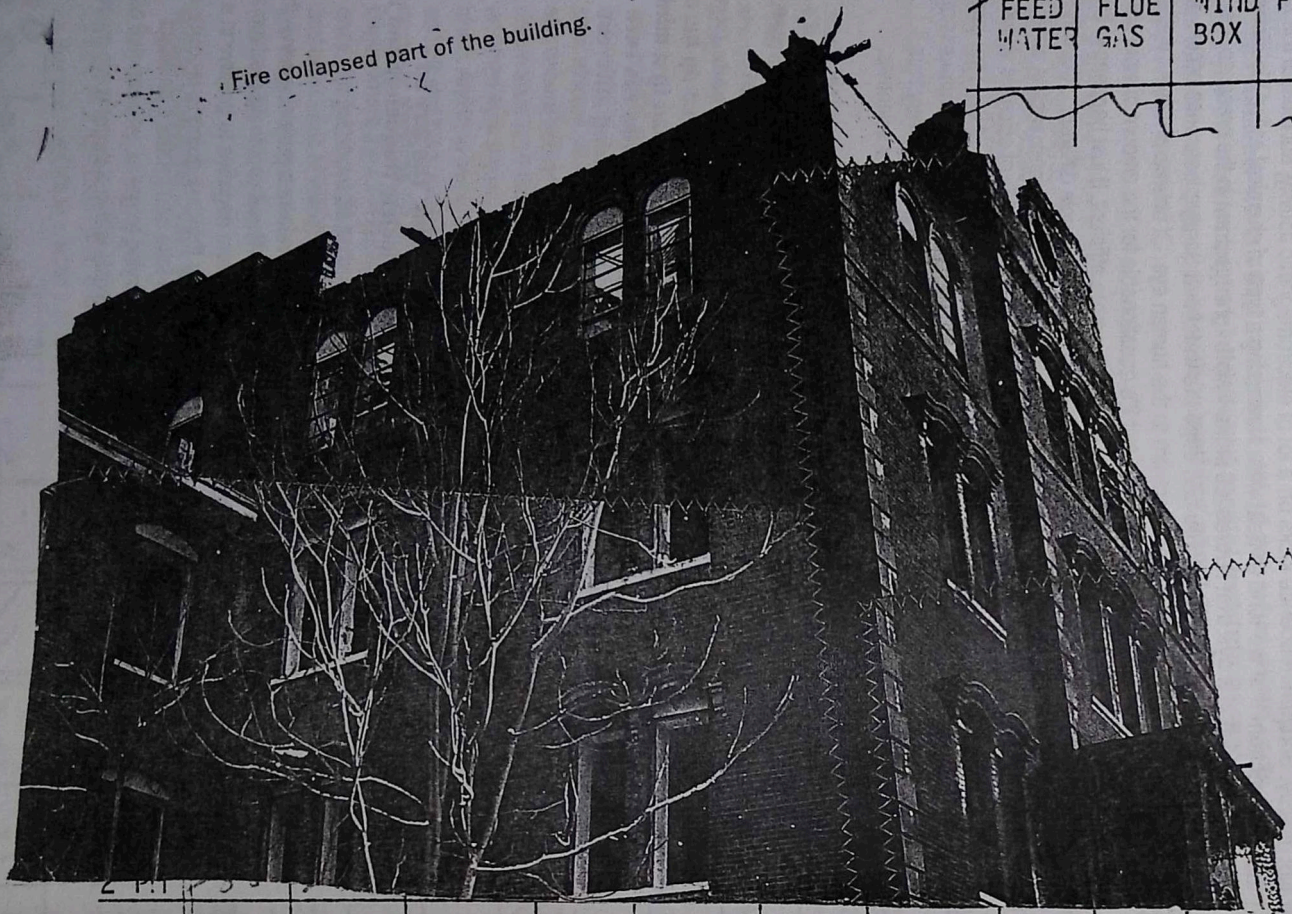
Hey I wanna tell you a story. I was actually going to write about this as it's own article for the street ratbag but here it fits so. Me and my friend were hitchhiking back from North Carolina and we got dropped off in West Virginia and it was dusk and we were on the beautiful mountain road...curvy highway...and we're thinking...uhhh we are never gonna get picked up here. And then finally just as the night was to turn pitch black this man in a mini van picks us up. Hooray! We start talking and it turns out he has the cure for cancer in the back of his car and he travels all over teaching different doctors and folks how to use it.

Is it radionics?

Yeah. He said he had cancer and the machine cured him. The way Ed explained it was that every living organism has an electric frequency and if you can match the frequency then you can kill it?

Well yeah. You can cause resonant disillusion. If you have a waveform a pure sine wave that oscillates from positive to negative in a regular simosodal (?) pattern if you could produce a sine wave that's 180 degrees out of phase with it, it would go from negative to positive in a pure simisodal pattern. So if you add those two waves together they are going to produce a flat line of white noise - a zero. So the point is that if you can take and produce an exact opposite, an inverted wave match, to the wave that you are trying to get to, you can null out and ultimately destroy a disharomonent wave pattern that exists within a larger wave matrixes. A larger wave matrixes, like the human body.

Fire collapsed part of the building.



TEMP °F		DRAFT		
FEED WATER	FLUE GAS	WIND BOX	FURN	LAST PASS

ZAK Jones

He said his machine could cure AIDS...you would find the frequency of the virus and type it into this machine and you hook up to it...essentially it would take all the blood out of your body, send it through a machine and put it back in... It could kill any kind of cancer...

Radionics is very, very illegal in this country.

YEAH! He was telling us all these stories of doctor's houses being raided, thrown into jail...all sorts of harassment.

It's because in this country you are not allowed to treat people medically and say that you can help them unless you are approved by the FDA. And that's kind of an old kickback from the miracle tonics of the 1800's...when people would go around saying "We have the Miracle Cure!" and of course it just had cocaine in it so people felt happy and then they died. There are semi good reasons for why this stuff occurs but nevertheless radionics is highly unaccepted because it involves energetic wave models of the human body and it uses waveforms to treat people. Sony was doing research on this and there not allowed to talk about it... Unfortunately, it just doesn't seem to be where the world is right now.

He was saying one reason for the opposition was that the hospitals wouldn't make any money.

Well there is the continual...I don't even want to say conspiracy theory because it's a good economic point, but yeah if you cure people immediately they don't come back. So you don't have an economic model. Hospitals have business models, which operate around the continual administration of drugs to a patient over time. It's really shady because it doesn't deal with immediately treating and making a person healthy. It deals with a plan for health which involves chemical medicine and that's ok if you want to live a chemical lifestyle. It seems to be able to keep people around for 80 to 90 years but it's not something that many people seem to be comfortable with. Basically you're living with your doctor as a priest. The radionics communities, the orgon communities even getting into energy practitioners like yoga, tai chi, any sort of massage therapy, any progressive therapy which involves a holistic energetic model for the human body is not accepted by the degree granting medical community of the United States. I have seen enough cases of people dealing with cancer in alternative fashions to have a good suspicion that cancer is not a virus invading the body. It's probably something else.

What do you think it is?

Well, most of the models revolve around the fact that there is some sort of energetic disharmonance in the body. Most of them would also then push that ultimately what's happening is that the person is blocking there own energetic field in someway psychologically because mental states are reflected in the energetic field of the body which is a very prudent state. So if there is something going on in your head which makes you unhappy, then

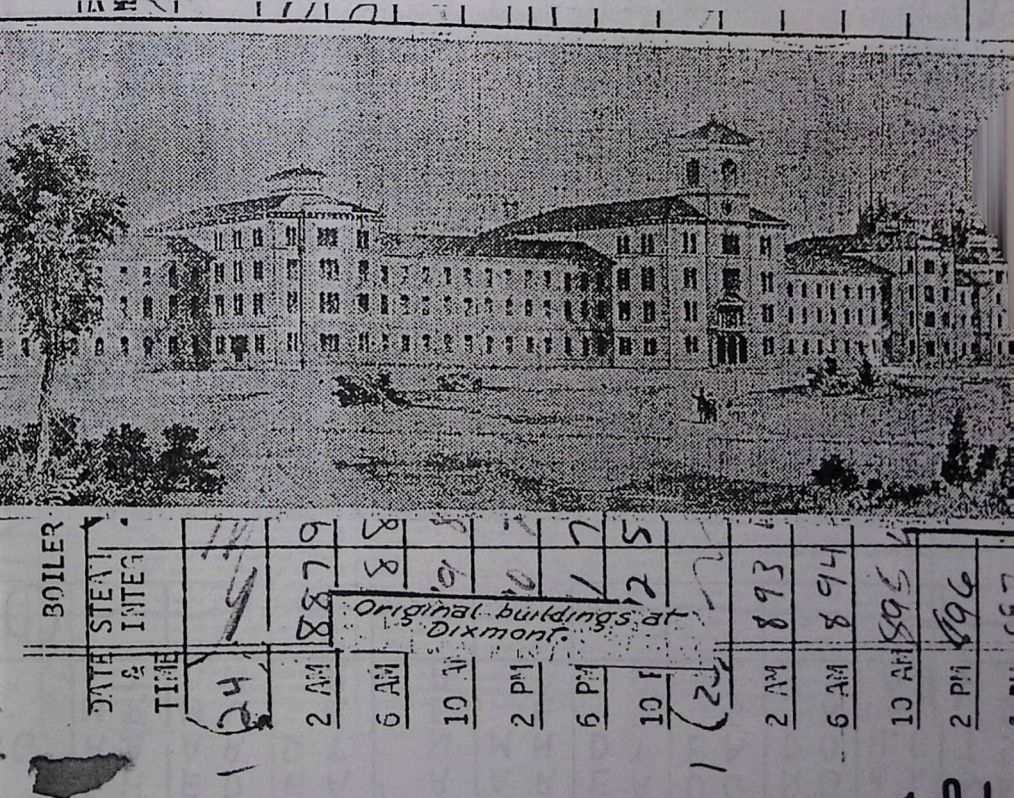
"psycho-somatically," it reflects to your body begins to manifest as an illness. The problem isn't treating the illness in your body it's treating the psychological illness that's wrong in your head.

{Rita is editing out a lively discussion about environmental racism, community resistance to polluters and fight or flight mentality which brings us to the Amish...}

The Amish have no money as a general rule of thumb, but you don't see big companies going into Amish land, which is some of the most beautiful and fertile land that we have around, but yet the Amish don't get there homes beat down, they don't have to fight off big companies.

How is that? Do they have some deal?

Oh isn't that interesting. I've done some research into the Amish but it's rather hard. Amish don't seem to pay taxes and I'm not sure I can't say I know exactly how that happens. It seems to be a very carefully constructed legal framework within the U.S. and most people don't get to touch it for one reason or another. It's called Allodial land rights and pure trusts. Allodial land rights were the original land rights system set up in the U.S. and pure trusts were a concoction of the Rockefeller and Rothschild foundations in order to secure assets without taxation.



Amish people have those things?

As far as I can tell the Amish have maintained and retained the Allodial land rights for their property. Allodial land rights are free of fees, which is the original form of taxation. (The word comes from allodium, which is Greek for free ownership.) A king would have sovereign rights to there land, which meant that they owned everything that they could see. The people living on the land didn't actually own it because the king could see it. So a person living on the land, a serf could pay a fee for their land. It was the fee they had to pay for living on the land so the king would profit. Whenever people came to the United States, they didn't want fees and that was part of the reason for leaving, not so much the religious thing. The freedom of religion was part of it because the king was religious and said god gave him his right to have sovereign control over the land. So there was no taxation or fees on land originally. I haven't figured out exactly at what point it all started but there was a point when banks got involved somehow, you know, economic framings. Once people got involved with banks everything switched to deeds in order to transfer a piece of land from one to another you had to prove that you owned the land. Apart from just saying I own it because I live on it and I can make sure you can't come on it or something, there wasn't any real proof of ownership. As soon as proof of ownership came around you got into a legal contract with someone, which was generally political factors which structured economics. So you got back to business in one form or another. Businesses at the higher level were banks. So you got into titles which turned into deeds because deeds where a transferable title in the banking system which had to be marketable so you could sell those things. Then you could apply a value to land and then you had land tax.

Woah! Super intense!

And there's reason why I have been paying attention to the Amish. There is something strange that goes on there. They've somehow managed to get out of most of what goes on in the country. There aren't water lines or power lines on Amish lines. They're off the grid 100%. Now it's interesting some Amish actually do have cell phones. Some Amish have wind turbines that generate power. It's not that they don't use electricity and technology, they're just very, very, very careful with how they incorporate it. And I think that's a key thing, they're not Luddite. Many would be considered to be Luddite. Also a reason why they don't have utilities and such is because if you have allodial land rights to your property then utility companies have absolutely no say as to what goes on, on that property. If you have a deed to your property, the government can still come and do shady things. They can seize it under eminent domain; utility properties can come onto your property without your permission in order to secure and make safe their lines.

This is where the tape recorder cuts off. Fascinating interview eh? There was further discussion about why the Native Americans don't have Allodial Land Rights. He mentioned that there were about 8 cases were people sued the government on the grounds of Allodial land rights and directed me to a Speech written by Chief Seattle. Chief Seattle, a hereditary leader of the Suquamish Tribe, was born around 1786, passed away on June 7, 1866, and is buried in the tribal cemetery at Suquamish, Washington. The speech Chief Seattle recited during treaty negotiations in 1854 is regarded as one of the greatest statements ever made concerning the relationship between a people and the earth.

http://www.y-indianguides.com/pfm_st_seattlespeach.html

Death of an Asylum

By Leroy J. Egan, Ph.D.

For Dixmont State Hospital's 177 "mentally ill" patients and its staff of 377, 1984 took an Orwellian twist on St. Valentine's Day when "Big Brother," in the form of the Pennsylvania Department of Public Welfare, proposed that it be closed. Wishful denials of staff who felt "they" wouldn't and the dread of those staff who feared "they" would soon followed initial reactions of anger and astonishment. Others, already resigned to its eventual closing, were able to remain on the shy side of despair by noting that justice probably mattered less than truth in these situations. Further, regretfully, neither could be literally weighed as easily as money and votes could be counted.

Hope presented itself to those whose notions of truth and justice still lived as inspirational ideals and propelled them to propose actions to save the hospital. Those for whom these ideals had become illusions vanished. Quickly dubbed the "Valentine's Day Massacre" by staff wits, the proposal placed 554 lives on "hold" and left the hospital in the midst of animated paralysis, buzzing with only one conversational topic: "Will they?"

Within 24 stunned hours of the crisis-provoking announcement, an "Ad Hoc Committee to Save Dixmont" was formed through the initiative of Jack Lennon, Chief of Security. Regarding the formal organizational flow-chart as one would a fossil, he and others proposed and coordinated efforts to save the hospital. Hope was nourished by the twin facts that Dixmont had survived a prior effort to close it in 1972 and that Woodville State Hospital had successfully thwarted a similar attempt in 1983. Woodville's success, however, was viewed equivocally. Some found a hopeful precedent; others felt that its rebirth required Dixmont's death. Nevertheless, for the hopeful, it remained "only a proposal" and even the waggishly inclined took comfort in the observation that the "State" was in charge of the

STEAM CHART | STEAM DRUM | FEED WATER | OIL BURNER | STEAM BURNER | FEED WATER | FLUE GAS | WIND BOX | FURN | LAST PASS
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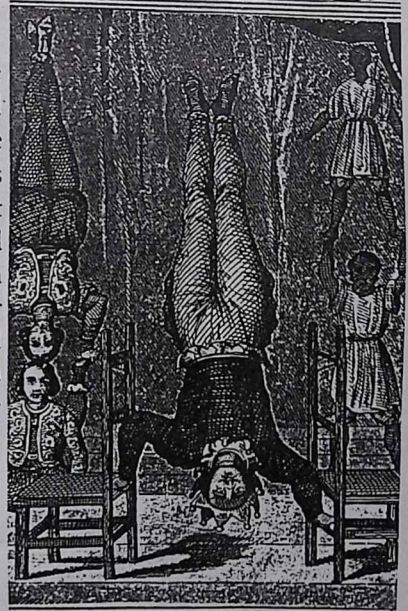
103

SOVIET CALENDAR



In 1918 the newly established Soviet government abandoned the Julian calendar then in use in Russia and instituted the Gregorian. That same year Finland, Latvia and Lithuania, all recently proclaimed independent of Russia, also switched to the Gregorian calendar. But in 1929, in an effort to dissociate the calendar from religious purposes, the Soviet government abandoned the western calendar and adopted a new one which contained a five-day "week." Saturday and Sunday, with their religious associations, were eliminated. The days of the week had no names but were given a number and a color. The first day was yellow, the second orange, the third red, the fourth purple and the fifth green. Each person was assigned a color indicating his or her one "day off" per week. There were five general holidays during the year: Lenin's Day, which fell on the western January 31; two Days of the Proletariat, May 1 and May 2 by Western reckoning; two Days of the Revolution, October 31 and November 1; and New Years Day, January 1. The new calendar was put into effect in October 1929.

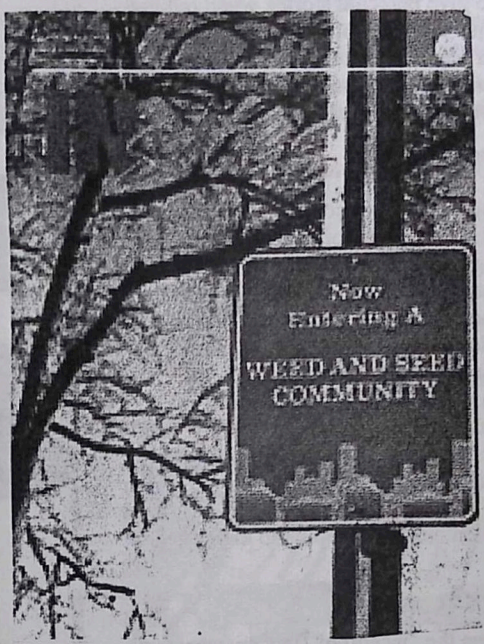
The calendar caused a great deal of confusion. It was designed so that there would be no "weekend" and work could be carried on continually. But with no uniform day of rest, the Russians had to rearrange their lives. Families had to arrange their days off so they could be together. Friends had a difficult time meeting each other and many actually listed their acquaintances under the color which each has as a day off. By January 1930 the Soviet government realized that the system was not working and dropped the five-day week and the color system but kept the practice of labeling days by numbers. Instead they established 12 periods of five weeks, corresponding to months, each week containing six days. The first day of the month was to fall on the first day of the week. In order to make the system work, they had to make adjustments in the calendar, creating extra work days and/or extra holidays.

But by 1932 it became clear that this system, too, was unworkable. That year the government tried to adjust this calendar to the general pattern of the Gregorian calendar, but because each of the Russian "months" had 30 days, the two calendars could not be coordinated. The effort to eliminate the names of the days and designate them only by numbers caused further problems. The habit of calling days and months by name was too deep rooted to be broken. Further, for people working in situations involving foreign contacts, the Gregorian calendar still had to be used. Thus, in 1940 the Soviets abandoned their attempts at calendar change and, on June 27, returned to the Gregorian Calendar.

Weed & Seed

overgrow it!!

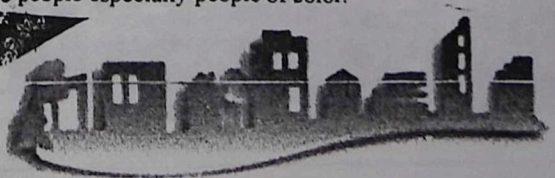
by packrat



Walking through various neighborhoods across the country you may have noticed signs posted that say you are entering a weed and seed community. Usually, people think that this is some kiund of gardening program but that couldn't be farther from the truth. Instead it is a program that is part of the war on drugs so that the "bad guys" can be weeded out of a neighborhood and the "seeds" of community can be planted. Mostly this program is implemented in neighborhoods of color and allows the streets to be turned into a police state. Like many of the countrie's drug laws, weed and seed is yet another fucked up government program that contributes to the growth of the prison industrial complex

Weed and seed first came around after the LA rebellion in 1992 as a republican response to "what they saw as the social and economic deterioration of America's inner cities." Since then, it has spread to about 300 neighborhoods across the country. The U.S. Department of Justice (i.e. the FBI, INS) and local police departments join together to make weed and seed possible. Half of the money allocated for the program is supposed to go weeding initiatives while the other half goes to seeding,

Weeding initiatives emphasize the need to crack down on drug dealing to prevent "Narcotics traffickers and violent criminals from distributing drugs and terrorizing local residents." To effectively "weed" out these criminals they increase the number of police officers thus allowing for a different kind of force that terrorizes local residents. Law enforcement task forces across the country credit Weed and Seed for providing them with a direct link to the community. "By partnering with Weed and Seed, task forces comprising various Federal, State, and local partners find themselves with the tools they need to "hit the streets."" But they probably don't find themselves with the tools that they need to hit corporate boardrooms, sorority homes, or houses in bourgie neighborhoods. This is because the Department of justice seems to think that drug use is only a problem among low income people especially people of color.



They have even developed a whole program to monitor this drug use. This program known as ADAM--the National Institute of Justice's Arrestee Drug Abuse Monitoring program works hand in hand with weed and seed. ADAM uses arrestees as a testing population to determine drug use in a city or county. Arrests are given an incentive like a candy bar to get them to partake in the study, give
Urine samples and drug tests and be interviewed anonymously. The ADAM interviewers can then learn about the drug market in the area, how drugs are distributed etc. They encourage participants to give personal stories when talking about drug use. This information can then come in handy for the weeding police officers can arrest more people once they learn how drugs are distributed in the area. They can then continually arrest people and turn them into informers. (Annual Report on Drug Use Among Adult and Juvenile Arrestees. NIJ "National Institute of Justice," April 1999)

The seeding is supposed to encompass "Prevention, Intervention, and Treatment." The seeding philosophy is that "the coordinated efforts of law enforcement and social service agencies, the private sector, and the community will help prevent crime from recurring. This can be accomplished by concentrating a broad array of human services on the target areas to create an environment where crime cannot thrive." Seeding also includes "Neighborhood Restoration which is designed to revitalize distressed neighborhoods and improve the quality of life in the target communities. The neighborhood restoration element will focus on economic development activities designed to strengthen legitimate community institutions." It is hard to know just from reading weed and seed propaganda what constitutes legitimate community institutions and what they consider good economic development. This goes hand in hand with gentrification and corporatiization of neighborhoods. Also, it seems to be red flag when they mention "quality of life" which usually amounts to kicking homeless folks and others off of the street.

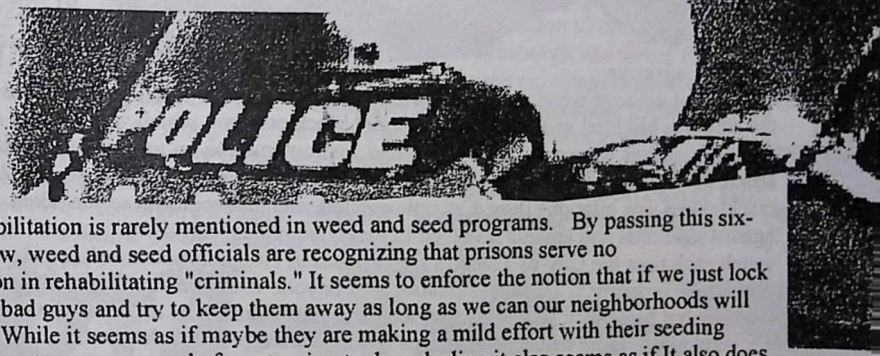
Community Policing serves as the bridge between the "weeding" (law enforcement) and "seeding" (neighborhood restoration) components. It seems more like an effort to convince people that the cops are your friends and are there to protect and serve. This will make people more willing to become informers and help in drug busts, arrests, etc. Also, the seeding programs foster complacency instead of outrage to racist police tactics.(weed and seed website http://www.ojp.usdoj.gov/eows/)

Weed and Seed in Action:

Hawaii:

In the Kalihi-Palama/Chinatown neighborhood of Hawaii weed and seed boasts about how their undercover cops pretend to be drug dealers, bust people, detain them without bail, and then ship them off to California so that they can be prosecuted in federal court and go to a federal prison. Weed and seed targets "quality of life crimes"- drugs, prostitution, disorderly conduct, drinking in public, etc. In addition, many people are arrested as part of the Safe Streets Act, which mandates at least a year in federal prison for those selling drugs within 1,000 feet of a school, playground, or public housing area.

Hawaii Weed and seed also boast about preventing the "dealers" from returning to the Weed and Seed neighborhood for 6 years. So in addition to being apart from their families and friends for two years while they are in prison they have to live away from them for an additional six years when they are out. Weed and seed says that this will prevent them from committing more crimes in their old neighborhood where they have all of their connections. Doesn't it seem fairly obvious that when someone is released from prison and forced to live in a new place where they don't know anyone they will have to struggle to survive and therefore may be forced to resort to the same activities that caused them to be incarcerated in the first place.



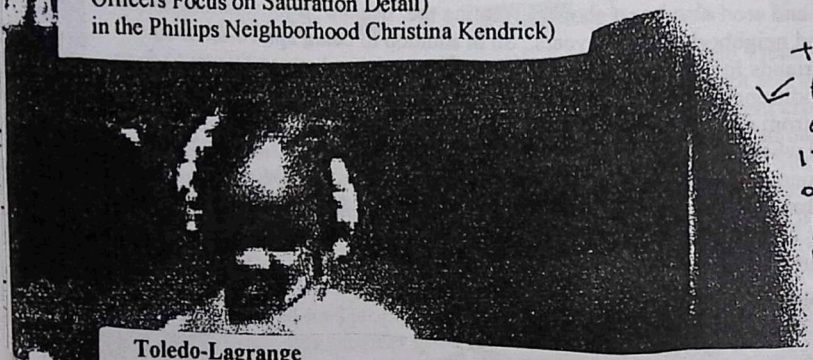
Rehabilitation is rarely mentioned in weed and seed programs. By passing this six-year law, weed and seed officials are recognizing that prisons serve no function in rehabilitating "criminals." It seems to enforce the notion that if we just lock up the bad guys and try to keep them away as long as we can our neighborhoods will be ok. While it seems as if maybe they are making a mild effort with their seeding programs to prevent people from turning to drug dealing it also seems as if It also does not look at the root of the problem of why people turn to drug dealing and instead depicts dealers as people who are born criminals.

(http://www.usdoj.gov/usao/hi/documents/weed/page1.html WEED AND SEED IN HAWAII Steven S. Alm March 2001)

Minneapolis:

In the Phillips Neighborhood of Minneapolis weed and seed and the police department conducted what they call a Saturation Detail. "In an effort to connect with the community, more than 60 law enforcement officers gathered in the Phillips Neighborhood to orchestrate a 1-day community "cleanup." The goal of the detail was to let local residents know that "narcotics trafficking, prostitution, or any offense that affects the livability of the neighborhood would not be tolerated." These cops worked with the American Indian Business Development Corporation (AIBDC) and local business owners to explain "went over the process for identifying and removing anyone from the community who was found committing a criminal act." Then a temporary booking unit was established and officered walked "through the community and [visited] with local businesses and residents, to identify individuals with outstanding warrants, people who were causing a public

Nuisance, or people they knew were wanted by the police on other charges."
By seeking out informers and collaborators in the neighborhood, the police were able to arrest 65 people mostly for misdemeanors (e.g., possession of drug Paraphernalia, consumption of alcohol in public, and littering), warrants or "quality of life" violations.
This information was posted in the weed and seed publication of an example of how successful weed and seed can be in one day. They were outright bragging about the number of arrests they were able to make (or the number of lives they were able to ruin) by "saturating" the community with law enforcement. This saturation effort is a clear example of what weed and seed means when they talk about 'community involvement' (Weed and Seed In-Sites, November/December 2001 Minneapolis Officers Focus on Saturation Detail)
in the Phillips Neighborhood Christina Kendrick)



this ↙ photo of a lil' girl on a pig's motorcycle is an example of a "sucess story"

Toledo-Lagrange
In Toledo-Lagrange weed and seed focused on abandoned properties. They said that the area was blighted and developed a model block program which would make sure that all buildings were up to code and allow for construction on vacant lots. In an article about the program, they say that "Residents who had lived for years next to crackhouses saw citations issued, people evicted, and prosecutorial action taken against landlords and tenants involved in illegal activities. Residents came out to watch each time the City of Toledo's Department of Neighborhoods bulldozed an abandoned property." This is insinuating that anyone who inhabits an abandoned building but be a crack addict. It also seems to imply that all of these buildings were converted into "more respectable spaces" which would probably be unaffordable for the people w ho live in the neighborhood.

Weed and seed opposition: People are fighting this shit!!
St. Petersburg, Florida
Weed and seed doesn't know diddly squat about prophylactic medicine and therefore if a community just wants to seed without locking everyone up, they are not allowed. In St. Petersburgh people wanted seed money "for treatment centers and opportunity so residents wouldn't have to engage in low level drug dealing as the last form of free enterprise in America." The government said weed and seed go hand in hand so they wouldn't' allow these
residents to only accept part of the program. Then the peeps of St. Petersburg said "take your whole program and shove it" and they were told they were getting weed and seed whether they liked it or not. Isn't it ironic that weed and seed says that community impact is necessary for the functioning of the program yet

when a community says they don't want to even be a part of the program, they are forced to be.

Seattle

In Seattle, residents were a bit more successful in their opposition. In 1992 when weed and seed was approved for the city of Seattle, residents started to voice their concern. The Seattle coalition against weed and seed formed and later a conference was held in which 55 different community groups voiced their opposition to the program. The main concern that people had with weed and seed was with the policy of street sweeps. Street sweeps allows police officers to take everyone, on public streets in an area designated as "high crime," into custody and then force them to prove their innocence. This policy would virtually convert neighborhoods into prisons where it was illegal to venture out of your home and if you did you would get thrown in a federal prison. Unfortunately, weed and seed was still adopted by city council but a provision was inserted which prohibited street sweeps.(Weed and seed three years on Washington Free Press Oct/Nov 1997 Brian King)

If only weed and seed was about weeding out the bad guys aka the cops and politicians and then seeding gardens in place of police stations and government buildings.

With this article, I intended to just give an overview of weed and seed, highlight some of their "accomplishments", and highlight grassroots opposition to these racist policies. I am currently researching weed and seed in Pittsburgh and trying to talk to different groups and people who live in the weed and seed neighborhoods about their opinions of the program. It has proved difficult though because many groups want the seed money so they go along with the whole program. If you have stories about weed and seed in your community please send them to me. I am especially interested in ways people are combating it. Please send stories to jallayalla@hotmail.com or 3807 Melwood Ave Pittsburgh, pa 15213. Hopefully in the next issue of the street rat bag there will be a follow up article about Weed and Seed.

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Sat, Mar 9, 2002 10:38 AM

-----Original Message-----
From: Kent Bye [redacted]
Sent: Thursday, February 28, 2002 11:27 PM
To: EXR, Public Affairs
Subject: Pro-IMF material?

Greetings. I just saw the documentary film LIFE AND DEBT here in Baltimore. This is the first time I've really had a chance to see the effects of your organization on the lives of people who you are exploiting for your own profit. "Profit over people" seems to be the message of this movie. You must've seen or heard of this movie. How can you justify the negative effects of your organization have on these workers?

Maybe it's naive of me to think that you can even begin to answer my concerns so is there any pro-IMF films that you can direct me to so that I can better understand how you can have a clear conscious in putting people through such misery in order for the rich can get richer and the poor get poorer. How much is enough for you?

Do we have to live with this capitalist globalization model where corporate profits trump human lives?

Anyway, I hope you can sleep well at night.
Concerned citizen,
-Kent Bye.

From: EXR, Public Affairs <PUBLICAFFAIRS@imf.org>
To: Kent Bye [redacted]
Date: Friday, March 8, 2002 7:13 PM
Subject: RE: Pro-IMF material?

Dear Mr. Bye:

Thank you for contacting us about the film Life and Debt. The picture it paints is indeed a disturbing one. Unfortunately, the preconceptions of the filmmaker lead to the production of a highly biased and inaccurate film.

The film's focus on the personal habits of foreign tourists distracts attention from the weakness of the economic analysis. Although the film's economic analysis is no better, the film complains about the devaluation of the Jamaican dollar over the years, which normally makes imports more expensive, the film devoted a lot of attention to the problem of cheap imports, especially of milk, chicken, and vegetables-agricultural products. How can that be? The film gives no clue. But IMF Managing Director Horst Köhler provided an answer in a recent speech when he said,

It is unconscionable that the United States, Japan, and the European Union spend hundreds of billions of dollars on agricultural subsidies to maintain marginal activities for the benefit of a small segment of their population, while undermining agricultural sectors that are central to peace and development in poor countries. Yet this is exactly what is happening now.

Jamaica does have real problems and, as with agricultural imports, the film does succeed in showing some of them, even if the causes are not correctly diagnosed.

But accuracy does not appear to have been the filmmaker's aim. Let me provide an example. You may recall what appeared to be an exchange of views about the Jamaican economy between former Prime Minister Michael Manley and IMF First Deputy Managing Director Stanley Fischer. In fact, Mr. Manley had been dead for a couple of years when the interview with Mr. Fischer took place. In addition, the filmmaker told the IMF that she was producing an educational film for young people about the world economic system; only one question was about Jamaica. As a result, most of Mr. Fischer's filmed replies were responses to theoretical questions--and not a discussion of Jamaica's specific plight.

It is all too easy to blame a large organization like the IMF, which has advised Jamaican governments of both major parties since the country's independence. But the fact is that Jamaica's problems are complex, with roots going back to the 1970s, and so are the solutions. The IMF is part of the solution, not part of the problem. To suggest otherwise does a disservice not only to us, but also to the people of Jamaica, who deserve a better future and who deserve the truth.

This reply, being brief, has not touched on all the issues raised in Life and Debt. Nevertheless, I hope you have found it responsive.

Very truly yours,

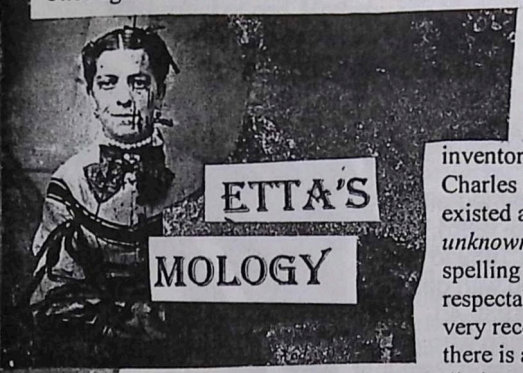
Kathleen White
Acting Chief
Public Affairs Division
External Relations Department
International Monetary Fund

Homeland Security Minister Tom Ridge Says "Monkey out to destroy world!"

Harmless sock creature or part of the Jihad?
YOU DECIDE!

"The stuffed monkey is highly suspect. Its well known that stuffed monkeys freely consort with evil doers"-G.W. Bush

Once again.....the Street RatBags are proud to present...



Condom

Legend has it that this device is named for its inventor, a British physician who lived during the reign o Charles II. There is no direct evidence that such a person existed and the origin of the word must be recorded as *unknown*. The hunt is made difficult by the variations in spelling (quondam, condon, etc.) and the fact that respectable dictionaries did not include such words until very recently (the OED did not until 1972 even though there is an 1888 letter to James Murray, that venerable dictionary's first editor, containing the earliest known citation of the term's use).

In 1708 the origin is ascribed to a "worthy gentleman" at Wills Coffee House named Condon who made good use of the device. It was in 1724 that the worthy gentleman was promoted to physician and ascribed with the device's invention to prevent the transmission of syphilis. In 1728, the inventor briefly became a colonel until popular sentiment returned him to the medical profession where he has stayed.

This first known use of the term was in 1705 when John Campbell, the second duke of Argyll, travelled from London to Edinburgh bringing with him a "certain instrument called a Quondam, occasioned ye debauching of a great number of Ladies, a young gentlewomen." Campbell was supposed to help negotiate the union of England and Scotland, but it seems that another type of union preoccupied him.

The search for the elusive Dr. Condom continues, although few etymologists believe that he actually existed. Alternate theories as to the origin include the Latin *condus* meaning that which preserves, the Persian *kondu* a vessel for storing grain, and a town in southern France. All of these seem unlikely origins.

HOBO though not securely attested, the term can reasonably be parsed from ho, variant of hi, hello- a common greeting; with bo, guy (got a match, bo?) Bo maybe ultimately from the baby talk version of brother. But also a common southern nickname (Beau, Beaureguard was a given name in slave times) Hi Guy! Ho Bo!

Molotov Cocktail

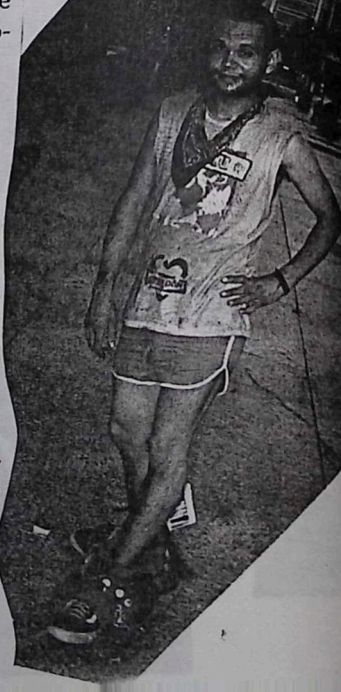
This makeshift incendiary grenade is named after Vyacheslav Mikhailovich Molotov (1890-1986), the Soviet Minister for Foreign Affairs from 1939 to 1949. The name was given to the bottles filled with gasoline by the Finns during the Winter War of 1939-40. Molotov was reviled in Finland as the man who engineered the Nazi-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact that allowed the Russians to attack Finland. The name comes from Finland, but the credit for inventing the device goes to Republican forces in the Spanish Civil War of a few years earlier.

All things filched

The Browser's Dictionary by John Ciardi

http://www.wordorigins.org

Now for the first time....in the life of etta's mology we would like to introduce to you...with the help of Ignacio Holiday....A NEW ADJECTIVE!! Sweet Tooth.....it is to be used in place of those ever-popular Anarcho-Punk adjectives, "hot" and "sexy"....anything bristling with raw sensuality. For instance, "I just got home from a super sweet tooth bike ride." Sweet tooth comes from the Latin word Sweettoothikiss, where it was used to describe the tunic like shorts that Romans wore before being anointed with the oil of olives prior to wrestling matches. After the Romans fell prey to marauding hoards of limeys, it took on a more musty.... smooth .... penetrating..... Let's just say it created an erogenous zone all of its own in the English language. Which brings us to today, where you can hear it in place of such words as cool....or bitchin'. Some people unknowingly personify these qualities. (Exhibit A) So the next time you are feeling righteous or dripping with bittersweet passion, tell your friends your feeling sweet tooth.



Motherfucker and Mothafucka': Motherfucker is a very common expression nowadays. Eldridge ran it down to me once after a number of people got upset over this vernacular of the ghetto. Eldridge said: "I've seen and heard brothers use the word four and five times in one sentence and each time the word had a *different* meaning and expression."

Motherfucker actually comes from the old slave system and was a reference to the slave master who raped our mothers which society today doesn't want to face as a fact. But today, check the following sentence:

"Man, let me tell you. This motherfucker here went down there with his motherfucking gun, knocked down the motherfucking door and blew this motherfucker's brains out. This shit is getting to be a motherfucker."

With the rising consciousness of black people learning about Black History in general, many black youth have a tendency to say in reference to a person they may dislike, "The dirty mother . . ." dropping the fucker part. But historically black men know black women have been oppressed and when we use the word we don't mean that a man has had sexual relations with his mother. This never enters into a black brother's mind. But it can be said in anger to mean just that, and the sayer knows it is completely from the truth, referring to the white exploiters and slavers in history.

Today, one can use the word to refer to a friend or someone he respects for doing things he never thought could be done by a black man. In the past, the white man has always been the one who has done fantastic things. Raping our mothers was fantastically derogatory. Well, it's kind of a real complimentary statement to a brother or even a sister when one vicariously relates to someone who's black and pulls a fantastic feat. We will joyfully say, "Man, he's a motherfucker."

The racism and oppression of black people, from history to this very day, has caused this word "motherfucker" to be part of the vernacular of the ghetto. White boys have picked it up from black people, but without the different meanings as they have developed up to the day. It so happens that the lumpen proletarian, the brother off the block who comes into the Party, speaks this vernacular. But Huey was one not to use it much at all. He says people, especially the older people, won't listen to the real program of the Party if we use street language. Eldridge says that if we have to use it, use it in reference to the avaricious and demagogic politicians who oppress us, because when they murder a brother or sister, then it makes us mad at the racist. And use it in reference to sadistic pigs who at least need cursing out for what they are: oppressors, murderers, rapers of justice and peace in our society.

I say that we shouldn't curse at all, although after I went in to the U.S. Air Force for four years and was cursed out by instructors in basic training, I picked it up by being around G.I.'s so much. I left the service cursing the military, and my mother resents it today. So, it's a tough habit to get rid of, being still oppressed, but a habit we must get rid of. Huey says that even when one of us gets murdered by the pigs, we must restrain and educate the people to the correct methods. I've been well criticized, as have Eldridge, David, and many other brothers. So, for the respect of the people, and our mothers, we're working to break the habit.

WHERE'S MY BABY'S MAMA?

The following information was collected on one rat's quest to get the down low....one rat often hears of the patriarchy...one rat remembers when it was just a sprig of a rat watching movies on a sunny afternoon in the suburbs of Maryland. It saw a movie where sexy women dominated this land in the desert and a couple men wandered astray into something called a matriarchy. This same rat also heard of women who "wore the pants" in the family be called Matriarchs. This rat wanted to know more.... Was there ever a Matriarchal society?

So on and on the rat researched and found that it was quite a controversial topic. For every "fact" or theory the rat came across there was evidence and books against it. but OH! silly humans....what indeed is history anyway...and who needs proof...and we cant afford to be innocent...meaning no matter what happens whether you are innocent or not, it is irrelevant... you will still be found guilty...the rat digresses and apologizes for the pat benatar reference. Let the regurgitation begin.

The argument for the existence of prehistoric matriarchal societies (societies, that is, in which familial and political authority was wielded by women) was developed by Johann Jacob Bachofen. In 1868, J.J. Bachofen presented a work on the evolution of the family known as "The Mother Right," {Das Mutterrecht}. The main theme of "The Mother Right" is essentially that the matriarchal lineage type of family dates back long before the patriarchal style. His suggestion on the conclusion of his research was the matriarchal type of family lineage was the basis for which civilization in a social structure was built. J.J. says there are two distinct orders of the mother right, the first being absolute primitive, nomadic, hunters & gatherers; the second being settled agriculture. Many anthropologists, even ones who don't believe in the existence of matriarchies, believe that women were instrumental with inventing/ beginning agriculture. One goes as far as to say women invented private property. The rat finds it distressing that women may have built the first fence. The rat likes blaming everything on men. The rat has a sense of humor so don't get your panties in a bunch. In the book, The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State published in 1884, Friedrich Engels argues that the transition from primate societies to the earliest human social structure was achieved by granting to solidarity a supreme importance that transcended even sexual competitiveness and jealousy. According to Engels, solidarity was achieved through "group marriage" where whole groups of kin-related women were collectively "married" to whole groups of men. Under these circumstances, only the mother of a child was known, so kinship tended to be traced through the female line, creating what Engels called a "matrilineal clan." The kinship rights of men were his sisters and her children.

The question of whether or not some cultures in the early historical period were, if not matriarchal, then at least matrilineal, is today a controversial one. The consensus among most anthropologists and sociologists is that a strictly matriarchal society never existed. The issue has important ramifications. To argue in support of matrilinearity in ancient Mesopotamia, Egypt, Crete, and Anatolia is also to argue that these cultures were still matrilineal as they entered the historical period; that they, and by inference other cultures too, were matrilineal in the prehistoric era. If this was indeed the case, then matrilinearity was, and for some still is, a more "natural" (because prehistoric and therefore "primitive," uncorrupted, and true) arrangement of human society. This "natural" state, however, was gradually destroyed as men established the "unnatural" condition of patriarchy by subjugating women and usurping female power. The historical period, beginning around 5,500 years ago, marks the beginning of the rise of patriarchy. It arose gradually, however, and for a while women appear to have maintained, mostly by default of tradition and custom, especially in conservative societies like that in Ancient Egypt, a position of importance that was not only different from but, and this is the crucial point, also independent of that of men. In other words, for a while in Ancient Egypt (and also in Minoan Crete and still in Archaic Greece), women were recognized as embodying an identity and power, which derived from, and was based upon, the female, of which the Mother Goddess, and ultimately all female goddesses, was its manifestation. It was a power acknowledged and respected by men which resided in the female and could be claimed by all women; it was not, as it subsequently became in the later Egyptian, Greek, and Minoan periods and has remained ever since, a power defined and delimited by men.

Here are some traits the rat has compiled that were found in many different sources to describe old matriarchal societies.

Woman control the source of nourishment and have power of disposition over the goods of the clan, which ensures their strong social position. It is said that the goods are distributed according to an egalitarian system that is identical to the lines of kinship and patterns of marriage. Advantages and disadvantages concerning the question of goods were adjusted by social rule. If wealth begins to accumulate in certain areas · society rituals take place, I.E. village festivals would take place in which wealthy clans are obliged to distribute their riches to all inhabitants of the village. For this they gain great honor. Many times so-called visiting marriage is mentioned. This is where a husband visits his wife at night but does not live with her. He is a part of his mother's clan. So his duties and decision-making lie in that household.

The children look to the mother's brother as a father figure…the maternal uncle is their protector. He also does not bequeath things or titles to his own children but to his sister's children. The youngest daughter is the most doted on for she will live the longest. When a clan needs to decide domestic matters no member of the clan is excluded in the decision making process. The same goes for village matters.

There must be consensus of every clan in the village. Usually a village council is made up of the oldest woman of each clan. This pattern of consensus does not allow for accumulation of political power. It would never occur to a matriarchal people that one sex is weaker than or inferior. Female and male are a cosmic polarity as is life and death. People claim these ancient matriarchal societies were peaceful. They had no use for military power of protection because the land was less populated and the need and desire for society out weighed its need to conquer it. Even as late as the 20th century custom could rule without police force. Once populations grew, societies became too large and complex for intimate rule of costume and maternal authority. Some claim that the nurturing capacity of matriarchal societies was so successful it caused its own extinction because it was easy to overthrow.

There are many different theories of girls "initiation" festivals, instructions and such when girls start menstruating. One reference said girls were not allowed to look at the sun because menstruation was so in tune with the moon. William Irwin Thompson suggests that the 1st prehistoric markings to exist – bones that had been cut with stone as to mark of periods of time were probably made by women marking the monthly cycles or pregnancy cycles.

Through out the rat's speed-reading research all sources point to a heavy spiritual aspect that somehow entails a fertility goddess and the life and death cycles. Some clans believe after death you are born into the same clan and therefore every birth it is a great honor to be birthing ancestors. Other clans collected skulls of the dead kept them in skull houses to preserve prosperity for the community. One theorist suggests this was the beginning of head hunting. A good example of the life and death, wing and wang, mumbo jumbo is the Egyptian goddess of heaven. She gives birth to her Sun, Re, every morning and every night devours him only to give birth again the next morning. (whoa talk about non-stop labor pains)

Like the rat has already mentioned, many theories the rat read are contradictory. Some boast of no slavery, no political domination, no class distinctions, no warfare.. painting a picture of peaceful societies…although…others talk of war and claim there is no difference between the two except which sex has the power. Of course this is all coming from a binary gender system and never a mention of a trannie was come across….that's a whole different artickle all together.

The rat wonders if you too have heard the tales of the Amazon women warriors ….real or make believe?

No one knows how the Amazon's got their name. Here are some modern day conjectures:

- from a Greek word "amazon" meaning "without breast"
- from Sanskrit "Uma-soona", meaning Uma's children. Uma was a Goddess worshipped in India and vicinity, once containing races of matriarchical societies.

- from an Armenian word meaning "moon woman". Artemis (the deity the Amazons worshipped) was the Goddess of the moon as well as the hunt, so her followers may have been referred to as the moon women.
- The Scythians called the Amazons "Oiorpata" which means "man killer". (Oior=man pata=to kill.) this is how ancient historian Herodotus referred to Amazons.

The Amazon's should not to be confused with the Amazon River or rain forest. That has nothing to do with the Amazon women warriors, BUT, the Amazon itself may have been named after them. Female warriors of the Tapuyas in South America attacked Orellana, a 16th century Spanish explorer. Legend has it that he named the area Amazon, after the ancient women warriors.

The rat wants to share this story about the Amazon's with you. It's from The History of Herodotus

It is reported of the Sauromatae, that when the Greeks fought with the Amazons, It is reported, I say, that the Greeks after gaining the battle of the Thermodon, put to sea, taking with them on board three of their vessels all the Amazons whom they had made prisoners; and that these women upon the voyage rose up against the crews, and massacred them to a man. As however they were quite strange to ships, and did not know how to use either rudder, sails, or oars, they were carried, after the death of the men, where the winds and the waves listed. At last they reached the shores of the Palus Maeotis and came to a place called Cremni or "the Cliffs," which is in the country of the free Scythians. Here they went ashore, and proceeded by land towards the inhabited regions; the first herd of horses which they fell in with they seized, and mounting upon their backs, fell to plundering the Scythian territory.

The Scyths could not tell what to make of the attack upon them- the dress, the language, the nation itself, were alike unknown whence the enemy had come even, was a marvel. Imagining, however, that they were all men of about the same age, they went out against them, and fought a battle. Some of the bodies of the slain fell into their hands, whereby they discovered the truth. Hereupon they deliberated, and made a resolve to kill no more of them, but to send against them a detachment of their youngest men, as near as they could guess equal to the women in number, with orders to encamp in their neighborhood, and do as they saw them do- when the Amazons advanced against them, they were to retire, and avoid a fight- when they halted, the young men were to approach and pitch their camp near the camp of the enemy. All this they did on account of their strong desire to obtain children from so notable a race.

So the youths departed, and obeyed the orders which had been given them. The Amazons soon found out that they had not come to do them any harm; and so they on their part ceased to offer the Scythians any molestation.

And now day after day the camps approached nearer to one another; both parties led the same life, neither having anything but their arms and horses, so that they were forced to support themselves by hunting and pillage.

At last an incident brought two of them together- the man easily gained the good graces of the woman, who bade him by signs (for they did not understand each other's language) to bring a friend the next day to the spot where they had met- promising on her part to bring with her another woman. He did so, and the woman kept her word. When the rest of the youths heard what had taken place, they also sought and gained the favor of the other Amazons.

The two camps were then joined in one, the Scythians living with the Amazons as their wives; and the men were unable to learn the tongue of the women, but the women soon caught up the tongue of the men. When they could thus understand one another, the Scyths addressed the Amazons in these words- "We have parents, and properties, let us therefore give up this mode of life, and return to our nation, and live with them. You shall be our wives there no less than here, and we promise you to have no others." But the Amazons said- "We could not live with your women- our customs are quite different from theirs. To draw the bow, to hurl the javelin, to bestride the horse, these are our arts; of womanly employments we know nothing. Your women, on the contrary, do none of these things; but stay at home in their waggons, engaged in womanish tasks, and never go out to hunt, or to do anything. We should never agree together. But if you truly wish to keep us as your wives, and would conduct yourselves with strict justice towards us, go you home to your parents, bid them give you your inheritance, and then come back to us, and let us and you live together by ourselves."

The youths approved of the advice, and followed it. They went and got the portion of goods which fell to them, returned with it, and rejoined their wives, who then addressed them in these words following:- "We are ashamed, and afraid to live in the country where we now are. Not only have we stolen you from your fathers, but we have done great damage to Scythia by our ravages. As you like us for wives, grant the request we make of you. Let us leave this country together, and go and dwell beyond the Tanais." Again the youths complied.

Crossing the Tanais they journeyed eastward a distance of three days' march from that stream, and again northward a distance of three days' march from the Palus Maeotis. Here they came to the country where they now live, and took up their abode in it. The women of the Sauromatae have continued from that day to the present to observe their ancient customs, frequently hunting on horseback with their husbands, sometimes even unaccompanied; in war taking the field; and wearing the very same dress as the men.

The Sauromatae speak the language of Scythia, but have never talked it correctly, because the Amazons learnt it imperfectly at the first.

Their marriage-law lays it down that no girl shall wed till she has killed a man in battle. Sometimes it happens that a woman dies unmarried at an advanced age, having never been able in her whole lifetime to fulfill the condition. Amazons were rumored to have one breast.

Historians have attributed this to one or all of the below factors

- they sacrificed one breast to Artemis, the Goddess they worshipped. There is a statue of Artemis at Ephesus which depicts her with many breasts, this could be an example of all the breasts sacrificed to her.
- supposedly the Amazons where better able to shoot their bows and arrows without the left breast

Amazons are usually depicted with one breast showing and one breast covered. It is not really known if they had one breast or two. Some rats believe that they had two breasts and were able to shoot an arrow anyway.

According to Jeannine Davis-Kimball, there are now 50 ancient burial mounds near the town of Pokrovka, Russia, near the Kazakhstan border, that have yielded skeletons of women buried with weapons, suggesting the Greek tales may have had some basis in fact. Nomads known as the Sauromatians buried their dead here beginning ca. 600 B.C.; according to Herodotus the Sauromatians were descendants of the Amazons and the Scythians, who lived north of the Sea of Azov. After ca. 400 B.C. the Pokrovka mounds were reused by the Sarmatians, another nomadic tribe possibly related to the Sauromatians. In general, females were buried with a wider variety and larger quantity of artifacts than males, and seven female graves contained iron swords or daggers, bronze arrowheads, and whetstones to sharpen the weapons. Some scholars have argued that weapons found in female burials served a purely ritual purpose, but the bones tell a different story. The bowed leg bones of one 13- or 14-year-old girl attest a life on horseback, and a bent arrowhead found in the body cavity of another woman suggested that she had been killed in battle. The Pokrovka women cannot have been the Amazons of Greek myth--who were said to have lived far to the west--but they may have been one of many similar nomadic tribes who occupied the Eurasian steppes in the Early Iron Age.

Moving closer to the present the rat unearths this stimulating tale of equality. Mush, dear human, mush!

There is evidence that in the British Isles and Ireland, a male dominated society replaced not a matriarchy but of a society in which women and men worked together as equals with safeguards and pledges to possibly control an innate male aggressive tendency - as is still the case in some Australian Aboriginal communities, despite the cultural damage inflicted by white society. According to ancient legends, the kings of Ulster had to pledge that they would look after the women's rights. Specifically they had to pledge that the harvest would be provided every year to the families, that there would be no lack of supplies of cloth dyes to the women and that medical

supplies and midwives would be provided so that no women need die in childbirth. If they broke this pledge they could apparently be deposed.
In the days of hunter-gathering and in the early days of agriculture in these islands, it seems that the prevalent image was of a female deity who was, the Mother who fed and watered her people with her crops and springs. In Ulster this Goddess was known as Macha who warmed the earth, making it fertile, bringing the people their food. But Macha was seen as being born between the tides "of the strange one of Ocean" - and this may have reflected the ancient concept that the creating energy had to possess both gender energies even while having a female gender identity. The Celtic warriors sometimes slept with the severed heads of enemies placed between their thighs in a crude imitation of a woman in childbirth. They may have seen this as giving them the power of the mothers.

So, today the rat has discovered there are many matrilineal societies still kickin' about this planet. That is cultures, which pass down the mothers name instead of the fathers. The she-rat came across a fascinating article about a full on matriarchy in India...get a load of this.

Kerala, a state located in the southern tip of the Indian peninsular, has had a tradition of practicing matriarchy. Where property (and the family name) passes on from mother to daughter. And tradition, as you know in India, means that it's been going on for 5000 years!

Since the woman was the key owner of property, men grew more loyal and competed strongly for the duties of a father to raise the child. Also since the woman now was responsible for her state of health, she regulated how many children she would want to raise. This resulted in a significantly lower family size in Kerala than the rest of India.

The other interesting phenomenon is that Kerala was the first state to achieve 100% literacy, while other states in India lag behind pathetically. In Kerala, the mother has an incentive to educate and improve the lot of both her daughter and her son. In the rest of India the average woman is little more than a baby producing machine, often illiterate herself, and unable to get her girl-child out of the vortex of neglect.

There are strongly patriarchal societies in the northern belt of India where the girl child is seen as a burden and every husband puts his wife under enormous social pressure to produce sons, sons and more sons. The rich farmer often has more than one wife ... so that he can produce more sons .... and can afford more wives. Capitalism at its worst.

For sons are seen as more hands to till the farms ... and an insurance in your own old age ... while a daughter is "pardhan" ....literally, "someone else's wealth" It is not uncommon for people in the North of India to use sophisticated medical technology like amniocentesis to determine the sex of the unborn child ... and then abort the female. Female feticide is one of the horrors of India's patriarchal societies. As well as, "dowry deaths", where young brides are burnt simply because their in-laws are not happy with the money paid by the girl's father, to get her married. Though it is

illegal, girls in the rest of India are still married of before they reach puberty. The sooner the father can pass on his responsibility, he will do so.

By contrast, Kerala knows nothing of these social evils that handicap of the rest of our nation. The proportion of women to men is marginally higher in Kerala. (Whereas in other states the ratio drops to as low as less than 800 women to 1000 men.) Infant mortality, child morbidity (deaths before the age of five), expected life span of men and women...these are all indicators in which Kerala is ahead of other Indian states ... though the government infrastructure to provide health services are the same.

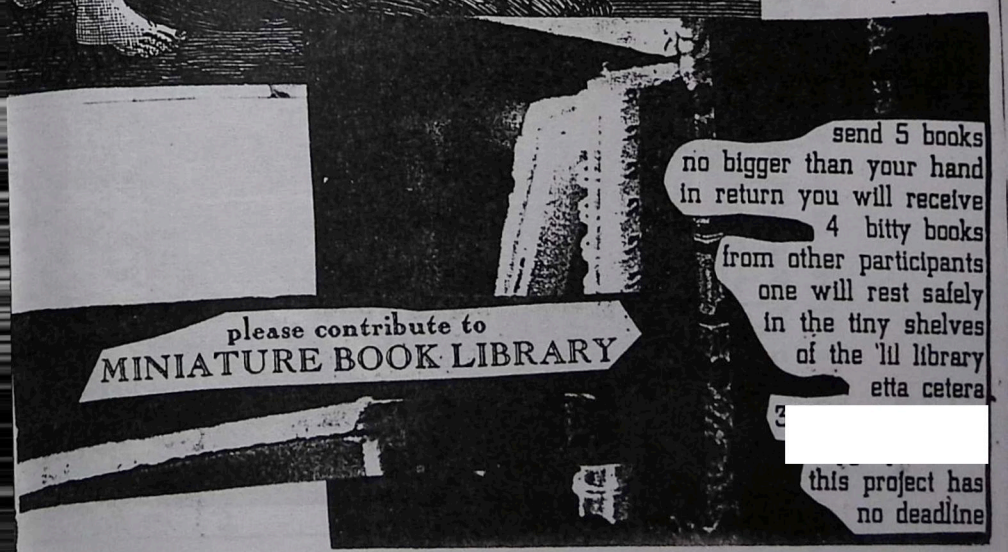
There's one other sociological feature, that you, dear rat, may find interesting about Kerala. Because literacy levels and social consciousness is high, Kerala is one of two states in India that actually has a democratically elected "communist" government! For "Communist" you should really read "Socialist", but they are followers of Karl Marx. A society that believes in spreading its wealth a little more evenly. The other state in India that has a "communist" government is West Bengal ... it closely follows Kerala on high literacy rates ... but does not have the emancipation of a matriarchal society to treat all citizens equally.

Well the rat has decided to stop barraging you with information on things the rat thinks are interesting and relevant to the question of matriarchies. The rat actually researched all this stuff over a year ago and has forgotten most of the overwhelming ideas that were bubbling out of the rat's brain when immersed in these tales. However the rat remembers thinking the idea of "women's work" is very old. The rat is shocked that it has taken so much time for women's liberation. According to the one Amazon legend the rat shared with you, the Amazons had an aversion to certain women for not riding horses or playing with spears. This could just be the story tellers ideas about such things but...the thought occurred to the rat that during these mother right societies when we were more egalitarian.... women's work was not considered any different ....just as plain old work.....but after the switch to predominately patriarchal societies the work women usually did, became shit work.

Basically, without a truly thorough study, the rat is in the opinion that there were a good amount of egalitarian societies across the globe. They were mother right because you couldn't confuse the mother. The rat romanticizes about this and thinks there is nothing wrong with romanticizing things. After all romanticizing is just another way to dream. Whether there is real truth or history or fact or fiction the rat thinks its up to everyone to pick their own truth and mix it up with your dreams. There is no danger in believing in false histories but maybe hey maybe there is. But the rat looks to characters in fiction stories as role models so what's the difference. Hey why don't you track down the rat and have a nice long debate about it. The rat loves to talk. Let us have tea and speak in the royal "we".

Fuck a bunch of matriarchy and Fuck a bunch of patriarchy....Zatriarchy? oh wait.. There is always.....anarchy!

"Is matriarchy a possible solution?" by Sumit Roy, Bombay, India(2000)
British Fighting Women, Matriachy and Gimbutas
by Jani Farrell Roberts An extract from her book "Seven Days:
Tales of Magic, Sex and Gender."
M. Z. Rosaldo and L. Lamphere, ed., Woman, Culture, and Society (1974);
R. Reiter, ed., Toward an Anthropology of Women (1975);
Cynthia Eller, The Myth of Matriarchal Prehistory (2000).
Writings by Christopher L. C. E. Witcombe (1998)
The Mothers by Robert Briffault (1900?)
Myth, religion, and mother right; selected writings of J.J. Bachofen (1868)
Women in primitive motherright societies by J.H. Ronhaar (1971)
Black Matriarch: myth or reality? Edited by John h. Bracey
(the rat just discovered the above book)
Amazon Women Warrior Website
http://www.speakeasy.org/~music/amazon.html
The creation of Black womanhood: representations and stereotyping
http://www.geocities.com/Wellesley/Gazebo/8420/journalism/essay7.htm

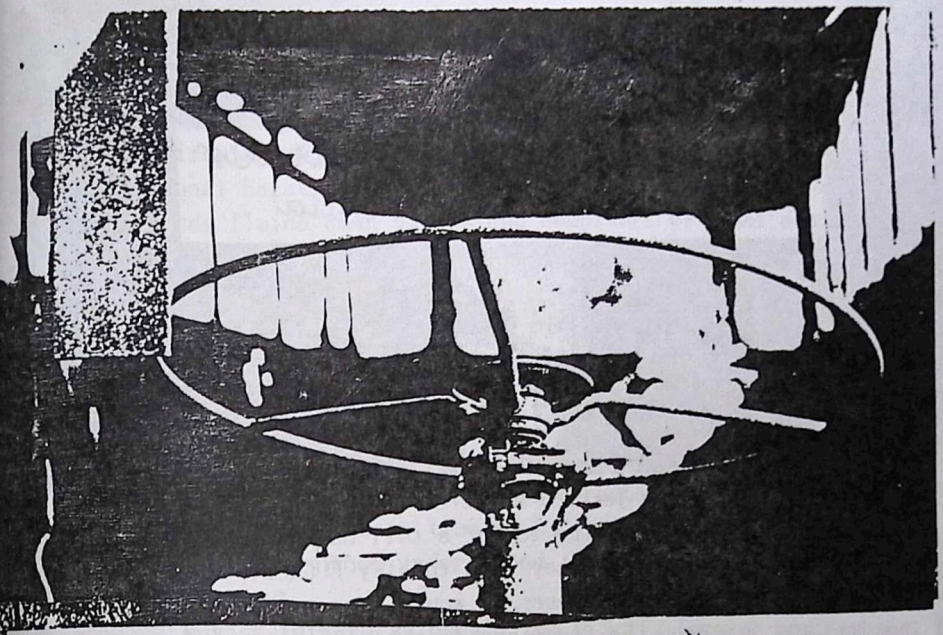


WACKY WACO ROADSIDE WONDERS

by...rat-wing pigeon

Ever since 1993, the town of Waco, Texas suddenly had another attraction other than the Dr.Pepper Museum & Free Enterprise Institute, where one could learn about the enchanting history of one of America's favorite beverages, watch a movie on the wonders & accomplishments of free-market capitalism, all the while sipping on an "original formula" Dr. Pepper that can only be bought within 40 miles of that spot. So, after listening to the wax Doctor's lecture and getting my "I" a Pepper" bumper sticker, my two friends named Steve & I ventured into town to search out the homestead of waco's other infamous character, David Koresh. Onthe way into town, passing bythe touristtourist welcom center, we thought for a hot minute that maybe they'd know,& then realizing that the compound probably isn't on the tourist circuit. Besides, asking would probably just piss the old ladies off anyway. Continuing on, we decided to get the low down on the location from the streets. We happened upon a group of hip looking kids, pulled over, & asked in a cool-guy kind of way,"hey man,you know where the Branch Davidian compound is?" One kid, with huge muscles and a tough guy smirk, which we couldn't see from the car, quickly turned around && piped, "Wha t...are you seriousYou're fuckin sick,"& then proceeded to stomp towardtoward the car. I yelled for Steve #1 to step on the gas, whisking us into safety's grip. Must be a touchy subject in thás town. If this happened in my little town nfin PA, I'd be stoked that kids were coming in to see more than our prized museum and Free Enterprise institute. Moving on, we thought that we could just drive around and figure it out ourselves. About a second later, the thought of driving aimlessly & getting lost in vast stretches of Texan plains seemed unappealing. So, we pulled into a gas station tá attempt to give the American people one last try. If asking puts our Yankee lives in danger again, then we know it's time to suck it up and give ourselves a pat on the behind for at least trying, & risking our lives for thesake of adventure. The gas station was one of those rest stop type places, inhabited mostly by locals passing the hours drinking cups of Folgers or some shit. Giving the patrons a quick glimpse over, one old man sitting by himself watching tumbleweeds pass seemed non-threatening enough, so i approached him & coyly asked,"Scuse me, but do you know where the Branch Davidian compound is?"Ifelt a thousand eyes instantly shoot at me. After a moment of hesitation, the man said in his toothless way, "yeah, make the first left, drive about 12 miles, you'll see two ladders on the right, make the next left onto Double E Ranch Road...On the left you got Johnson, the right, Koresh." Upon arrival, we were amazed to find that the directions were precise down to the two ladders, and that noone had followed us.

Pulling into the driveway we were greeted by a sign that read "congratulations! despite stolen signs, wrong directions, and miscellaneous other misinformation, YOU FOUND THE COMPOUND." Almost immediatly, an old man approached us,showed us where to park even though we were the only ones there & welcomed us to the compound. After a short intro & small talk, he cut to the chase. Lets call him Robert cause i'm terrible with names. Although not a Branch Davidian, he owns the deed to the land,& allowed Koresh and company to use it. The first thing he asked us was whether we dsaw his homemade maps in the Waco welcome center to see if the old ladies had thrown them out again. After regretting that we hadnt even tried to pick up a map, he then brought us to a display he had set up filled with pictures, articles, and writings designed to tell the real story about the events at the compound, and the gov't and BATF's role in themassacre. He appoligetically told us that this "museum" wasn't very nice & was quickly thrown together after the last one was set afire by someone when he left on vacation for a week. Shortly after the incident, a man came onto his land, and started threatening Robert,telling him



thathe better quit what he's doing or face the consequences. The man then said that he was the one who set fire to the museum. Robert then pulled out his handgun, pointed it at the guy,and called the copsto report that he had the arsonist in custody. Upon arrival, the cops immediatelyarrested Robwert on some trumped up handgun violation. That wasnt the only time he'd been arrested for some shady reason, he assured us. He then invited us to meet his wife, who was watching television in their trailor & seemed less than enthusiastic about meeting us. Seeing as we were just botering her he told us we could check out the remains of the compound, & snap some pictures if we chose. Burnt out school buses and cars lined the path leading to the ruins. I guess i was a little disappointed upon my first glanceof the compound itself, not making the connection until then that the whole place was burnt down & destroyed by the gov't. All that remained was the foundation; but it was a darn immpressive foundation, comprising of four foot thick retaining wall of solid concrete. What was once the base ment was now completely filled with water,making it resemble a swimming pool. Robert had turned the whole area into a sort of interpretational trail. Around the circumference of the foundation, he had painted several guides to help you gain context as to what you were looking at, like where gov't tanks had first entered, where the fires first started, where Koresh was fired upon by the ATF, etc. Another spot had arrows pointing to where the fbi cameras were, all 1/10 of a mile away, while the media couldn't come closer than 2 miles. Since there really wasnt much more to see, we proceede ofer to the memorialwhose gravestone-like plaque listing the m names of the victims and reading "Mount Carmel Center. on feb. 28,1993 a church and its members known as branch davidians, came under attack by ATF & FBI agents. for 51 days the davidians and their leader, david koresh stood proudly. On april 19,1993 the davidians and their church were burned to the ground. 82 people perished in the seige. 18 were children 10 years old or younger." The memorial was donated by the Northeast texas Regional Miltia of Texarcana, Tx. We then made our way back to the trailer to say our goodbyes and thanks. He told us we were welcome to pitch a tent & go fishing in the pond, " cause this is god's land, not mine." we were debating the prospect until robert helped us make our decision when he told us that the reason he carries his nine, lifting up his shirt & flab to show it to us, was because people randomly come up to the road to shoot at him. We told him that we really needed to get to dallas that nite. I hope no one ever shot him.

Gov't tanks demolished this half of the gym just before the first fire started here, ie tanks control ed first fire site.

Evidence Believed Stolen By Gov't: Old Vault Cleaning Lady [illegible]

Evidence Stolen Via Court Order: 9000 cubic feet of [illegible]

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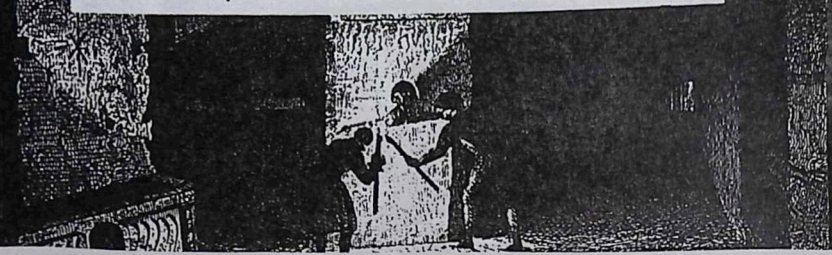
Undertaking the Undertakers with Help from a Deadicated Muckraker

compiled by rita rodentia



After reading Jessica Mitford's American Way of Death, I wanted to pole vault onto the top of a tall building and scream, "I knew it! I knew it! I knew they were totally FUCKED!" But by the great balls of green house gases, I would have never begun to imagine just how deep the fraud and deception, that envelops the death business, runs through our society. Jessica's book was first published in 1963 and sent shockwaves through the funeral industry. The book spent weeks on the NY times Best Seller list. Letters poured in, T.V. and radio were a flutter with shows about it and many documentaries were made. The funeral world was buzzing about "the Mitford syndrome", "the Mitford War Dance, "the Bomb", "the Blast", " the Fury".

Jessica reveals the funeral industry to generally be blatant bloodsuckers that pray on the grief of humans. She paints a portrait of them smarmier then they people who work at the camera repair shop in Market Square. Just get a load of this statement written in a recent stock holders report from one of the budding multi-nationals specializing in the death-care industry- "Consumers rarely comparison shop due to the infrequency of purchase, which averages once in every 14 years."

After the 1st edition of AWOD, there was an upsurge in cremation from 3.75% in 1961 to 21% in 1995. In England 72% of the people are cremated and 90% of those ashes are scattered in the ocean, countryside, or a garden of remembrance. Cremation runs about $280, which includes the chapel, the box, and the burning. What a steal! In some circles the scattering of the ashes is called BAKE AND SHAKE!

Funeral directors will have you believe that embalming is necessary for health reasons but according to pathologists and health Ministers, "embalming serves no useful purpose in preventing the transmission of communicable disease."

Ironically, the funeral industry protests OSHA's (Occupational Safety and Health Administration) standards that end dumping body fluids down sewers and dumpsters. ("Not one case of infection has been reported from the standing practice of dumping.")

John Kroshus an affiliate of U of Minnesota's mortuary science program rebutted the 1st edition of the book - with these words: "If embalming is taken out of the funeral, then viewing the body will also be lost. If viewing is lost then the body itself will not be central to the funeral. If the body is taken out of the funeral, then, what does the funeral director have to sell?"

Like little toxic time bombs, we pump bodies full of chemicals then bury them underground. Yeah. The Earth needs all the poison it can get.

Moving forward as usual, the U.S. is forever progressing. Take the Forest Lawn Memorial Park for instance. These establishments are the pinnacles of the american way of death, the fast food chain of cemeteries. There are 5 in Southern California complete with gift shop and museum containing the world's largest oil painting. You can go to a service, mourn a friend, and check out some cheesy paintings. Here is a listing of places you can be buried:

The Vale of Faith (medium priced grave plot)	$5,580
Terrace of the Brilliant Star	$10,900
Terrace of Sunlit Skies	$31,000

The piped in pop hymns and gardens are included in all of the choices. Which one do you think is closer to heaven?

There are all kinds of new fangled gadgets so human hands never come in contact with casket on its way to the memorial park. From the service, the casket is transferred from the "Classic Beauty Ultra Metal Casket Bier" to the hydraulically operated - device called the Porto Lift to a balloon tiered glide Easy Casket Carriage which will wheel it to yet another conveyance - the coach. Then into the earth with patented mechanical lowering device. With a flick of the wrist the Gordon Leak Proof Earth Dispenser - no grasping of a handful of dirt no soiled fingers.
Simple. Dignified. Beautiful. Reverent. The Modern Way.

And if that won't make you toss your cookies..how would you like to tailgate with Jesus in this little number? The York "Expressions" casket, introduced at the 1996 convention of the national Funeral Directors Association, features a smooth surface with a special coating on which those who gather may write one last farewell to the departed. The caskets come with a set of permanent markers and a memorial guide that rashly invites "those who gather" to "make their hidden thought known." (This is supposed to be marketed to disliked deceased.)

Next we have the ripping off people who suffer from a socially unacceptable disease section. During the AIDS hysteria of the early 80's most mortuaries refused to accept cases where it was believed that the dead had been exposed to AIDS; those that did accept AIDS victims refused to wash, dress or embalm the victim. The health department advised AIDS infected bodies to be treated as any other disease - with latex gloves. Legislation was in the process to forbid the discrimination and the moratorium was dropped. The few parlors that started dealing with AIDS bodies charged an arm and a leg in "handling fees" ($200 - 500) In New York, the gay Men' Health Crisis recommended only 42 out of 500 mortuaries...and when the Boston Phoenix picked up the story printing the recommended parlors, many others changed there ways and asked to be included on the list.

Anne Tompkins and Karen Leonard led a campaign to get legislation passed that would eliminate these outrageous surcharges. To prove the point Ann appeared to the legislators in a state of the art protective suit, the outfit that coroners wear when opening and dissecting bodies for autopsies - a far more invasive procedure than embalming. Ann striped her entire protective outfit down to her latex gloves while Karen explained that the gloves were the only precaution to take according to OSHA. The wholesale cost for the gloves are $2.00 per 100 pair. The bill was passed - the first such legislation dealing with the funeral industry in the nation.

In the mid 90's well over 68% of all U.S. funerals feature an open casket, a custom unknown in other parts of the world.

In 1975, after an intensive two-year study, the Federal Trade Commission's Consumer Protection Bureau announced with much fanfare a proposed "trade rule" on funeral industry practices.

So there...One more indication of how corporations are fighting and winning in the Government. Profits over people and some junk...

In 1998, a new edition came out, the American Way of Death Revisited. Of all the changes in the funeral scene over the last decades, easily the most significant is the emergence of monopolies in what the trade is please to call the "death care" industry. Leaders in the drive to upgrade and up-price funerals, the principal beneficiaries of the Federal Trade Commission's ignoble retreat, are the multinational corporations that have put their imprint on every facet of the business. Of the three publicly traded major players - Service Corporation International (SCI), the Loewen Group, and Stewart Enterprises - SCI, incorporated in 1984, is the undisputed giant. SCI's annual revenue for 1995 exceeded $1.5 billion. By 1996 its prearranged funeral revenue surpassed $2.3 billion an its prepaid cemetery sales accounted for an additional $2.5 billion. Its crowning achievement was the take over of some 15% of British funeral establishments added to its existing 9 % in the U.S. and 25% in Australia. SCI borrows from the successful techniques of McDooDoo's, where food preparation and management functions are centralized, SCI first buys up a carefully chosen selection of funeral homes, cemeteries, flower shops, and crematoria in a given metropolitan area. "Clustered" in this hive of activity are the hearses, limousines, utility cars, drivers, dispatchers, embalmers, and a spectrum of office workers from accountants to data processors, who are kept constantly busy, servicing, at vast savings, the needs of a half dozen or more erstwhile independent funeral homes. Needless to say, the savings obtained via the cluster approach are not passed on to the consumer. SCI prices have risen sharply, with a targeted increase of 30 percent. I bet if you got hired there as a funeral director they would make you watch a movie of people selling caskets. They place the caskets strategically in the show room, the "good ones" ranging from $1,595 - 2,995, the cheapo ones probably hidden in the basement somewhere. Don't be to upset...most of these corporate chains have a "no-walk" policy. So! Haggle! Haggle! Haggle!

"Cremation, which is becoming an increasingly popular option, is seen as the biggest risk to the industry."

The trade rule included:

The consumers right to choose. Existing industry practice was to quote a package price based on a multiple of the cost of the caske stating, " This includes our full range of services." The FTC rule would require itemization so that the purchaser could choose refuse such services as embalming, use of slumber room, or grief counseling, with a corresponding reduction in price for unwanted items.

Prices must be quoted over the telephone. Undertakers routinely refused to quote prices saying it was to "sensitive" to discuss over the phone...hence, luring them into their lair.

The cheapest casket must be displayed with the others.

Funeral providers would be prohibited from telling the customer tha the eternal sealer" casket will preserve the embalmed corpse for a long or indefinite time. During the 50' s and 60' s the FTC didn' do a whole lot being mostly composed of cronies recommended by politicians and hack lawyers. However, as a result of Ralph Nader' report on the FTC in the early 70' s, things changed dramatically. Nader' s report criticized the FTC for failing to carry out its mission as watchdog in the marketplace, and the protection of consumers from abusive practices. It so happened that President Nixon' s son in law, Ed Cox, was a "Nader' s Raider." He brought the report to the President, who said, somewhat testily that he could not take any action on the basis of a report by Ralph Nader, but he did agree to appoint a blue-ribbon panel of American Bar Association lawyers to examine the FTC' s performance.

The funeral industry took this as a call to arms. "It will be a costly war, declared the American Funeral Director, which described the FTC hearings as "a soviet style set piece staged by FTC." The NY State Funeral Directors Association called the rule "a threat to the American way of life" and said the FTC was "tampering with the souls of America." The Industry rallied together and lobbied their hearts out probably bribing all the way. They got 73 congressmen and 13 senators to sign resolutions condemning the FTC.

Feeling the pressure, by 1978 the FTC watered down the rule dropping 2 of the components - the rule that demanded showing of cheapest casket and another saying it was unlawful to be a pushy salesperson. From 1984 to 1995 there had been a total of 38 cases "formally" filed against directors; of those, only two had gone to trial. The average fine was 30,000.

General Price List for middle range Funeral Home

Basic services of funeral director and staff	$1,525
Transfer of remains to the funeral home	$255
Embalming; or	$370
No Embalming, refrigeration	$375
Dressing Cosmetics, casketing	$215
Use of facilities for Viewing, per day	$290
Use of facilities for Funeral Ceremony	$315
Hearse	$235
Flower Car	$85
Sedan	$115
Limo	$120
Total for services and use of premises	$3,375

To this must be added the cost of the casket - quoted by the mortuary in the $500 to $25ooo range - and the cost of the outside burial container or vault (required now by almost all cemeteries)- quoted range, $525 to $65,000.

But not to worry fellow human destined to die. Many folks have been protesting their hearts out and there are Not-for-Profit Funeral and Memorial Societies (FAMSA) in almost every state. They do area price surveys and may have negotiated a discount for members. Volunteers run most societies. You can request brochures and stuff. Call FAMSA at 1-800-765-0107 to find a group near you or look 'em up on the web. www.funerals.org/famsa/chains/htm. The website has a database which lists all the corporately owned parlors. In Pittsburgh you can reach the FAMSA at 412-621-4740 or give 'em a visit at 605 Morewood Ave. in Oakland.

Other books by Jessica Mitford include:
The American Way of Birth (to be reviewed for next RATBAG)
Kind and Unusual Punishment: The Prison Business
The Gentle Art of Muckraking
Daughters and Rebels
The Trial of Dr. Spock
Faces of Philip: A memoir of Philip Toynbee

A sooper big thump of the chest goes out to you Jessica...
...i loves me some muckraking

OUT WITH THE OLD		IN WITH THE NEW
handle CORPSE	———	PREPARE BODY
BODY	———	REMAINS
Funeral	———	SERVICE
CORPSE / BODY	———	NAME OF PERSON
MORGUE	———	PREPERATION ROOM
COFFIN	———	CASKET
UNDERTAKER	———	Funeral DIRECTOR/MORTICIAN
SHOW ROOM	———	REPOSING ROOM
STILL BORN	———	baby / INFANT
grave yard / CEMETERY	———	memorial park
DEAD	———	DECEASED
HEARSE	———	COACH
SHIPPING BOX	———	CASE
FLOWER TRUCK	———	Flower CAR
CREMAINS	———	ASHES
DIG -n- Fill (grave)	———	open -n- close
SHROUD	———	clothing DRESS SUIT
COST OF CASKET	———	INVESTMENT OF SERVICE
PARLOR	———	DRAWING ROOM
DEATH CERTIFICATE	———	VITAL STATISTICS FORM
JOB	———	CALL
DIE	———	EXPIRED
HAUL	———	TRANSFER

BOUGHT THE FARM. PUSHIN' UP DAISYS. SLIPPED AWAY. ON PERMANENT HOLODECK DUTY. TRADED TO THE ANGELS. LONG TRIP. MOVED TO UPPER MANAGEMENT. SLEEPS WITH THE FISHES. BIT THE BULLET. DONE DRUNK YOUR LAST 6 PAK. NEGATIVE PATIENT OUTCOME. THE BIG 'D'. MET YOUR MAKER. BIT THE DUST CASHED IN YOUR CHIPS. LAY DOWN U'R KNIFE -n- FORK

...So all this talk of death sent me searching for information of the way other folks on this fine globe go about dying. The following are some of the most interesting tales I came across. Please note I'm highlighting the aspects most interesting to myself, which I've taken from a book the size of a hand doing sign language for the letter C.

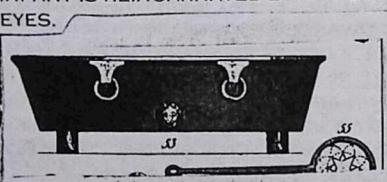
The first folks I came across were the Zoroastrians. This was a common religion before the conversion to Mohammedanism. There may be 105,000 of these believers left on the planet but the book I read came out in the 60's, so who knows. The majority of these folks reside in India and Persia. Zoroastrians believe that a dead body gives off a malignant magnetic field so noone save the funeral servants or body bearers are allowed within a circle that is drawn around the dead. The face is not to be turned toward the north for that is where the demons come. A glance of a dog is supposed to frighten demons away. Frequently a dog is led in the funeral procession and sometimes scraps of food are thrown around the body so mongrels creep in and eat food off of the body itself. Zoroastrians believe earth, fire, and water have a basic purity which the burial, cremation, or putrification of the body would contaminate. In larger communities bodies are left in the "tower of silence" for scavengers and in smaller communities they are left on remote mountains or hills.

In Nigeria there lives a non-Christian tribe called the Yaruba's. When small children die they partially bury them by crumbling lumps of earth or throwing them in bushes. These children are called Abiku or "ones that are born to die" and are thought to join company wondering demons.

All of the body hair and nail clippings of the Dahomeons living in West Africa are to be wrapped in cloth and burned with the dead. They hold a deathwatch, lest anyone secure some charm from the body — a hair, a bit of cloth, or moisture from the mouth, and thus capture the soul of the deceased to use for necromantic practices.

The Ovimbundu of Angola in West Africa believe the human body is animated by the breath of life and contains a soul or spirit. During the daytime the soul clings as a shadow but at night it wonders apart reporting adventures through dreams. This sentiment is my mantra....I love believing in the reality of the dreamtime. Anyway, when death occurs with suspicion, the Ovimbundu prepare the body in a box and attach it to a pole. As two bearers carry the box to the burial place the movements of the coffin are taken to have meaning. When it swings forward it's understood to answer affirmative when backward it's negative. "Who ate you?" - that is killed you - the bystanders ask. "Was it so and so?", and thus guilt or innocence is established. If by its movements the body gives no clear answer divination is needed. Generally the guilty person is discovered within kinship group.

In ChanKom, a Mayan village in Mexico, they believe when a good person dies their soul goes to "Gloria, whose gate is guarded by St. Peter". Other less clean souls go to purgatory, to be burned white so that they may enter Gloria. The souls of the wicked go nowhere near Gloria but to ?Metnal - the underworld to keep company with the demons. Suicides are to be buried face down as to head them in the right direction. Certain wicked souls, who are changed into animals, may someday gain release and go to Gloria. Sooner or later all souls return to earth as human babies. God does not have enough souls to repopulate the earth indefinitely. You can tell if a newborn infant is reincarnated by an abundance of hair or unusually bright eyes.



Baganda of Uganda

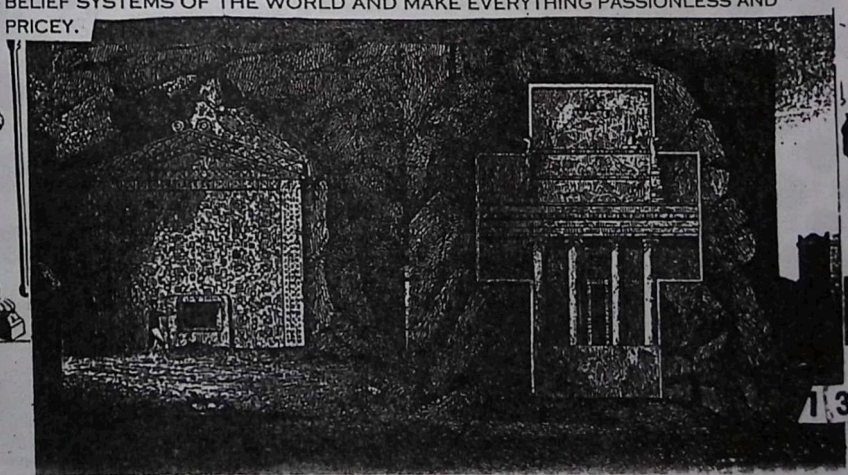
The Baganda believe death follows when a ghost cannot be propitiated or god summons a spirit to leave the body. Death results from magic rather than natural causes. One of the favorite methods of a medicine man in attempt to heal the dying is to try to transfer the illness to some animal. If a person has died because of black magic, the nose will bleed and there will be markings on the neck or pimples. If a local person is accused they must undergo trial by ordeal. If a king dies they squeeze all the liquid out and cleanse with beer. Intestines are put back and all fluids are carefully hoarded and drunk by the widow and chiefs of guard who serve as embalmers.

As many of you Mexico enthusiasts already know in general Mexican mournin' customs follow catholic tradition. November 1st is All Saints Day and Nov. 2nd is all souls day-the day of the dead. The poor set tables with fruit and even entire meals in their homes in belief that the dead will return to eat the foods they loved most during their lifetime. All souls day is the official day for visiting cemeteries but people gather the night before. (Saints Day) So wreaths, crosses, bouquets, decorated the graves of their dead. People may set up tables of cakes, candles in the form of skulls and other "morbid" imagery. The centerpiece of the table is a real skull in a bowl of holy water. Everyone's wearing black and eating off black plates, cups and bowls. A traveler describes, " The whole city is given over to death. Feasting in cemeteries, gleaming gay skulls glimmering white with splendid gold trim. Everywhere there are dancing skeletons. One cannot open a newspaper without seeing skulls of famous men. From the president on down they're pictured with fleshless grins, and someone writes very nasty epitaphs of them. These are the days not only for pious religious observances, but also for morbid joys and gruesome delights.

Santee Sioux of the Dakota

Santee's believe the body has four souls. Two of which were to be served by the old Sioux funeral rites. One soul would never leave the dead body or the vicinity in which death occurred. Another soul set out at the moment of death on a four-day journey to the land of the spirits. These two souls possessed a ghost like nature and require propitiation. If the mourners failed to appease them by sacrifices, feasts, gifts, and respectful conduct, the soul of the body would haunt the family and the tribe, and the traveling soul would not set out on it's journey but remain behind to become a nuisance. Angry ghosts were believed to have the power to frighten fish & game and to entice children to follow them into the hereafter. The Dakotas thought of the next life very similar to this. Only in the world to come work was reduced and pleasure increased, and the old became young again. They did not believe in a hereafter of punishment. Whatever retribution sin produced fell inevitable and heavy upon the living. When alerted of friends or relatives death they broke into loud wailing tore off their garments and mutilated themselves (i.e. chopped joint from finger) run knives along forearms and thighs until covered with blood. Women mourning husbands or child would gash shoulder or breast. Normally, taking pride in hair - they would cut to shoulder or ear and refuse to comb it. Chief mourners refused to wash until an enemy from hostile tribe was killed or there was a feast in honor of dead relative. Throws of grief sometimes became violent. One man would make a daring solitary raid into hostile country, while another would commit suicide so that this spirit might join that of his child on the hard journey into the afterlife. For burial the body is placed in buffalo or deerskin, with a seam running head to foot. For a year or more the body is set up for an air burial- a platform is built or trees used.

Unfortunately, due to spiritual imperialism many of these fascinating rituals are becoming less common, less colorful, less musical, and less interesting. Go Missionaries! Way to homogenize the belief systems of the world and make everything passionless and pricey.



ANOMALOUS DEATH.

Presentiment, or divination of approaching death, appearing to be a hypothetic allegation, has been established as a strong factor in the production of a fatal issue in many cases in which there was every hope for a recovery. In fact several physicians have mentioned with dread the peculiar obstinacy of such presentiment. Hippocrates, Romanus, Moller, Richter, Jordani, and other older writers speak of it. Montgomery[a] reports a remarkable case of a woman suffering from carcinoma of the uterus. He saw her on October 6, 1847, when she told him she had a strong presentiment of death on October 28th. She stated that she had been born on that day, her first husband had died on October 28th, and she had married her second husband on that day. On October 27th her pulse began to fail, she fell into a state of extreme prostration, and at noon on the 28th she died. In substantiation of the possibility of the influence of presentiment Montgomery cites another case in which he was called at an early hour to visit a lady, the mother of several children. He found her apparently much agitated and distressed, and in great nervous excitement over a dream she had had, in which she saw a handsome monument erected by some children to their mother. She had awakened and became dreadfully apprehensive, she could not tell as to what. The uneasiness and depression continued, her pulse continued to grow weak, and she died at twelve that night without a struggle. Andrews[b] has made several observations on this subject, and concludes that presentiment of death is a dangerous symptom, and one which should never be overlooked. One of his cases was in a man with a fractured leg in the Mercy Hospital at Pittsburg. The patient was in good health, but one day he became possessed of a cool, quiet, and perfectly clear impression that he was about to die. Struck with his conviction, Andrews examined his pulse and general condition minutely, and assured the patient there was not the slightest ground for apprehension. But he persisted, and was attacked by pneumonia three days later which brought him to the verge of the grave, although he ultimately recovered. In another instance a young man of ruddy complexion and apparent good health, after an operation for varicocele, had a very clear impression that he would die. Careful examination showed no reason for apprehension. After five or six days of encouragement and assurance, he appeared to be convinced that his reasoning was foolish, and he gave up the idea of death. About the ninth day the wound presented a healthy, rosy appearance, and as the patient was cheerful he was allowed to leave his bed. After a few hours the nurse heard the noise of labored breathing, and on investigation found the patient apparently in a dying condition. He was given stimulants and regained consciousness, but again relapsed, and died in a few moments. At the necropsy the heart was found healthy, but there were two or three spots of extravasated blood in the brain, and evidences of cerebral congestion. Vos[a] remarks that he remembers a case he had when dressing for Mr. Holden at St. Bartholomew's Hospital: "A man who had been intemperate was rolling a sod of grass, and got some grit into his left palm. It inflamed; he put on hot cow-dung poultices by the advice of some country friends. He was admitted with a dreadfully swollen hand. It was opened, but the phlegmonous process spread up to the shoulder, and it was opened in many places, and at last, under chloroform, the limb was amputated below the joint. The stump sloughed, and pus pointing at the back of the neck, an opening was again made. He became in such a weak state that chloroform could not be administered, and one morning he had such a dread of more incisions that, saying to us all standing round his bed, 'I can bear it no more, I must now die,' he actually did die in a few minutes in our presence. His was the last arm that Mr. Holden ever amputated at St. Bartholomew's."

[a] 308, 1857, n. s., vol. iv., 18.

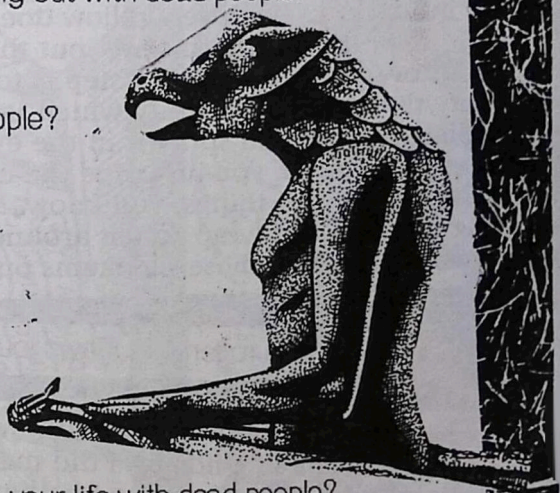
[b] 526, 1872.

[a] 224, 1895, ii., 460.

Welcome to another RatBag Interview

OH YEAH, WELL, MY FRIEND, LAURIE (RHYMES WITH SORRY) BRINKER (RHYMES WITH STINKER) IS A MORTICIAN.

Rita Rodentia: I heard you hang out with dead people.



Laurie Brinker: Yes I do.

What do you do with dead people?

I transport them, I.....

It's your job?

Yes.....

You embalm them?

Yes....

Can you give me like a day in your life with dead people?

We'll recently we've been pretty dead. (excuse the pun) There was a time when, you know, we were getting multiple calls a day. A call is what we call in the funeral home when a death comes in..hmmm...a day in the life... I would get to the funeral home about 8 o'clock in the morning. I'd make sure I was not wearing to good of clothes..whatever I found in the wash...put on my personal protective equipment which for me only consists of 2 layers of latex gloves and a gown but it should consist of a mouthguard, goggles, hairnet, footies on your shoes..

So you put on your scrubs...and you go to the hospital?

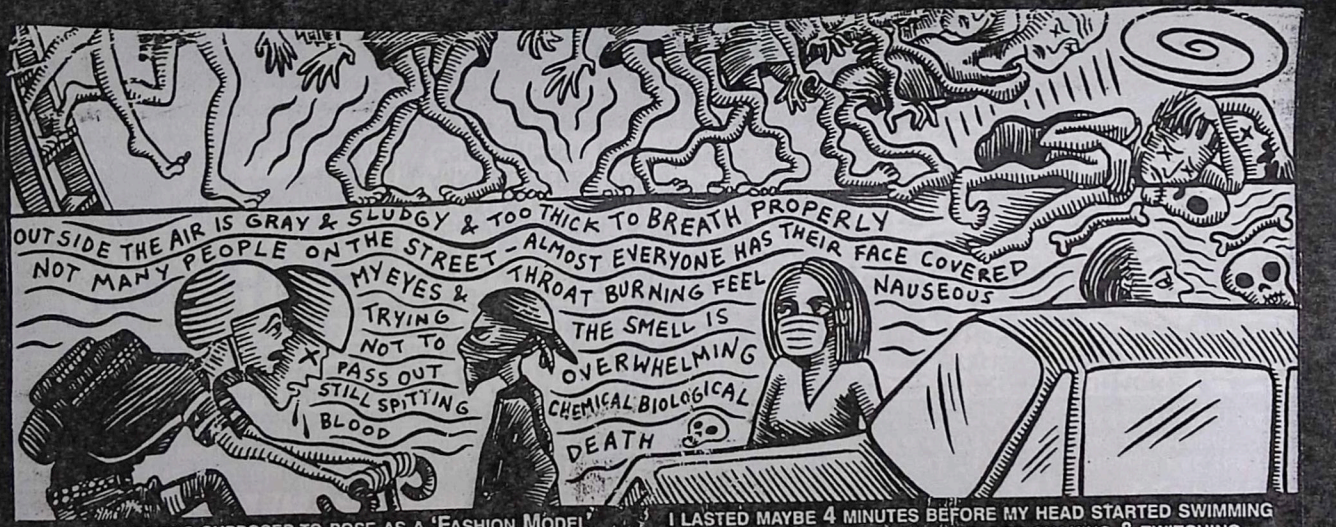
Yes. We do go to the hospital to pick them up, however, when we go to the hospital we get all dressed up in our green jacket and fancy pants. Anytime we pick a body up we always look professional every person wears the same thing. We use a green mini-van for removals cuz it's less conspicuous than a hearse. A lot of people are using suburbans now. We take the body out of the van and bring them into the funeral home and put them on a table. Sometimes, if they are from the hospital they will be in a body bag. If we had picked them up from home they would be in their clothing. We remove their clothing and set them into position. We have to set them into position because if we don't they will go into rigimortis. We use head blocks because a pillow doesn't really hold the head up in the casket and arms..we put the arms up (she folds hands over belly). The first step is to wash the body and spray the face with dispray which is very concentrated kind of disinfectant. You spray it in the eyes, nose and mouth. Then with cotton, you just wipe the eyes out cuz they'll get little crusties and things, you know. Next you use forceps or long tweezers and wrap cotten around those and go up the nose..got to get all those snookums out..

{rita rodentia guffaws loudly}

I've gone into one person's house, most of our calls come from hospitals or nursing homes. I did make one home removal and it's really emotional cuz the families right there. You gotta be careful what you do. You don't want to drop any bodies.

Do you go into people's houses like that?

The mouth is actually the grossest part. Especially if they are from a nursing home, your gonna find like last tuesdays tuna surprise back there and you got to dig it out and just get it nice and clean. Then after the face is clean there are some feature settings you have to do. Because as the body stiffens through embalming, the features on the face set howerever they are. That's when you insert the eye caps...little plastic half circle things that go under the eyes to keep the shape they are. The eyes will sink relativey deep. You super glue the lids - just put a little bit of glue on there to keep them shut. Now the mouth is a different story. The mouth needs to be


OUTSIDE THE AIR IS GRAY & SLUDGY & TOO THICK TO BREATH PROPERLY
NOT MANY PEOPLE ON THE STREET - ALMOST EVERYONE HAS THEIR FACE COVERED
MY EYES & THROAT BURNING FEEL
TRYING NOT TO PASS OUT
STILL SPITTING BLOOD
THE SMELL IS OVERWHELMING
CHEMICAL BIOLOGICAL DEATH
NAUSEOUS

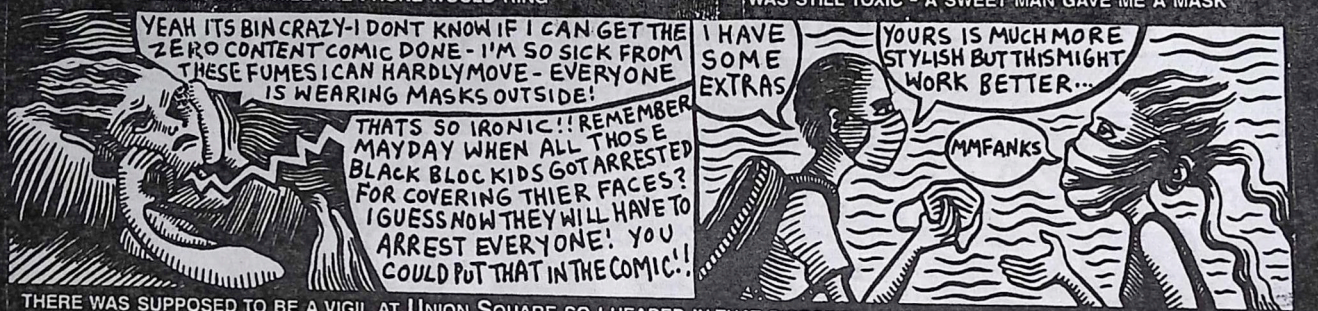
AT WORK I WAS SUPPOSED TO POSE AS A 'FASHION MODEL' SINCE I WAS SICK THEY LET ME SIT DOWN

I LASTED MAYBE 4 MINUTES BEFORE MY HEAD STARTED SWIMMING AROUND & I LANDED ON THE FLOOR SHAKING & TWITCHING

RIDING MY BIKE HOME THRU A DESPARATE PANIC OF PATRIOTISM - AMERICAN FLAGS EVERYWHERE - PEOPLE PUTTING UP POSTERS FOR MISSING LOVED ONES - I SAW A GUY IN A SPRAY PAINT SHIRT THAT SAID 'BOMB AFGHANISTAN' - IT WAS QUITE WEIRD & CREEPY

AT HOME ALL I COULD DO WAS CRAWL INTO BED WITH ICE ON MY SWOLLEN FACE - I COULD HARDLY MOVE FOR HOURS ONCE IN A WHILE THE PHONE WOULD RING

FINALLY I WAS ABLE TO GET UP - I REALLY HAD THE URGE TO GET OUTSIDE & FIND OUT WHAT WAS HAPPENING - THE AIR WAS STILL TOXIC - A SWEET MAN GAVE ME A MASK


YEAH ITS BIN CRAZY-I DONT KNOW IF I CAN GET THE ZERO CONTENT COMIC DONE - I'M SO SICK FROM THESE FUMES I CAN HARDLY MOVE - EVERYONE IS WEARING MASKS OUTSIDE!
THATS SO IRONIC!! REMEMBER MAYDAY WHEN ALL THOSE BLACK BLOC KIDS GOT ARRESTED FOR COVERING THIER FACES? I GUESS NOW THEY WILL HAVE TO ARREST EVERYONE! YOU COULD PUT THAT IN THE COMIC!!
I HAVE SOME EXTRAS
YOURS IS MUCH MORE STYLISH BUT THIS MIGHT WORK BETTER...
MMFANKS

THERE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A VIGIL AT UNION SQUARE SO I HEADED IN THAT DIRECTION - THERE WERE POSTERS OF THE MISSING & YELLOW RIBBONS & FLOWERS - PEOPLE SEEMED SAD & SUBDUED - INSECURE - EVERYONE WAS BEING SO VERY CAREFUL & NICE

sutured or wired shut to prevent it opening. There is a tool called the needle injector. It's a metal spike on the end of a long thin wire. You insert the end of it into the mouth and inject it way up into the gums. The little spike goes down into the gums as far as it can possibly go. You yank on it a little bit to make sure it's not gonna come out. You do that to both gums and squeeze the mouth together and twist the wires around each other, just like you're tying a garbage bag. Then you cut the extra wire and tuck the remaining wire neatly back down into the teeth.

Scandelous!

Yes. If the cheeks are sunken you'd use a plastic mouth former. It's a little bit bigger than your mouth. It looks like clown lips but it's clear and has holes in it and little spikes just to hold it in place.

So are there different forms for different peoples face shapes?

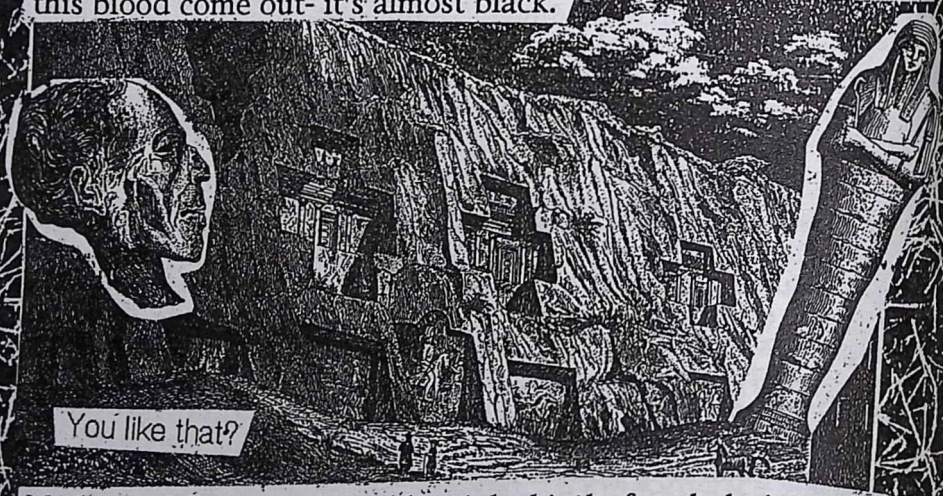
No. Actually, they all come standard in one size and shape. I think you can get small, medium and large. Usually, we'll just cut them down to size, it's the same with the eye caps. Some people have smaller eyes so you would need to just trim the eye caps. After you have the mouth former in you do the same thing as before with a little bit of glue - However, the glue usually doesn't come until after embalming because during embalming liquids like to come out of the mouth. If there is glue on the mouth the liquids can't come out and they start collecting a lot of gas.....in their heads and that's not good. So, you wanna leave the lips alone until after embalming..you'll purge a little bit otherwise and we've have a couple of those cases, there not really nice - you just keep squeezing the cheeks and there like..(Laurie makes noises uh..bleah...uh...bleah) It's nasty.

Ok. So after you do that your face is all set and your good. You make your incision with a scalpel on the right clavicle (pointing to collar bone) You make a slit. Then you would get the aneurism hook...a long hook with a little grasper on it and that's how you seperate all the muscle from the artery from the veins..your aiming for the right arterey and the jugular vein. You want to raise those two. The goal here is to inject

the embalming fluid into the artery and the blood pumps out through the vein.

Oh! So your squirtin' the blood out of the body.

Yeah. The circulatory system is a complete circle. What goes in eventually comes out..the more fluid in, the more blood out. The way we do it we just put in a long set of forceps to open the vein up to make room for clots, if you have a clot you won't have any drainage and it will start to swell with all the fluid. So you put in the forceps and let them set. As you start embalming- actually when you first cut the vein you'll see all this blood come out- it's almost black.



Mmhmm. When you have the right kind of embalming table- the metal one. Water is constantly running on the table, pushing everything down the drain. It's handy...you can pick up the hose and squirt people off. Have you ever seen a really pretty piece of stained glass? As the blood is flowing down the table it looks like red swirled stained glass. It is so pretty. When I was in morturary school I used stand there staring at the blood flowing. That is so beautiful - the swirls it makes. After you get the blood going you raise the artery which is right next to the vein. It's pretty easy to find the artery, it looks like a big fettecini noodle. You clean off the outer covering of the artery - there is all kinds of mesh in there. You get your aneurism hook and you raise it up and you take a little pair of scissors and put a little slit in it. Then by this point you've made your embalming fluid which usually consists of fermaldahide, strigent agents and dyes.

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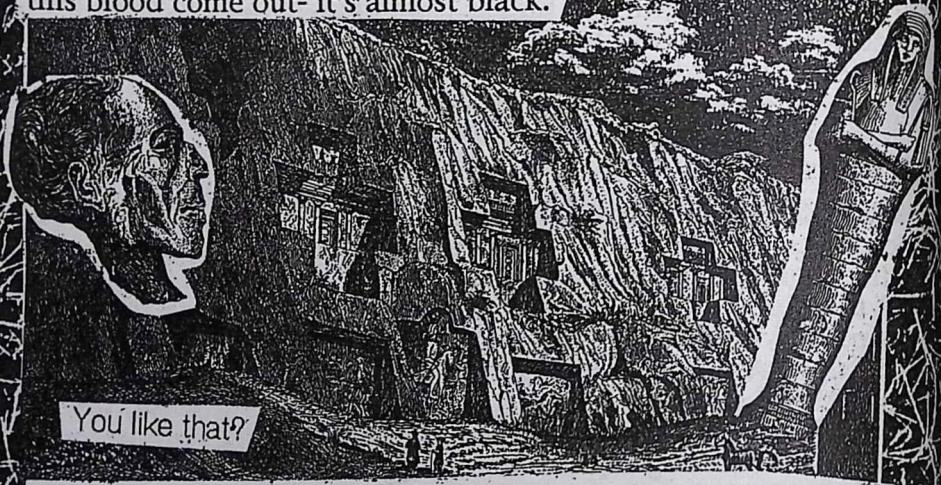

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Pink dye is put in so you can see where the fluid is going. All of this is mixed with water. 8 ounces per 50 pounds of person. Your embalming machine is ready to go and it's hooked up to a hose. It has this little instrument on the end that's shaped like a boomerang this tube will take the fluid from the hose and put it directly into the arteries. You turn on the embalming machine and it hums away. There are rates of flow and pressure on the embalming machine, so you can do it really really fast or really really slow. Sometimes you want to do it slow if they start to swell. You want to start out slow and see how there body is taking the fluid and see how much blood is coming out. In a normal case the blood comes out and the fluid goes. While the fluid is being pumped into the body you wanna take the arms and you stretch them out to get rid of rigormortis. Embalming fluid is a preservative and what it does is break down the protiens in your body and freezes them. That's why you have the stiffness. That's what your kinda going for the stiffness so you know the body is embalmed and you know it's not going to decompose over night.

So then you have to sew their neck back up?

mmHmmm. After everything is completed and you think they look good. You disconnect the machine. There is a second part to the embalming process, it's called aspiration. This long hollow tube is hooked up to a hose and up to a sink. There is a valve on the sink that sucks everything out. You insert it 2 inches below and 2 inches to the left of the bellybutton. You cram it up as far as you can into the neck. Alot of fluid and blood will collect up into the neck, where you were just cutting the artery. You want to drain this out for the purpose of gas again. The more gas the the body has in it the faster it will decompose. You make sure you hit the heart, you get a lot of blood out of the heart. You look down in the sink and you can see everything coming out...that's how you know where you are. The lungs are very, very interesting because you can tell if they were a smoker. I hit one lung on a smoker one time and it was just straight piss yellow.

ooooohhhh

For such a long time...I kept hittin it and it was just piss yellow. So you can tell if they were a smoker or not. It's

scarey if you are a smoker cause your lookin' at it like..hmm that's what's in my body. Next, you hit the spleen, the bladder, the stomach. You can even see them start to suck up. Their skin will shrivel up a little. That's a really good sign cause you know everything is going to condense and get really hard. Then you put a trocar button in that hole you just made. Then you take a trocar which is like a little screw. You just kind of screw it in. That's pretty much the end of the embalming process, although, after you aspirate once, if you do it in the afternoon one day and you go back the next day or even 5 hours, later you can still get some stuff out. A lot of people like to do that as a back up - a lot of fluids can collect. After you do that you are ready to dress them and cosmostize them.

Does the family pick out the outfit?

Usually the family picks out the clothes. All your clothes are sliced up the back, except for the pants. All those men's fancy suits. I've seen people go out and buy suits for their husbands and it's like hhhhm you just spent $380. I guess they know it's for burial purposes anyway - but? Not too many people know that we cut it right up the back. I have this funny story. I once put a woman's shirt on backwards. I cut it up the wrong side. It had this weird tie collar and these weird buttons and I thought the buttons went in the front..luckily the family didn't notice.

Were you freaking out?

I didn't tell anyone about it in case the family didn't notice - cuz it didn't look bad..it was one of those weird silk, early 80's, old woman kind of shirts. The family didn't say a word. Nobody noticed. I was like shwoooo. So we dress 'em. Everybody always wears underwear, if the family doesn't provide them we have some.

Why?

Dignity. Although if they bury me in my underwear I'm gonna be pretty damn pissed. I dont wear them.

(laughter)

So don't try to put that shit on me. Uhmmm. All women get put in pantyhose which I think is disturbing too cuz I have to work in pantyhose. If I have to think of myself spending eternity in a pair of pantyhose that would just kill me.

Why? Just dignity again? Weird! That's so U.S.....

Exactly Exactly.

Pantyhose? Like who gives a Fuck? an F?

The weird thing about the funeral home I work for and dressing and putting the pantyhose on...a lot of times we use these things called cover-alls they are plastic legs..just like leggings...and you pull them up and they are these white plastic things and you are putting pantyhose over them..so they are krinkly and way to big for this person..your thinking, this looks horrible...she's in these plastic leggings? Anyway, they have a good purpose. People shit themselves a lot and you can tell right away. It's really nasty. So they protect against that. You throw a little embalming powder on which is just embalming fluid in the powder form in there and it just takes care of it all.

So what kind of reactions do you get when people see their loved ones? I know when I've seen my friends at viewings they never look like my friends. They always have way too much make-up on and of course,..they're dead so they aren't looking very natural.

That's true. Although most of the people I have seen have looked pretty natural. They just recently let me start doing make-up myself and I think it works out pretty good. A lot of times they want you to use the same color lipstick on every woman and it's called orchid or lilac and it's so unappealing. There is this lipstick called natural man that you put on men. I think it looks very, very artificial on men, but, I've put it on women. Especially the older ones...they just looked so natural. They don't need all that lipstick and blush. There was a funeral director I knew who got his make-up supply from his trashy girlfriend, who was 20 years younger than he was, it was bright red lipstick and blue eyeshadow...oh he was so tacky. But, I think it's very important the way the make-up is, so I tend to pay a lot attention to make sure they do look natural. The family will provide a picture and a lot of times the funeral directors or embalmers won't even look at the picture. I guess after awhile you've just been doing it so long, you get desensitized.

So you went to mortuary school? How old are you? How did you get interested in all this?

I am 22. It's just something I've been interested in since I was 13. It just crossed my mind. I was very weird.

Were you a goth?

Uhmm - borderline. I was too sheltered to be goth. My parents were very strict with me. I love them now, they're great, I love them.

That happens...

Yeah. It totally does. I was different then anyone in my class. I was called a freak cuz I wore black. I was rebellious.

Do you remember what made all this cross your mind?

Not really. I think it was just the stage I was in at that time. I was writing a lot of dark poetry. I was very dark and wore dark red lipstick and tried to paint my eyes black which my mom hated. As the months and years passed, I went through so many stages...Oh I wanna be this I wanna be that...and then I decided I wanted to go to the California University of

Pennsylvania for art. I was there for 2 years and became disinterested in the program after the first year. So during that last year- I was like..ok..I gotta get outta here..I gotta do something else, this programs falling apart. So I applied and got accepted to WVU for textile design. After I went to visit the school, I think I was having christmas or thanksgiving with my grandparents. My grandma was like, didn't you want to be a mortician? It was like this light bulb went off over my head. I was like YEAH! YES I DO!

Yes! Grandma! Yes!

I got all this energy and I was so psyched and the next day Iwas on the phone with the mortuary school, requested an application, they sent it to me, I applied. I went through all the stuff…you had to get references.

So how old were you when you started?

Uhhhhhmmm. 20. I had just turned 20. It's a very tough program.

Where is it located?

5808 Baum Blvd., in Pittsburgh. You can get your diploma in embalming or funeral directing in 12 months or you can opt for the ASB Program which is the Associate in Specialized business, which I did. You go an extra four months to make it 16 months long, and you get an associates. The last semester you learn business stuff but all through your rigorous 12 months you learn psychology, pathology, microbiology, organic chemistry, embalming…you have to learn all the different religions and the different funeral types…the history of death. My favorite class was grief psychology. It taught you about the main psychologists and therapists who study grief and their theories. There are 6 or so stages of grief…the anger, the denial…my teacher was wonderful, she lives in Maine.

What were the other students like?

Some of them, not the majority were children of funeral directors. They had it made, however, most of us didn't have any background – we were going with it on a whim. When people ask me why I went to mortuary school, I say

curiousity. Basically, when I think about it it's like this is all the stuff I've ever wanted to know.. plus. I'm not saying it's a bad reason to go into it. Everybody was real cool...We had class parties and drank and a lot of people got high. Funeral directors are weird people.

We're they young kids like you?

They range from directly out of highschool to...we had a retired postal worker in my class who was 55..very very cool dude. The vast majority are under age of 30. We actually started with 81 students in my class..

Woah that's a lot..

It is.. After the first trimester it thinned out a lot and we graduated with 30. So we lost a good bit of the class...

Well it sounds tough like you have to learn all about the medicines.

Yeah and the laws. Business law was a tough class.

So what was your experience with your first dead body? You seem kinda nonchalant about working with dead bodies. Did you have to work yourself up to that?

I really did. Prior to going to mortuary school, I have never had and experience where someone close to me has died..no grandparents no friends. Maybe that was why it was so intriguing to me. I remember the day we went over with my embalming orientation class. We walked over to the prep room as a class and crammed in. It was so stuffy and I was so nervous. I had been drinking the night before. I was nauseous and queezy and here it is all warm and I'm wobbling back and forth and we're going in to see a half disected amputee laying on the table.....an amputee is nothing to me now but when you've never seen a dead body...your like there's a guy and he's dead and he's got no leg... And there's a weird smell that I had never smelled before..YIKES.. We crowded around the table and took the sheet off. He was yellow and shiny. He probably died of some liver disease. ...definately jaundiced. He was disected , showing his thoraxic and his abdominal region, layered away. So you peel the skin back and then the muscle. I was going to be sick. I

was really freaked out. About a month later we had to divide up into teams…groups of four…the bodies come mostly from the coroner's office…unidentified and autopsies…some funeral homes would send them over. My first experience was a little old person. It was simple. It was weird.i stepped back a lot and watched…afraid to do anything.

How often do you work?

I'm full time now. I just got my papers from the stated board. I'm now officially an intern with a license. I do work everyday from 9 – 5. We are having a slow time now, so I'm doing a lot of office work…looking up records on people's relatives. I live above a funeral home in Duquesne. We had 7 calls last year, so, it's not very busy, which is good. I lived above a main funeral home before and people are always there. You can't blast your stereo. I like where I am now though.

Do they pay your rent?

Yeah..It's a good deal and I don't have to answer the phones all the time.

So you were telling me your funeral home is all green?

Yes. This is not typical of your average funeral parlor. Our color is green. We all wear green blazers….which is good. If you go to a funeral and it's really crowded and your looking for a directory you can find them easy. The hearses are green. Kind of a mint, alpine green. The jackets are forest green.

(ha ha) You gave me a bunch of papers and the copies are green.

Yes. The toner is green. We write with green pens. They like the green. They're known too. This place has been around for 160 years, one of the oldest businesses in the area.

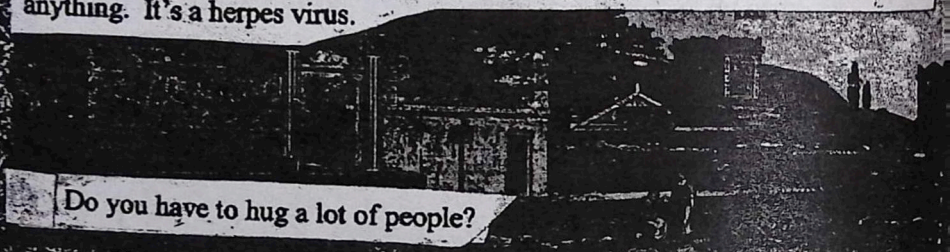
You gave me these green copies of a newsletter called the Funeral Monitor. What are they all about?

Well, it just has news of the industry and little stories. Like in one there is a story of this funeral director in Massachusettes, who dropped a week-old, dead body on a front porch because

the family didn't pay the cremation fee. So this women comes home from the grocery store to find her husbands body on the porch. The most recent issue had instructions on how to deal with an Anthraxed body. Nothing really different then the usual procedure but we are supposed to display the rules about Anthrax.

Do you ever hear of people getting diseases from dead bodies?

You now, I actually think I got Epsteinbarr from a dead person. It's the virus that carries mono. Although I've never had mono, it stays dormant until I'm under great stress and then all of a sudden I'm sleeping for 28 hours. It will go away eventually. You become really lethargic, ..you don't want to do anything. It's a herpes virus.



Do you have to hug a lot of people?

Not really, but sometimes you want to…especially if it's a widow who's quite elderly and you know her husbands just died. After the funeral you walk them down the steps..you give'em a hug or squeeze their arm. They really appreciate it…and I'm not a hugger…but you know they are going to hug you back and it makes you feel good.

Do you witness what they taught you in school about the stages of people mourning?

Pretty much..it seems like they go into stages of belief and disbelief. Sometimes they will be ok and talking to people and a lot of times they will turn away and have their moment.

Do you find you are sad more? Has it affected you in your personal life?

I think so. One thing I've noticed that I dislike is that I question the morality of the people around me. I'm not so concerned with myself dying. To know that I'm going to have to mourn my loved ones eventually, really brings me down sometimes. I don't like to think about it but I can't help it.

I think about it all the time. When I really, really love one of my friends...It's weird and rather morbid but I'll reach this pinnacle of admiration for someone and I'm like fuck..what will I do without this person.

Yeah it's tough. I don't know if I'll be strong enough to get through it. I think that loosing some one you love is the worst thing...like how will you get over that.

Well according to your text book there is 6 different stages of grief...(laughter)

Closure...you definately need closure.

Have you ever fucked up a body?

Yeah. We had this one case, it was really sad with this young guy. I think he was about 35. He had stomach cancer and he was very, very jaundiced. He was bright yellow. We have a special fluid that can help with that, but, you cannot use it with this other type of fluid. I think the embalmer put a little bit of the wrong fluid in when it was time to do his head. We walked in the next morning and his whole head was bright green. After we put make-up on he just looked grey. However the family new that he was sick and discolored.

So did you do a closed casket?

No, it was open. It was sad..he had lost so much wait and looked nothing like his pictures. I was told that this one friend of his walked into the funeral home looking for his friend and the host was like that's him. He hadn't realized how much he had changed. It was sad.

So you were saying you wanted to start a crematorium?

Yeah, I think cremation is definately the way to go.

Why?

Space..

You would start your own business?

Well, I heard it would be upwards of 300 grand to get your liscense and everything. It would be hard. Unless I went into a partnership with someone, it will be a long way off.

Do you get a lot of instructions from people's wills?

Yeah. We had a women recently who wanted to be cremated without embalming or visitation and we honered her request.

I was wondering if my friend died and I wanted to bury them in my backyard, would that be kosher with The Man?

Well, after a body is cremated there's really no risk of disease or anything.

So the body would have to be cremated?

I don't think you would be allowed to just bury someone in your back yard because of health and sanitation reasons. Cremains are a different story. The body is a tricky thing because the body is property and after you cremate them it's not.

The body is property? of whom?

Next of kin I think. It's a weird kind of property.

So how much does it cost to die - the cheapest of the cheap? Going through a funeral director?

Well, I don't think a lot of people make arrangements for the death. Old people yeah, but young people don't really plan to die.

So I was just wondering what the prices were..how much it costs to die...cremation is cheaper right?

Way cheaper. Unless you have a visitation which would run about equal, your not paying for the embalming or the casket or services. You don't have to go with a funeral director. There is a cremation society of Pennsylvania. I'm not sure all the logistics of it but there are ways of going around using funeral directors.

Do people take ashes home? What's the price of the little nooks or the grave?

Lot's of people take ashes home. The Cemetary costs don't have anything to do with us, but, i think it's between $550 and $800 to open and close an average grave.

Don't you have to buy the plots?

Yeah I think you can get a cheap one for like 400 bucks. I'm really not up on all those costs.

I remember thinkin the only land I'll ever own will be the land I'm buried in...that's a fucked up thought..but know all I want is to have my ashes be placed in tuperware container and lost in my true loves basement. Before I was totally radical...one of my first reactions to this society was the way we deal with dead people..."why are they wasting all this land on dead people..why aren't we farming instead?" What are your feelings about the way our society deals with death?

Death is so taboo in this western world. Nobody wants to think it can happen to them. For some reason, Americans think they are immortal. There are cultures where women will throw themselves into the flames of their husbands burning bodies and cremate themselves. It's called Suti. Less than 3% of the women do that but it's accepted. You would never hear of a woman throwing herself into her husbands grave. There is definately something wrong with America. There is something about the seperation factor that just scares everybody.

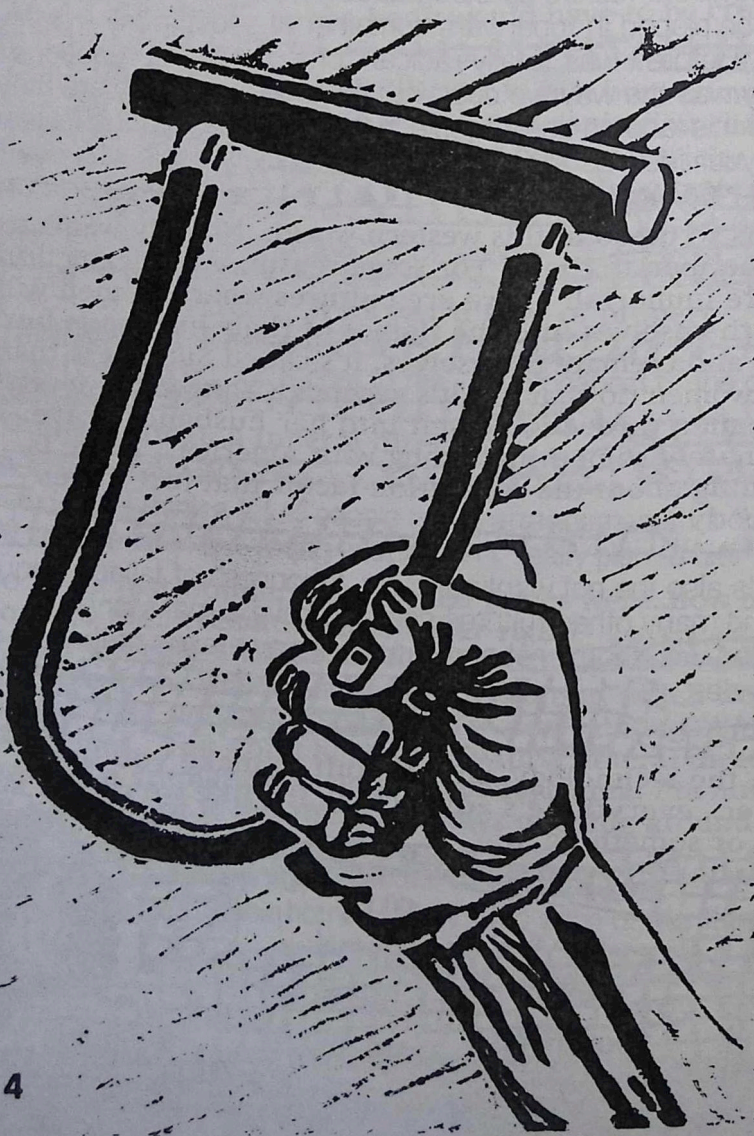
I think it's also the not wanting to die, tabooness of talking about death and many other cultures seem to have a real stong connection with the planet and nature.. an awarenss of the life and death cycles.

Yeah the technology..all this stuff to make you live longer...everything's advancing...it's like we're the super race or something....

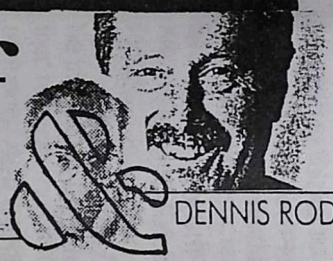
thanks a million for the interview! SORRY STINKER..... I mean laurie brinker

So, listen to this....i ran in to Laurie the other day and guess what. She said that she had issues with the way her funeral parlor was run. She felt as if they were ripping off the customers. Now she works as a manager at a coffee shop. She likes coming home smelling like coffee rather than embalming fluid.

PEOPLE ARISE! DON'T USE FUNERAL DIRECTORS! YOU DON'T HAVE TO! LEAVE A WILL! YOUR NEVER TO YOUNG TO DIE!



Geoff Roach

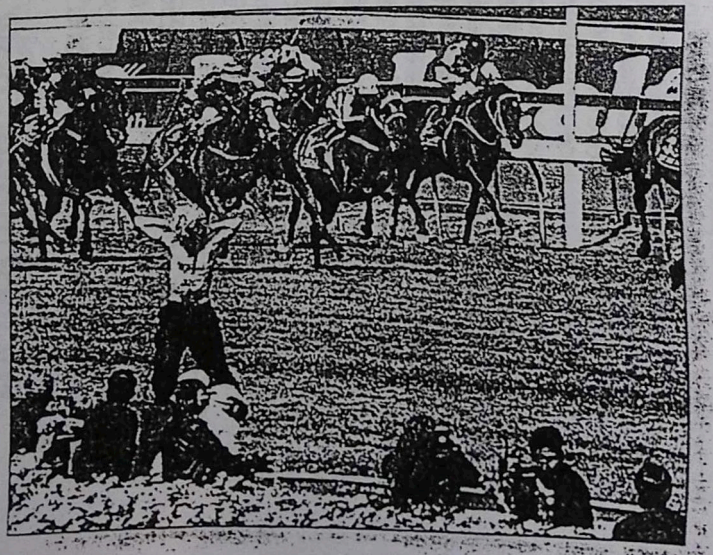


DENNIS RODDY

Dilemma for democracy

LET'S say you are in charge of security for the Sydney Olympics, perish the thought. What would you want done with that cretinous pest Peter Hore?

Lots of things, we're sure, including at the very least placing the idiot in some sort of detention facility for the period immediately before, during and after the Games. Anywhere, in fact, where he would be totally unable to inflict his obnoxious presence on proceedings. Such a prospect is, of course, unthinkable in our civilised society, though in scores of other countries, many of whom preach loudest about human rights while practising something entirely contrary, it would be done as a matter of course.



MENACE: H[illegible]vades the track during the 1997 Melbourne Cup

Geoff Roach & Dennis Roddy

- Dilemma for democracy!

- a column by tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE

It's a fall day in Melbourne, Australia, in the year 2000; it's a fall day in Pittsburgh, USA, in the year 2001. Do you know where your children are? Hope that they aren't in the propaganda clutches of Geoff Roach & Dennis Roddy because in both these cities on both these days hundreds, if not thousands of grim faceless people are flooding society with pieces of paper of theirs that would make any thoughtful, loving person sick to their stomach.

Roach & Roddy are, to use Roach's words, "cretinous pest(s)" who foray "disgusting, often dangerous, always intrusive sorties into significant occasions" & whose "moronic outbursts" are a "chance to disrupt" the need for which "must be burning like acid in (their) muddled brain(s)." Or should i have kept the "brain" singular?

Yes, the two roaches are what're known as "Spin Doctors." Dedicated citizens sincerely concerned about issues of great social import, such as mass murder & animal rights, try to get their message out to the world at large & the Spin Doctors come along to try to ruin it. THIS is our Dilemma for Democracy.

Take Roddy's December 2001 column in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette entitled "They don't make human rights protesters like they used to" or his February 6, 2002 column called "Some protesters were of the low-salt variety." Both headings imply that the protesters are ineffectual, not as good as the more virulent protesters of some longed-for past. Roddy writes:

"Ten years ago, when antiwar protesters arrived at the building, a few of them went to the trouble of getting arrested. This group didn't seem interested in civil disobedience of any type that could result in their being detained and issued names." (read: tattooed numbers)

For that matter, how can anyone take Roddy's column seriously if it isn't written while he's being attacked by heavily armed & armored people?

I mean, how does he expect to have *any* street-credibility if he's not up against armored personnel vehicles, paddy wagons, cars, motorcycles, Smith & Wesson bikes, horses, & attack dogs? - *as well as* snipers & other hostile people with guns, fire-extinguisher-sized mace & pepper-spray containers, rubber bullets, clubs, handcuffs, *& with* the 'legal authority' to *KILL* him & never, *EVER* face any consequences for doing so. C'mon, Roddy, it's time that you experience the 'democracy' that *you* help maintain.

It appears from Roddy's column that he has more respect for the ostensibly more 'extreme' protesters of the past because they were supposedly more willing to make themselves targets in order to show their seriousness. But in his column from two months later, he seems to take the reverse position by implying that these same protesters, at a different demonstration, are *too* extreme:

"Truth to tell, even some of the veteran protesters seemed less than captivated by the giant pretzel cutout, the frequent gearshifts in rhetoric, the clanging and banging of companions who angrily told reporters they were on a media strike and promptly agreed to a TV interview.

'I almost didn't come when I heard they were going to do this pretzel thing,' said one."

So, what exactly do we have here? Is Roddy really saying that he respects riskier activism because he thinks it gets more done for benefitting society? Of course not. Roddy just supports their being kidnapped & held for ransom - ie: arrested & held for bail. And he's trying the age old, & pretty easy to spot, Divide & Conquer tactics:

By implying that the older protestors were somehow better, he tries to pit that generation against the younger one in the hope that he can make them contemptuous of each other rather than nurturing. *And* he tries to depoliticize the younger "Students for a Sensible Drug Policy" to keep *them* safely away from unifying with the activists he's trying to defuse:

"We have to distinguish between hemp and marijuana," said Claessens.

They also wanted to distinguish between their group and Cetera's.

'We really didn't want to be this close to them, but the police said we have to be here,' Nagy said."

Whether these "Sensible Drug Policy" students have been misrepresented or not I don't know. What I *am* sure of is that Roddy is using them for his propaganda purposes. And this is one of the many reasons why he's a risk to your children *and* a Dilemma for Democracy.

But, there IS a solution. PREVENTATIVE DETENTION FOR SPIN DOCTORS. BEFORE, DURING, & AFTER PROTESTS. AND IF THEIR SO-CALLED 'RIGHTS' TO FREEDOM OF SPEECH ARE VIOLATED, SO WHAT? IT'S FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE COMMUNITY.

A few months before the Olympics were to take place in Australia, Melbourne columnist Geoff Roach wrote:

"Let's say you are in charge of security for the Sydney Olympics, perish the thought. What would you want done with that cretinous pest Peter Hore?

Lots of things, we're sure, including at the very least placing the idiot in some sort of detention facility for the period immediately before, during and after the Games. Anywhere, in fact, where he would be totally unable to inflict his obnoxious presence on proceedings. Such a prospect is, of course, unthinkable in our civilized society, though in scores of other countries, many of whom preach loudest about human rights while practising something entirely contrary, it would be done as a matter of course."

Hhmmm... That's food for thought, isn't it? It's suggested that Hore, a person known for grabbing media attention by intruding into large public events, be put into preventative detention or *worse*. Well, there're alotof large public events. How often might it be 'necessary' to do this to him? And would he have any say in the matter?

Roach qualifies this by writing that such a step is "unthinkable in our (ie: Australian) civilized society" but, nonetheless, he's put the proposal out there hasn't he? As for the "scores of other countries" where such a practice wouldn't be "unthinkable", would Spain during the Fascist Franco dictatorship have been one of them?

That brings us to an interesting connection. Juan Antonio Samaranch, President of the International Olympic Committee, the highest ruling body of the Olympics, for 21 years from 1980 to 2001, was ALSO the government secretary, under Franco, in charge of sports. The Olympics have always been popular with oppressive regimes.

It's not exactly coincidental that Leni Riefenstahl's 1934 magnum opus "Triumph of the Will", a major propaganda film for the nazis, was followed by her 1936 'hit' "Olympia" (about the Olympics of course).

It's also not coincidental that the brilliant author Georges Perec, both of whose parents were killed when he was a child by the nazis, places his novel "W or the Memory of Childhood" partially in "a mythical island off Tierra del Fuego governed by the thrall of the Olympic 'ideal,' where losers are tortured and winners held in temporary idolatry." as the book-jacket blurb describes it.

The 1st people the nazis killed en masse were the so-called 'insane'. Having met Peter Hore & videotaped him, I think he could be pigeonholed as 'schizophrenic'. I quite liked him. The nazis would've certainly had no problem killing him or putting him into preventative detention to protect the Olympian 'ideal' from his 'degeneracy'. No thanks. Personally, I'd rather say "bye-byes" to the Olympics instead.

When Hore was interviewed for John Safran's insightful "Media Tycoon" TV pilot (rejected), he explained why he intruded on the Australia World Cup soccer game to cut one of the soccer nets by saying "At the zoo there's this gorilla cage & all the gorillas hang in the cage & it looks like a soccer net."

While I find the symbolic comprehensibility of Hore's connection to be not very conducive to mass acceptance, at least Hore's rebelling *against* the cages & not calling for more use of them. Both Roddy & Roach reach *millions* with a contrary message. I'll take Hore's side anyday. And if Roach & Roddy are so hot for jailing the socially concerned, why *not* give them a taste of their own medicine? *Surely*, they wouldn't object?

Why they don't make the low-salt variety

protesters don't like these columnists ever live, unless ...

...chus ... ...ever, how easily might it be, heaven forbid, for the world's most lethal terrorists to do the same?

...cuss ... ...error, condemned a... ...of evils:

...U.S. ...

...Glo... capita...

...the ... ...ia.

4. Jane Duffield's fur coat.

"Forty dead animals — one fur coat!" they shouted. "Fur is dead!" another chimed in.

Neither D... ...ment ...ar or the U... ...ea... ...te, ...the ... ...boat ... ...sh... ...opi... ...Bo... ...ye... ...the president's speech. Pretty calm.

Not every protester y... ...undercover ... the event was loud. Not everyone ... ...e Market old gasoline can — a can ... for it to ... ...

Ma... ...Bu... ...ved ... ...sic... ...ein led ...cep... ...and ...eclared ... ...air and ...off ...versa... ...of Pi... ...gh ... ...

also have ... medical combine were th... ... Distant Early Warning ... harkening back to the ... Cold War system that ... alert Americans to ... Soviet bombe...

The protes... ...rs ... ...nd shilling p... ... the minds even of ... bags at the local Am...

"It's just ignor... ...

...of a young man wh... Clopper, a 19-ye... student from Ch... human rights outrage ... don't understand ... ...

...Bush signed a ... ...approved of their spir... ...and Suneal Ch... ...else, watched the proc... ...Republ... ...on, join... ...Jonathan Robison, o... ...the Thomas Merton ...

...nattily ... ...year's protesters are ... system uger, more cruelly pierced ... Follow... ...the lips and eyebrows, ... this ...ear, ...emlins and come with ... ...appearing to ... ...ve ... ...basically ... ...hot ... ...past ... ...ast ... ...ompl... ...ce ... ...ble ... ...ge ... ...ve ... ...ap... ...ing ... ...ho... ...ob... ...ve ... ...ba... ...ba... ...ov... ...Rall... ...de... ...ent ... ...ba... ...ba... ...ar... ...ar... ...ba... ...ba... ...ba

Some protesters were the low-salt variety

On the other side of the street — a place both literal and figurative yesterday — the Brillo-haired Minotaur who calls herself Etta Cetera met the arrival of a president with her pretzel logic.

"Pretzels for the suits!" shouted Cetera, a street anarchist who came here from Baltimore and refuses to give a real name or go away. She threw a fistful of Rold Golds onto the sidewalk.

She led a revised version of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Closing lines: "Georgie, Georgie have a pretzel. We hope you choke on it."

In the space of 10 minutes, the gang on the windward side of Fifth Avenue, opposite the Masonic Temple, where the president of the United States was about to discuss the war on terror, condemned an array of evils:

1. U.S. bombings in Afghanistan.
2. Global capitalism.
3. The corporate media.
4. Jane Duffield's fur coat.

"Forty dead animals — one fur coat!" they shouted. "Fur is dead!" another chimed in.

Neither Duffield, the spokeswoman for the UPMC Health System, nor her coat expressed an opinion. Both went inside to hear the president's speech.

Not every protester yesterday was loud. Not everyone beat on an old gasoline can — a can that was beaten only after a Secret Service agent had taken a peek inside. Not everyone had both the hair and politics of Bakunin.

Meet Erica Nagy and Adam Claessens, she a student from Cranberry, he a student from Allentown, and both protesting the Bush administration's new hard line on the use of hemp in foods.

HOMEFRONT
DENNIS RODDY

"It's not about legalizing anything that can get you high," cautioned the scrubbed and well-turned-out Nagy. What Nagy, Claessens and Students for a Sensible Drug Policy want is to be able to enjoy granola, cookies, nacho chips and assorted other vegetarian delicacies without running afoul of a new Drug Enforcement Administration policy that forbids the use of anything with detectable amounts of THC, the letters that give pot its wallop.

"We have to distinguish between hemp and marijuana," said Claessens.

They also wanted to distinguish between their group and Cetera's.

"We really didn't want to be this close to them, but the police said we have to be here," Nagy said.

Truth to tell, even some of the veteran protesters seemed less than captivated by the giant pretzel cutout, the frequent gearshifts in rhetoric, the clanging and banging of companions who angrily told reporters they were on a media strike and promptly agreed to a TV interview.

"I almost didn't come when I heard they were going to do this pretzel thing," said one.

"It's not like the '60s," said Marshall Goodwin, whose bona fides in the realms of dissent were established when police removed him from atop a sphinx 10 years ago as activists tried to stop the wrecking ball at the late Syria Mosque.

Nothing like the '60s.

Inside the Masonic Temple, an establishment no longer owned by Masons, Bush enjoyed a warm reception and declared that the University of Pittsburgh and its biomedical combine were the new Distant Early Warning line — harkening back to the days of the Cold War system that was there to alert Americans to the arrival of Soviet bombers.

The protesters beating buckets and shilling pretzels were far from the minds even of Democrats.

"It's just ignorance," said Janell Clopper, a 19-year-old pharmacy student from Chambersburg. "I don't understand why people are opposed to fighting this war."

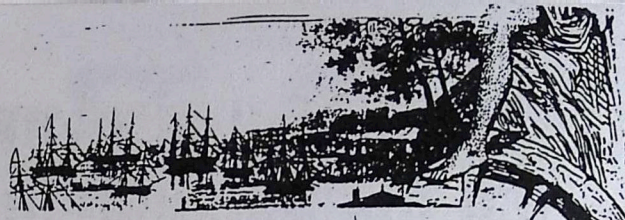
Clopper was still enjoying the afterglow of a presidential encounter. Bush signed a card for her, and she and Suneal Chandran, an 18-year-old Republican from Carnegie Mellon, joined in a bipartisan effort to decode a signature that looked for all the world like a watch spring that had come undone.

"I think that's supposed to be the W," Clopper said.

Outside, the crowd shivered its way across Fifth Avenue. Etta and the gang hammered their buckets and traded barbs with the less-enlightened. Bush never caught a glimpse of the first protest on the new DEW line.

PITTSBURGH POST-GAZETTE ■

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 2002



To the People of Pittsburgh[1],
To the Government's of the World[2],
To God in Heaven[3],

On February 5th, our holy mesopotamia[4] was profaned by the unholy visitation of the latest incarnatio of the emperor, CALIGULA.[5] So Caligula, and his minions attempted to perform ritual human sacrifice of the country's poor to their GOD MAMMON in the Masonic Temple.[6] Fortunately, a group of the rightous rose up from the rank and file bearing a holy sign in the shape of a pretzel. When the holy light reflected off of said pretzel the emperor choked in fear as he realized the poor would not willingly be sacrificed and LO!, the terror of the LORD was upon him. Caligula and his Courtiers, realizing they had been bested by the will of the people and GOD above, fled to the flying fortress and returned to his baSALT palace, deep in the caves behind the idols of MT. Rushmore. [7] Unfortunately, to the dismay of the salty wingnuts bearing the pretzel of light, the serpant appeared flicking his forked tongue like a grand master of cunnilingus offering to have our message read by town cryers throughout the empire.[8] Privy to the serpants wiles and knowing he would twist their words like the pretzel they bore and defame their good name among people, they rebuked the serpant and cast him from their midst.[9] The serpant angered at there rightousness and wisdom turned towards easier prey - bearers of the mystic herb. The herbalists eagerly exchanged a statement of slander against the pretzel wielders for the meager gift of forbidden fruit.[10] The salty wingnuts-warm with that pretzel worship after glow- having finished their work began the soujorn to their humble abodes. As they walked home all of the Bushes throughout the land burst into flames. They knew they would soon be delivered from the toils imposed by the imperial family. The smell of victory wafted up to GOD and everything was as it should be and the people did rejoice and partake in the feast of bean curd and circular bread rescued from the trash heaps of the empire and delivered to their table with divine providence.[11]

Capitalism Makes Us Crazy

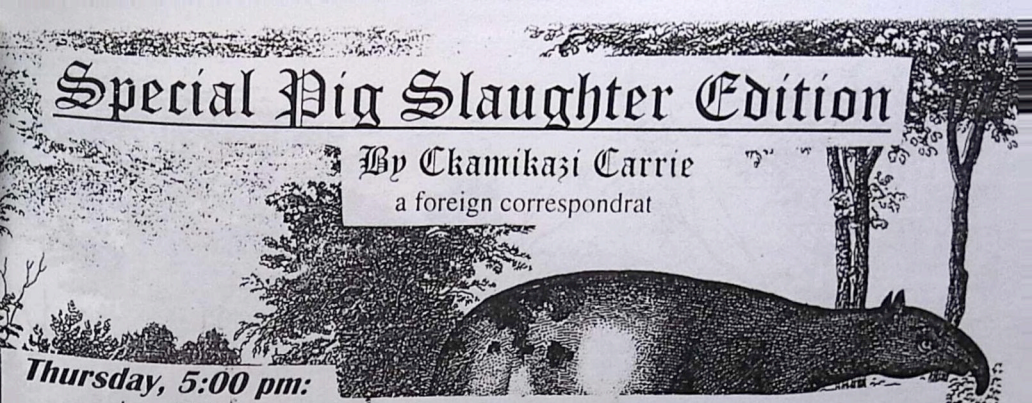
fuck fuck shit fuck shit fuck shit fuck fuck shit fuck shit fuck shit sh[illegible]k fuck shit shit fuck shit fuck fuck

[1] that's yinz
[2] those jerks
[3] are you there?
[4] technically pittsburgh is a mesopotamia - place where 2 rivers meet
[5] this means george bush came to pittsburgh on Feb. 5th . in the year of the Palindrome
[6] George W. Bush wants to drain the Social Security trust fund, with a proposal to divert more than $2 trillion in Social Security and Medicare surpluses over the next ten years. George W. Bush wants to cut 30 percent of the funding from the federal program that trains doctors at children's hospitals. George W. Bush wants to cut Low-Income Home Energy Assistance Programs that help Americans heat their homes in winter by 15 percent. George W. Bush wants to cut 15 percent of the budget for repairing dilapidated public housing units.
George W. Bush to cut 13 percent of the funding for Corps of Engineers public works programs designed to prevent flooding of communities, homes and farms.George W. Bush wants to cut 10 percent of the funding for the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health's efforts to reduce job-related deaths, injuries and ailments. He also proposes, in the budget plan he has sent to Congress, to cut federal funding for environmental protection programs, transportation improvements and aid to farm families that are being driven off the land by the thousands each year. {John Nichols - The Nation}
[7] this means a group of people went to protest the tyrant bush. the pitt police forced them onto pitt property so they would be out of view when the dictator and his motercade drove by. if you looked unopinionated you could stand wherever you wanted. some people thought it was 'poor taste' to have the symbol of a pretzel and wish the president would choke on another. some other people think the president and the government are in 'poor taste' when they exploit the environment, steal from the poor, invade our rights and privacy, build untold numbers of weapons and perpetuate racism and sexism. a collection was started up to bail out ENRON. $2.00 was raised in spare change.
[8] roddey from the post gazette showed up and wanted to interview people
[9] some people told roddey to fuck off because they new he would screw them over
[10] instead of the usual boring blather, roddey was able to utilize the statements of new acivists slamming the anarchists and giving a soundbite to the Students for Responsible Drug Policy. some people agree with the SRDP's cause but they need to understand that it will be a diversity of tactics that will bring about a just society and should think before defaming other activists to the press.
[11] the anarchists went home had home brew and ate tofu and bagels from the dumpsters

THE LEADER OF THE ANARCHIST MOVEMENT

Special Pig Slaughter Edition

By Ckamikazi Carrie
a foreign correspondrat



Thursday, 5:00 pm:

I see Linda in the hall. I say, "So am I going to come home with you this weekend?" Even as a PhD student, Linda goes home every weekend to be with her folks. This town of about 100,000 turns to a town of about 75,000 on weekends with the university students piling out to their hometowns.

"I don't think this weekend is good because we are slaughtering a pig, and aren't you vegetarian?"

I say, "Mostly, but one big reason for that is that the meat industry in the States is a mess. And as an American, I have never had the chance to witness the animal become meat. The meat in the states is killed far away from the consumer, the further the better."

"You would really like to go?" she says.

"Yeah..."

Saturday

6:00 am: Linda's nephew starts screaming in the family room where he is sleeping with Linda's sister. It's a full house.

6:30 am: The bedroom door opens and Linda's mother silhouetted against the lighted hallway signals to us that it is time to get up.

7:00 am: We roll into Grandma's house in a nearby village. Women file into the house, while men head to the back yard.

7:15 am: Linda's mom immediately takes out a bottle of Slivovica (This is a clear moonshine made of plums from the tree in the backyard. This alcohol is usually the pride and joy of each Slovak man- his pet project.) and a bottle of rum. They are dumped into a pot and heated. A variety of spices including cloves, cinnamon and sugar are added. First shots of the morning are fired back and my nervous belly is warmed.

The butcher is in the backyard with the men (four total: Dad, Uncle, Grandpa, and Butcher). They start a fire under the large pot by the woodshed. I watch the outdoor preparations from the window.

7:30 am: Outside, Father has a big bowl and the four men huddle around the pig sty which is a 5ftx5ftx8ft box elevated off the ground on legs. I am not sure where exactly in the yard the pig was raised, but probably not solely in there. Father holds the bowl inside the sty while the butcher wields a long knife. The pig squeals. Mother says to me, "Bohi sa." (It's scared). About five minutes pass and I am the only one left in the kitchen. Although there is not much to see, the other women are hiding in the backroom from the lunging butcher and the pig's screams. And finally, success! Father pulls his bowl out now filled with blood.

7:45 am: The men begin shaving the pig with sharp bell shaped objects. It is now lying on the frozen ground. Then they pass a blowtorch over its body to ensure that all the hair is off. That was the point that I really felt its death; when it did not respond to the flame on its skin.

8:30 am: The pig is hung on hooks from its rear legs and sliced up the middle. The organs go into a bucket.

8:45 am: First thing; the brains are brought inside and scrambled with eggs by Grandma, then served on toast. These were very rich and I entertained the thought that maybe I would be smarter after eating them.

9:00 am: The organs were all thoroughly rinsed by Uncle outside and then boiled in water over the outdoor fire. The liver was brought inside and cooked by Mother with onions.

10:30 am: The pig is getting thinner and thinner each time I look out, as more meat is removed.

10:45 am: A large ten gallon bucket is brought into the kitchen full of lard. Linda, Grandma and I cut it up into cubes.

11:00 am: Grandma pulls the racks of ribs out of the oven. The smell of pork and caraway fills the air.

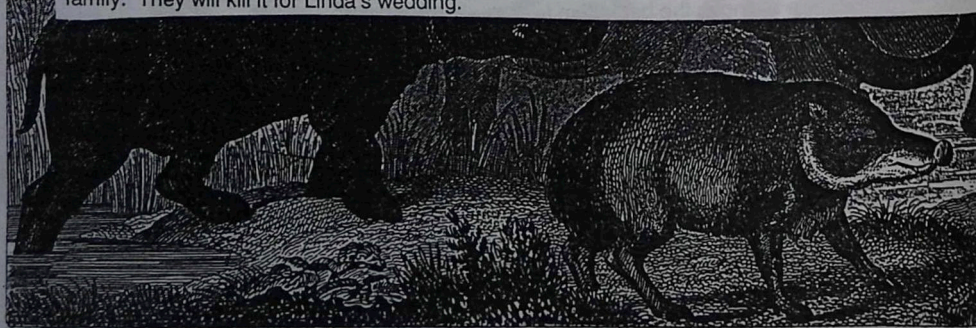
11:15 am: We are finally done cutting up all the lard. They were surprised I could use a kitchen knife, being a modern American girl and all. We then join the men in the small room off of the garden for liver and onions and sautéed strips of lard. We all drink a shot to the pig. The lard melts in my mouth. They keep asking me how much I love it. I smell meat everywhere. It's like being in a chain smokers house as a non-smoker.

12:00 pm: Mother is cooking soup in the room off of the garden. It is made of meat, sour kraut and hot spices (one of the first spicy dishes I have sampled here in Slovakia). It's ready now and she brings a pot inside for us. We eat again!

12:30 pm: Five foot long racks of meat are brought in and cut up on the kitchen table by Grandma and Mother, with Grandpa as the backseat driver. They will smoke one thigh for their smoked ham on Easter. The rest is frozen and distributed among family members.

12:45 pm: The men are grinding up the organs with spices and filling the dozen feet of cow intestine that we washed out to make sausage. Cow intestine is used to make sausage instead of the pig intestine because a cow's intestine is bigger and stronger. Cleaning out the store bought intestine was visually quite entertaining. We filled it with water, so it was like making a worm come alive out of a flaccid piece of fat. Some sausages are strung up to dry which are called Kalbaza. The others are taken home. These are either stuffed with rice or a blood soaked mixture.

1:30 pm: I see Mother put the feet into a plastic bag. They will be put into a soup of lard at a later date. We are cleaning now. Grandma says to me, "It was a clean pig. I raised it." She tells Linda that she doesn't want to raise another, but will do so for the last unwedded girl in the family. They will kill it for Linda's wedding.



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